THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NOVEMBER 1968 60¢

TRUE

A Clergyman's Case Histories Of Wife Swapping

"I Kill Deer Year-Round" Confesses a Game Poacher

FBI Facts About the Goofs and Blunders of Russia's Stupid Spy

A PSYCHO JIGSAW OF THE NEXT ASSASSIN

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B. Each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be post-marked by December 24, 1968, and received by December 31, 1968.

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Minority Report

I don't consider myself a bluenose, but that cartoon which appeared on page 80 of your August issue was just too much. I'll bet I'm not the only one who's written to register his disapproval. . . .

—M. K. Sacks
New York, N.Y.

You'd lose. There have been no objections. In fact, one Catholic publication, *Overview*, has asked for permission to reprint it.

"Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine. . . ."

Bullet Proof

The firearms experts you refer to in *Man to Man Answers* (September) who say you can't see a .22 short bullet in flight are crazy as hell.

In 1952, during boot training at Parris Island, South Carolina, more than a few members of my training company commented on their ability to see .30-caliber rounds leaving the rifle muzzle. The experience was termed not unusual by my own rifle instructor.

With his cooperation, we worked out a procedure which assured maximum viewing possibilities. The viewer stations himself immediately behind the shooter, looking over his shoulder in as direct a line with the rifle barrel as his profile will allow. For the split second following discharge of the rifle, especially if the gunsight is trained upon the white area of the target, the round clearly appears as a rapidly disappearing dot visible immediately in front of and slightly above the barrel.

—Donald G. Rutt
Littleton, Colo.

Firearms experts can't see a .22 short bullet in flight? Bunk!

Send them here. I'll show them the arc of the bullet while in flight in a downward course toward a body of water about 300 yards away, at around noon with the sun behind me.

Suppose it's our clean air?

—LaVern Johnson
Powell, Wyo.

Political Protest

In reference to the *Run, Hide, Run Again* article by Robert Katz in your August issue—author Katz has attempted to make a hero of a traitor. Whether Josef Raider's escapades are meant to supplement Grimm's Fairy Tales or constitute a *true* story backed by documentary evidence, I must nonetheless protest the glorification of traitors (including ours in Sweden) and the continuing literary warfare against the German people via the Nazi route.

—Arthur L. Drake, Sr.
Orange, Calif.

Point Of View

You people seem to prey on one-sided stories, like your *Road Gang* story in the September issue. I assure you that your author is described brilliantly by the next to last paragraph in his story. ("Some place in the darkness I could hear him spit. 'No-good, smartass Yankee trash!' ")

I suggest you guys quit putting down the South every chance you get and start writing fairy tales.

—M. C. Gallaher
Thunderbolt, Ga.

His And Her Problem

Regarding *Lovers' Roulette* by James Lincoln Collier in the August issue—what garbage! You have a grave responsibility to the public of this great country to publish the truth. Mr. Collier comes along and states that, "Serious observers of this country's sexual behavior are *virtually all agreed* that enjoying sex without marriage is now pretty much standard operating procedure on all social levels."

Obviously he has been listening only for what he wishes to hear—complete license for the male to act as an animal rather than a creature with a mind. . . .

—Mrs. John P. Hill
Oshkosh, Wis.

. . . In his concluding remarks your author states the "wise man will take care of himself." Could not agree more—except to say that the wise man does not play the game!

I have seen too many who thought to play it. Too many ruined lives. Too many misguided and bitter young men and women who engaged in illicit sex.

The "old-fashioned" way—the Ten Commandments, our Lord's teachings, and good old wisdom and discipline—are for the truly wise man.

—Fr. Charles P. Martin
All Saints Church
Verona, Pa.

I pity James Lincoln Collier if he ever meets up with my wife. Mr. Lincoln sounds like the typical present-day, self-appointed expert on birth control, especially concerning the excellent safety record of the IUD (intrauterine device) and his remarks

[*Continued on page 4*]

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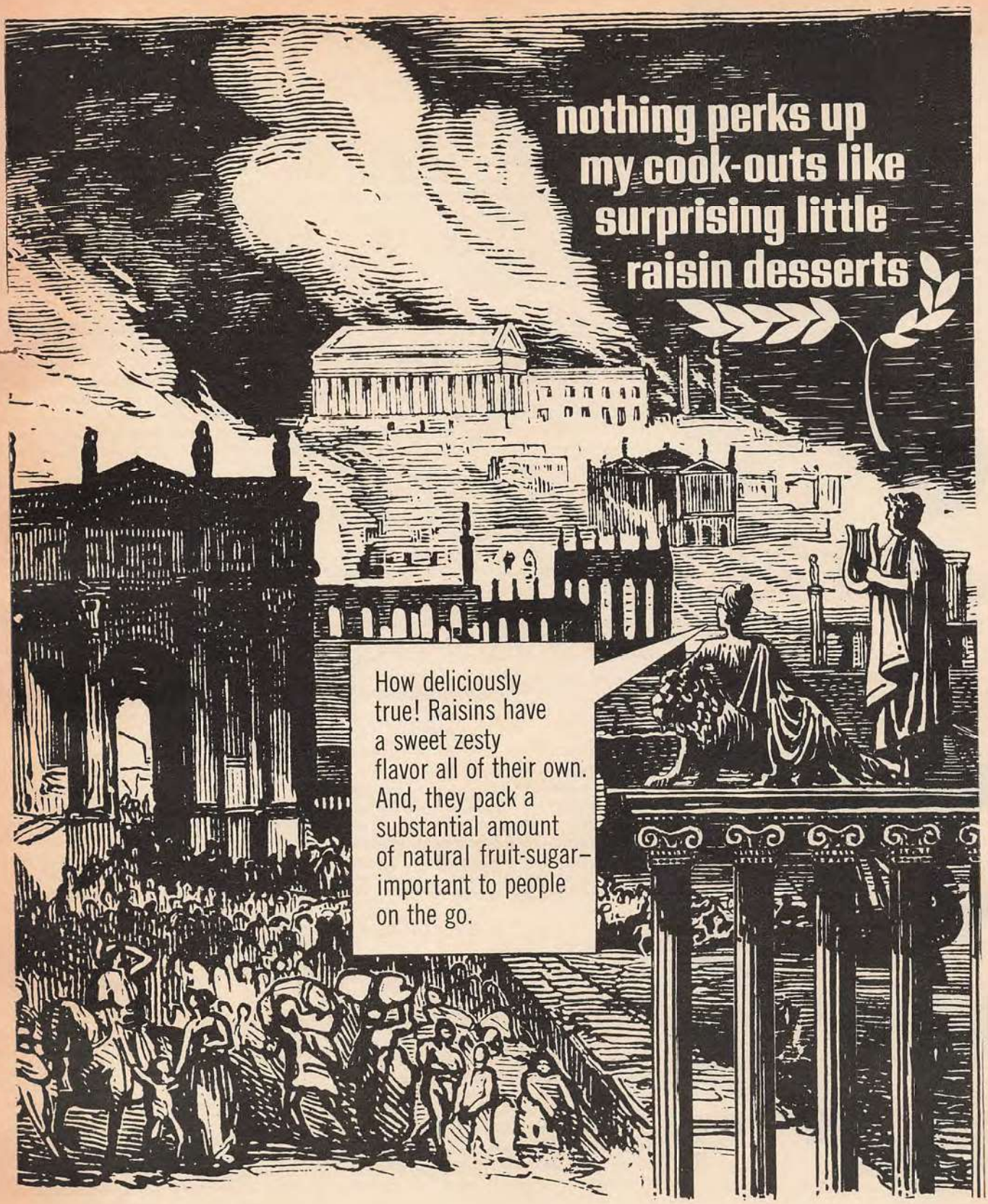
nothing perks up my cook-outs like surprising little raisin desserts
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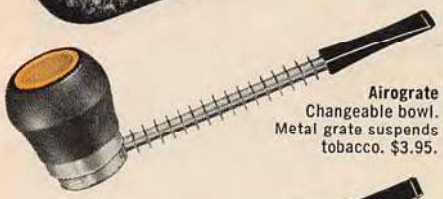

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[*Continued from page* 2]

thereon. My wife had one of these "wonders" installed after a convincing and confidence-inspiring sales talk from our local and highly respected gynecologist, who stated that her chances of getting pregnant with the "loop" were "one in a million." Well, come on over and meet our "one-in-a-million" baby!

—Name withheld at writer's request
New York, N. Y.

Horse Sense

While deploring the spread of violence in our "way of life" and agonizing over man's inhumanity to man, and knowing that cruelty breeds violence, we still find it possible to equate with "sport" the particularly cowardly and ingeniously contrived cruelties practiced on animals. *Nothing* has "happened to rodeo" (August TRUE) to change it from the barbaric spectacle that passes for amusement.

The torments of the bucking strap that encloses the animal's genitals in an agonizing vise, the free use of supposedly outlawed spurs, the electric prods, the unreasoning and unreasonable mistreatment of all the animals connected with the entire disreputable business are there. And to lionize a performer whose winning exploits represent the very acme of unrestrained cruelty makes a mockery of any claim that we might make to being a truly civilized, humanitarian race.

—J. McKay
Seattle, Wash.

Heat Rave

I can't begin to tell you how much your medical page meant to me, the one in your August issue concerning heat. Neither of two doctors could or would put a name to it, but your description of a "heat stroke" was exactly what happened to me in early June. Really put my mind at ease. . . .

—Mrs. K. A. Wright
Bay City, Mich.

Monthly Quarterbacks

Dave Anderson's September article on Joe Namath's being on a par with Starr and Jurgenson was too much to take. First of all, George Mira, who was omitted in TRUE's rating system, has the quickest release in football and belongs in the top five passers in the league.

Namath has the league's three top receivers in Maynard, Sauer and Lammons and yet he consistently leads the league in interceptions and has never been higher than No. 3, rating wise. He is a dog when the rush is on—and count how many times he throws the ball away. Finally, his own teammates have never rated him their star.

—Jim Menzer
New York, N. Y.

I'm glad to see that a magazine like yours came to Joe Namath's defense. He was a superstar in college ball, and he's done a hell of a lot to make a first-class team out of the Jets.

I've seen a lot of quarterbacks in my time who've never got their uniforms dirty throughout a whole game, and I've seen others who take their lumps and come up fighting. Like Unitas, having a broken finger set in place, then going back into the game and throwing a touchdown pass with the same hand. And Namath, coming back the Sunday after his cheekbone was broken, to play and pass like nothing had happened.

Long hair and mink coats notwithstanding, he's a football player.

—Arthur Goode
Stamford, Conn.

Question

Congratulations on printing a fine article by L/Cpl. David J. Hendry, *Ambush!* in your September issue. I hope everybody reads it, from President Johnson on down. Can anybody—including the President—explain why American boys are being destroyed while the American people are being taxed so we can supposedly protect the world?

—A. Bemasioni
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Drunk Drivers

In re your September article *It's Time to Stop Drunk Drivers from Killing*. In actuality, we'll probably never know the real extent of the drunk driving menace in New York City. The drunkometer in use here is at best only nominally effective. Our local police know this, and they also know that if the "drunk" passes the test and isn't convicted, the arresting officer himself is personally liable for a false-arrest lawsuit.

As an attorney, I can cite numerous instances of one of our local cops refusing to make an arrest of a drunk driver, and I can show you photos of the human wreckage resulting from drunk driving. I can only recommend changes in the law. As matters now stand, I estimate that 75 percent of drunk drivers are never even arrested, and probably only a small percentage of the remainder are ever convicted. As well as increasing the criminal fines and prison terms, an award of punitive as well as compensatory damages to an injured victim might do some good.

—Arthur Venitt
Jamaica, N. Y.

Your recent article on the problem of the drinking driver and his wanton killing ways points out the parallel to our gun-crime problem: we must enforce existing laws and consider stiffer penalties for misuse of any lethal tool.

Statistics conducted on a national level have been introduced into the Congressional Record, stating that (1) death by gun is decreasing, while the population is increasing; (2) guns figure in 3.4 percent of the crimes of violence in America; and (3) there is no great difference in crime rates for states having widely varying types of gun laws.

It is interesting to speculate as to why most persons will acknowledge that the drunken driver is a menace, yet cannot see that the misuser of a gun is a like menace. Cars do not cause accidents; guns do not cause crime.

—Roy Traband
Oklahoma City, Okla.

711 miles of racing through hell...and not even a loose screw!

The Stardust 7-11 is sponsored by the National Off-road Racing Association.

'Jeep' Wagoneer entered by Hodges Transportation, Carson City, Nevada.

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'Jeep' Wagoneer... the only family wagon that could do it.

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Composite killer

The ugly character on our cover this month (his "biography" begins on page 25) is a man with the power to change the course of world affairs as surely as any president, premier or prime minister. He is the assassin—a new factor in American public life—deranged, perhaps, but no less deadly; a nobody, but not one to be dismissed. He lurks in the crowds while our Presidential candidates campaign. We know he is there; we have been forced, tragically, to admit that. As a result, elaborate precautions are taken to protect our leaders. And serious thought is given to identifying the *type* of man who may turn sniper at the next political rally. To reconstruct this composite portrait of the "next assassin," we asked author Ed Linn to put the psychiatric jigsaw puzzle together. The result is a new Frankenstein's monster.

Blass & Bonavita

One of the new faces on our staff these days is that of Michael Bonavita who comes to us with the best of credentials as a fashion editor and who, we are already confident, will bring a new elan to our merchandise pages. Around the office, we have discovered, Mike is a tough act to follow. We always thought it was quite enough each morning to put on a suit, shirt, tie and socks which were reasonably coordinated and then let the day bring what it would. Through morning meetings, midday luncheons, afternoon appointments and cocktail gatherings, we gave hardly a critical thought to what we wore. Alas, along came Bonavita—a man so fashion oriented, so dedicated to the cause of looking right for every occasion—that we have actually caught him changing clothes for various business appearances during the day. Needless to say, we are impressed with Mike's style—and no less impressed with his pipelines into the world of fashion. This month, four of the men who are ripping up tradition's pea patch (including Bill Blass, left) show Mike and the rest of us what they are doing about conformity in menswear.

A poacher's tale

Good Sportsmanship Department: It has been an article of faith on these premises for many years that the Great Outdoors, that elysian playground of hunters, fishermen, trappers, campers and protectors-of-the-environment, was a wholesome and unsullied world. It was, we were sure, populated by noble men who always threw back the little fish (and sometimes even the big ones), snapped burnt matches in two before dropping them and made splints for birds with broken wings. Now, two months in a row, we are shown serpents in this Eden. In our October issue, Outdoors Editor Peter Barrett unburdened himself on the subject of so-called sportsmen who pay unscrupulous taxidermists to add extra inches to the skulls, horns and antlers of trophy heads. Next, on page 30, read and weep: the story of a shameless game poacher who guns down deer whenever his family runs out of venison. It's like finding out that Smokey the Bear sets fires.

TRUE's own adventurers are making safe and steady progress in two widely separated areas of the globe. In the Arctic, our polar expedition under the leadership of Wally Herbert has drifted to a position above 83° North and is poised to dash for 88° before "winter" becomes an 80-below reality. Meantime, Robin Knox-Johnston sails on around the world nonstop and alone. As we go to press, our boy is about to "turn left" around the Cape of Good Hope and begin his long, lonely run to Australia.

As the Presidential campaign heats up, we are all exhorted to vote for this candidate or that, but above all, citizens, to VOTE. Well, if this is the year that none of the candidates turns you on, if you are in a plague-on-both-your-houses mood as Election Day arrives, take heart: you are not alone. There are those (see page 12) who believe the democratic process is also served by those who refuse to cast simply a ritual vote.

Charles N. Barnard

Every time our competition builds an automatic rifle, they do this to it.

No matter how you cut it, a two-piece stock on a rifle is no match for a one piece stock.
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(It has to do with the vibrations of the barrel when the rifle is fired.)
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Those of you who lugged around the M1 rifle in the army already know one of the biggest problems.
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Then there's that problem that gun manufacturers are constantly battling.
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We have to admit that we went through about a carload of lumber before we had all the problems licked ourselves.
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The next time some guy tells you a used car is "just like new" ask for the guarantee.

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If they don't pass inspection, of course, they don't get the guarantee.

But if they do, anything he has to say about them he says in writing.

It's all the conversation you need.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 1968

TRUE contents

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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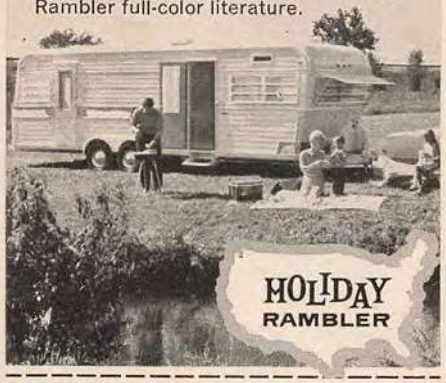

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man and his money

CAN YOUR BANKER HELP YOU GET RICH?

BY MAX GUNTHER

■ The average man uses his bank for only three main purposes: holding his operating cash in a checking account, putting his extra money to work for him through a savings account, lending him money when he buys some big item like a house.

This makes bankers unhappy. "A bank can do a lot more for a man," says a spokesman of the Foundation for Commercial Banks, "if only he'd take the time to investigate."

A bank is a pool of concentrated financial know-how, and if you're interested, this expert knowledge, seasoned judgment and experience can be applied advantageously to your money affairs. Almost every bank in the country, usually through a so-called "trust department," offers a fascinating variety of money-preserving and money-growing services. (A "commercial" bank, as distinguished from a savings bank or other specialized institution, is one that offers a variety of banking services, supermarket-style. It often has the words "& Trust Co." in its name, often advertises itself as "a full service bank.") There is small doubt that these trust services are valuable. The only question is whether they are worth their cost in your particular case.

There is a widespread assumption that bank trust services are strictly for the wealthy. Banks have been trying for at least 10 years to squash this impression—in fact, to foster the opposite view: that everybody should have a bank as his financial counselor. Guessing that the truth might lie somewhere between these extremes, TRUE canvassed big-city and small-town banks scattered around the nation and pinned them down to specifics: what trust services do they offer, to whom, and at what rates?

Two general sets of facts emerged from the survey:

$ A man can think seriously about using bank trust services if (1) he is trying to manage investments (including savings, but not including his home) of $20,000 or more, or (2) his income, less all his deductions, puts him in a 28 percent or higher tax bracket, or (3) he figures his estate when he dies (including life-insurance payouts) will total $50,000 or more.

$ Some banks are markedly more friendly to nonwealthy clients than are others, and—surprisingly—the degree of friendliness doesn't depend on the bank's size. A big-city bank may happily take on a middle-income man as a client, while a small-town bank could turn up its nose at anyone less than a half-millionaire.

Here are the major services, what they're for and what they cost:

Investment advisory service—also called "capital investment" or "agency" service: The bank takes over all or part of your spare money and invests it for you. Unless you specify otherwise, the bank will invest in the stock market for you or put some of the money into real estate, aiming to make the money grow as fast as possible within the limits of normal bankerish prudence. The bank does all the buying and selling, all the worrying and all the record keeping. You get a yearly or quarterly statement.

The giant Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago will do this for anybody with $20,000 or more to play with. Continental's yearly fee is $7.50 per $1,000, with a $200 minimum. In other words, your 20 grand would have to grow by about one percent a year to make the service pay for itself. Or to put it another way, if you figure you can make six percent by investing the pile yourself but the bank can make seven percent, the service is free. Maybe the bank can make 10 percent.

Securities custodianship: The bank takes over the physical handling and record keeping of your stocks, bonds and other securities. Some free investment advice may be thrown in, but in general it's up to you to decide what to buy or sell. The bank does the rest: executes the buy-or-sell orders, locks up the securities, clips coupons, collects dividends, sends you a yearly statement for income-tax purposes. Typical fee: the Corpus Christi (Texas) Bank & Trust Co. charges $4 per $1,000 per year.

Executor or administrator of will: The bank handles all the money problems that will beset your family when you die—finds and collects all your assets, sells what needs to be sold, pays off debts and taxes, doles out the money in the way your will specifies. This is often an enormously complicated, onerous job, one that a bank can handle as efficiently as anybody. It may be unfair and unwise to load this job on a relative or family friend.

Fees for this service are affected by state laws, court decisions and other factors. A bank would usually get roughly the same pay as an individual doing the same job. The Washington Trust Bank of Spokane, Washington, as an example, generally gets something like 3½ to four percent of the estate's assets.

Guardianship: The bank acts as a financial uncle to your youngsters under 21 if they're left without parents. This usually means that the bank invests whatever money you've left to preserve and expand it, and pays your kids' living expenses and their college tuitions if you've so specified.

A typical guardianship fee would be something like five percent of the estate's yearly income, plus five percent of each bill paid on the kids' behalf. If the guardian has more than the normal duties—for instance, if the bank has to manage a business you've left for your son to take over when he's grown—the fee would be higher.

Trusteeship: The bank helps you set up and then manages a special chunk of money or property called a trust. In essence, a trust is a detached or floating piece of wealth with a legally recognized existence of its own, separate from the man whose money created it but governed by rules he established. It can offer a lot of advantages.

You and the bank can design a trust to fit your particular needs and wishes; there are literally thousands of possible designs. Among the basic types is the "living trust," which gets established and starts operating while you are alive. It can be engineered so as to pay income to you, or your kids, or other beneficiaries.

Typical trustee's fee: the Bryn Mawr (Pennsylvania) Trust Co. charges a yearly one-half of one percent on the first $100,000 of the trust's value, less for bigger trusts.

Bank trust-department services are obviously not for everybody. "But to say that these services are only for millionaires," says an officer of the Pittsburgh National Bank, "is nonsense. I'd put it this way: the services are for the fellow with the rich man's mentality—that is, the man who takes his money seriously, dreams of getting rich, dreams of founding a family dynasty. Banks, you know, are in the business of helping men build dreams." ■

The Home Team. Takes a cue from Brunswick.

When the name of the game is billiards, everyone wants to make the scene. And everyone can (mom, dad and kids, too), because this is one fun game with no age limit.

Brunswick gives you ten tables to choose from (plus a bumper pool table for those billiard buffs a bit short on space).

Take a cue from the Home Team. Put a little togetherness in your house from Brunswick.

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CONSUMER DIVISION / BRUNSWICK CORPORATION
69 West Washington Street / Chicago, Illinois 60602

in this corner

WHAT'S UN-AMERICAN ABOUT NOT VOTING?

BY WILLIAM H. A. CARR

■ Here it is, the fall of 1968, and another Presidential election is at our throats.

Once again the Advertising Council, the American Heritage Foundation, the League of Women Voters, the Boy and Girl Scouts and some 150 other aggregations of well-meaning busybodies are besetting us with their quadrennial appeals to "get out and vote!"

Radio and television commercials, newspaper and magazine advertisements, billboards, leaflets and doorbell ringers all keep suggesting that anybody who doesn't drag himself to the polls on November 5 is at best a slacker and a civic degenerate, at worst a subversive and a saboteur of the republic.

Even the Post Office Department, which can't find time to deliver the mail accurately and promptly, has seen fit to waste God-only-knows how many bureaucratic days designing and issuing a "Register and Vote" stamp as part of the overall campaign to coax, persuade, shame and bully millions of American citizens into trooping to the polls.

They tell us that good citizens always vote. That the continued strength of our democratic institutions depends on a large turnout of voters. That people all over the world will judge our political system by the percentage of eligible voters who cast ballots.

Hogwash!

Numbers don't mean a thing. Look at the Russians, who sometimes rack up vote totals representing more than 99 percent of the total. And at Nazi Germany, which boasted that 96 percent of the electorate went to the polls.

A few years ago I moved to a suburb of New York City. When the next election—for local and state offices—rolled around, one of my neighbors asked me:

"When are you going to vote?"

"I'm not going to vote," I replied.

He couldn't have been more shocked if I had announced my intention of supporting the straight Socialist Workers ticket.

"Not going to vote!" he said. "Why not? You've been living here long enough to qualify, haven't you?"

I had. Moreover, I had registered as a voter.

"Then why aren't you going to vote?"

"Because I haven't taken the time to familiarize myself with the candidates and the issues."

"Oh," he said airily, "if that's all, I can fill you in on those things."

"But that would give me only your viewpoint, and you and I might not agree."

"Well," he said righteously, "it would at least be better than not voting at all."

He meant it. For him, and for millions of other Americans, voting has become something of a status symbol, a ritual empty of meaning. Years of "get-out-the-vote" campaigns have convinced most people that there is something shameful about a citizen's not voting. So they go to the polls, not because of any real interest in the election, but because it's the thing to do.

According to the polls, a lot of Americans are not very well informed. For example:

More people know that Mae West said, "Come up and see me sometime," than know that Patrick Henry was the author of the phrase, "Give me liberty or give me death."

After 10 years of the Cold War, 40 percent of the people in this country didn't know where the Kremlin was.

Obviously what this country needs is not more "get-out-the-vote" drives, but a long-term campaign of political education. Throughout America we ought to be carrying out low-key but well-planned efforts to *interest* more people in political participation. Through the mass media—but without any appeals to the sense of "shame"—we ought to be showing people how they can become involved personally in partisan organizations and efforts. This approach means, of course, that we must make clear the relation between politics and bread-and-butter concerns. And we must do our best to knock down the dangerous myth that all politics is so dirty that no honorable person could take part in party activities.

Finally, we ought to accept the fact that there may be times when even a well-informed, interested voter may not want to cast a ballot. Indeed, refusing to vote is one way to take part in the electoral process.

Suppose neither party produces a Presidential candidate who meets with your approval. Let's say it's a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The traditional solution to this problem is to vote for "the lesser evil." But this doesn't always work out well in practice.

After the 1964 election, a Washington correspondent of my acquaintance told me that Lyndon Johnson regarded his overwhelming victory over Barry Goldwater as a mandate from the people.

"After all," my friend pointed out, "Johnson got 61.1 percent of the popular vote—the greatest margin of victory in our history. You can't blame him for thinking that the country has given him a blank check. It certainly indicated enormous confidence in the man."

Did it?

I voted *against* Goldwater that year, in the only way I could—by casting a ballot for Johnson. Since that election, I've questioned most of the people I know about their feelings. Only one expressed enthusiasm for Johnson; all the rest voted for him, reluctantly, as the lesser evil.

President Johnson's misreading of the election returns was, I think, disastrous for the country. Could it have been prevented?

Of course. If millions of Americans had declined to vote for either Presidential candidate, the winner would have been clearly warned that a large part of the electorate was dissatisfied with the alternatives presented to it. If the total popular vote were, say, eight million lower than in the previous Presidential election, it would indicate how many Americans were saying, "A plague on both your houses."

Eventually, perhaps, elections may become as democratic as straw polls, which offer us a third choice: "Undecided." Often the "undecided" vote determines the outcome of an election.

Why not carry this principle over to the actual election?

We could have three choices: Democratic, Republican or "Neither." The latter would be only an advisory vote, not governing the outcome, but it would surely make both parties more responsive.

Even if that triple choice comes to pass, there will still be Americans who are thoroughly apathetic about elections. Let us respect their right to say, "The hell with it."

Instead of trying to shame the non-voters, let's acknowledge that there is no good reason why a person should vote if he feels no personal stake, hazard, concern or interest in which way the balloting goes. After all, there are some Americans who happen to be so satisfied with their lot in these United States that it doesn't matter the least to them *which* side wins.

Could there be a better advertisement for the American way of life? ■

WILLIAM H. A. CARR, A WRITER WHO FOCUSES ON THE AMERICAN SCENE, IS THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "DU PONTS OF DELEWARE."

Know what it costs to break away from humdrum driving? Nothing.

You might be thinking that a car like our Pontiac LeMans Hardtop Coupe (shown effervescing below) is going to knock your budget off stride. Not so. Because thousands of Pontiac buyers are amazed how Pontiac can build so much more value into a car at very standard-looking prices. Use our LeMans as star witness. The exciting style and the big bucket seats won't remind you of penny-pinching. Looking under that hood won't either (America's strongest OHC Six is standard, but you can order one of two husky V-8s). As for ride . . . well, who can come close to Wide-Tracking? At any price. Figure it this way. A Pontiac LeMans will let you break away from ho-hum motoring without bending your bank account. So don't wait. Get down to your Pontiac dealer.

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The year of the great Pontiac break away

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movies

CHARLY. Cliff Robertson plays Charly, a mentally retarded janitor who is selected for a transplant operation which may increase his intelligence. It is so successful that he eventually completes the research on his own case—and discovers the tragic trap he's in. Not science-fiction, but a realistic, moving drama. Robertson is brilliant; Claire Bloom, as his teacher-turned-lover, is excellent.

HOT MILLIONS. Marcus Pendleton is an embezzler. He is also a funny fellow, since he's played by Peter Ustinov. He has to outwit a computer and Bob Newhart to retire to Brazil; they're formidable opponents, but he makes it. Thin and not above an occasional cliche, but generally amusing.

Two unknowns: Believable lovers.

ROMEO AND JULIET. Though this is not William Shakespeare's best play, it is certainly the best film of any of his works. Director Franco Zeffirelli has given it life and guts, hot blood, sweat and tears—for once it's a believable, passionate love story instead of unpalatable treacle. Two unknown kids, Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey, play the lovers destroyed by their families' feuds, and they are excellent. In fact, so is everything about this vivid, colorful movie—don't miss it.

THE BLISS OF MRS. BLOSSOM. Shirley MacLaine is married to Richard Attenborough, an eccentric but stuffy brassiere manufacturer. One day James Booth comes to fix her sewing machine; he stays, as her lover, for three years—in the attic. It is maniacal, bizarre and hilarious.

FINIAN'S RAINBOW. One of Broadway's best musicals has now become one of Hollywood's best, bursting at the seams with a superabundance of talent on every level. Finian (Fred Astaire) brings his daughter (Petula Clark) to America from Ireland, followed by a madcap leprechaun (Tommy Steele). They settle in the South and get involved with civil rights, Sears, Roebuck and love—a hilarious, satirical mulligatawny stew with great songs (*see Records*). Astaire is as jaunty as ever, Petula Clark is downright beautiful, and newcomer Don Francks nearly steals the show as her rugged lover.

STAR. Julie Andrews stars as a great star: Gertrude Lawrence, who sang, danced and acted wherever she found a stage, from music halls in British boondocks to Broadway. This musical biography is somewhat superficial, but hugely entertaining. Julie Andrews is superb all the way, whether she's messing up a chorus line, heading a spectacular production number, or just being extraordinarily talented in general. Daniel Massey is letter-perfect as her witty, sophisticated and compassionate friend, Noel Coward; Richard Crenna is fine as her husband. The songs, many by Noel Coward, are good old standards, still delightful.

books

A HISTORY OF WARFARE by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery. England's great general reviews the highlights of warfare from 7000 B.C. to the present in this big (584 pages) lavishly illustrated book. Naturally he has a soldier's view of history, and his strong opinions are often controversial, but the material is generally fascinating. Liddell Hart once said, "If you want peace, understand war." This will help. *World; $12.95.*

A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY by John Le Carre. The author of *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* has written another superb thriller. As an anarchistic German demagogue starts whipping up anti-democratic sentiment, a clerk in the British Embassy in Bonn disappears with secret files. When a dedicated detective hunts him, unrelieved tension begins. *Coward-McCann; $6.95.*

THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS by Vance Packard. This is an unsensational investigation of what the author calls "the contemporary upheaval in male-female relationships." The factors influencing sexuality in America today are minutely detailed, as are data on the "sexual revolution" of young people. It's extremely interesting; not definitive, but a good start. *David McKay; $6.95.*

records

EVERY ONE OF US. Eric Burdon & The Animals are better musicians than most rock 'n' rollers. Their lyrics are even literate. The results are often top-notch. Standouts: the jazz-based "Serenade to a Sweet Lady" and "Year of the Guru." *MGM.*

FINIAN'S RAINBOW. This is the original soundtrack of the new film musical, and it's a gem. Fred Astaire, Petula Clark, Don Francks and Tommy Steele are just grand, and so are the songs, including "If This Isn't Love," "Old Devil Moon" and "Look to the Rainbow." *WB-7 Arts.*

WHERE IS LOVE? Somewhere in the vicinity of baritone Jack Jones, judging by this record. He sings this collection of contemporary ballads smoothly and superbly; two of the best are "Light My Fire" and "Valley of the Dolls." *RCA Victor.*

NAT ADDERLEY: YOU BABY. The idea of backing a jazzman with a string orchestra isn't new, but it has rarely worked as well as it does in this album. Adderley's cornet, enhanced by flutes and strings, swings smoothly but firmly throughout. *A&M.*

There's no power like WHEEL HORSE POWER in ANY kind of SNOW

light or heavy, wet or dry—any kind of snow

In a *minute*, Wheel Horse snow throwers clear as much as 480 square feet of snow. Paths up to 37 inches wide, as fast as 160 feet *per sixty seconds!* That's power. Figure the square feet in your driveway and walks. You'll see how quickly Wheel Horse can clean them. Better yet, ask your Wheel Horse dealer (he's in the Yellow Pages) for a *Snow-Power* chart. Pick the right Wheel Horse yourself: Self-propelled snow throwers, 5 & 7 horses; tractors, 7 to 14. Wheel Horse owners say, *Let it snow.* They don't dig it. P.S. Look around you. The driveway's always cleaner on the Wheel Horse side.

GET A HORSE!
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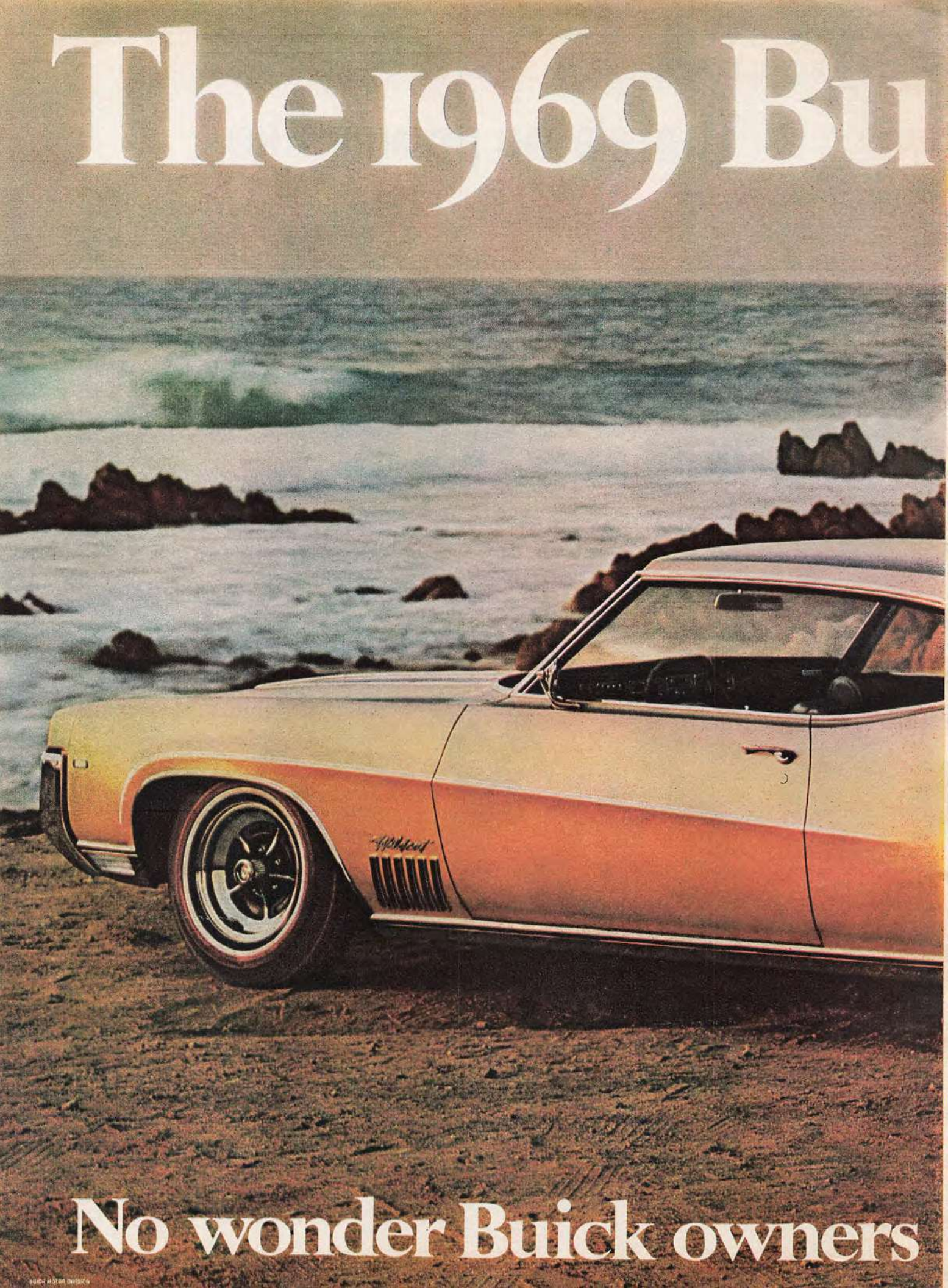
The 1969 Bu



No wonder Buick owners

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keep selling Buicks for us.
Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

man and his health

MALE CONTRACEPTION: SWITCH ON— SWITCH OFF

■ Since it obviously takes two to make a baby, it should be no less obvious that conception can be prevented by shutting off the fertility of either the husband or wife. But recently so much attention has been lavished on the pill and the intrauterine device for female contraception that the role of the male has been minimized. The truth is that contraceptive efforts by the man, which were the most important kind until a half-century ago, are gaining new notice because today's research is making them far more effective.

The present lines of medical and surgical investigation have nothing to do with the old-fashioned condom, which was denounced as unaesthetic by writers as long ago as Pepys and Boswell, who complained that it was like armor. With modern latex chemistry the condom has been greatly improved, but it still has some disadvantages. What medical researchers are striving for most intensively is a semipermanent method of male contraception—one that will work around the clock, month in and month out, without a man's having to think about it or break the amorous spell just before intercourse.

Ideally, the method should not be absolutely permanent and irreversible for two major reasons. The first is that immutable sterilization may have a bad psychological effect. The second is that a man may have completed his family, only to have all his children wiped out in an accident. Or he may marry for a second time, and in either case want to start a new family.

Since the pill has proved so effective and relatively safe for millions of women, it is only natural that researchers have tried to compound a "male pill." Dr. Edward T. Tyler of Los Angeles found a male pill that is effective but not safe enough. It reduces a man's sperm count almost to zero in about three weeks; when he stops the pill his fertility returns after a similar interval. The pill seemed safe when Tyler was testing it on volunteer prison inmates who had no access to liquor. But when he was allowed to reward the prisoners with beer, even a single glass produced violent flushing, sweats, nausea and dizziness. The effect was like that with Antabuse. So far, no male pill has been found that is both effective and acceptably free from such side effects.

Antifertility injections would have an advantage over the pill, in that they'd last longer, but they would use essentially the same types of chemicals. And none has been found that is free of the "Antabuse effect," or something equally disturbing.

So we come to surgery. Many men flinch at the mere mention of the word. They confuse sterilization with castration, and infertility with impotence. But these conditions are, in fact, totally different. If infertility induced by surgical sterilization is followed by impotence, it is probably because the man had severe psychological problems to begin with and should not have been operated on. (Or if it's his wife who has the problem, maybe he needs a new wife.) The truth is that sterilization, in many cases, actually increases a man's virility.

The standard operation for male sterilization is vasectomy—cutting and tying off the *vasa deferentia* or seminiferous tubules that carry sperm from the testicles to the ejaculatory tract. It is such a minor procedure that it can be done in the doctor's office under a local anesthetic in an hour or so, and most patients are back at work the next day. Some surgeons still use general anesthesia, which requires hospitalization and nurses, but younger practitioners say that this is unnecessary.

Vasectomy has become surprisingly popular in the United States, with an estimated 45,000 men opting for it each year. The great majority of the operations are done on the West Coast, among men who have one or more college degrees. Doctors themselves are prime candidates after the age of 40, or after three or four children.

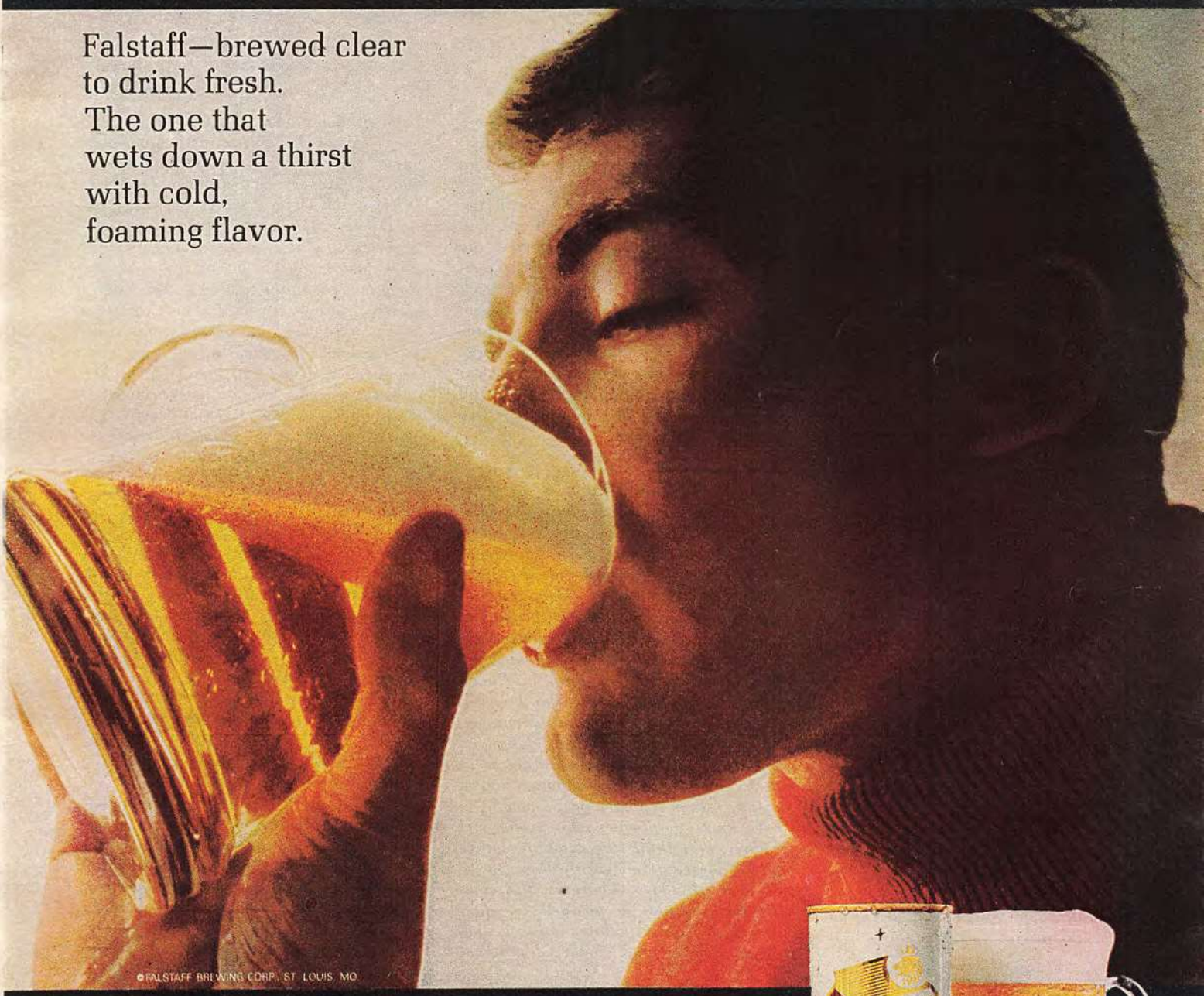
Vasectomy has two main disadvantages. It does not take effect immediately, because of sperm left "in the pipeline." So an additional method of contraception must be used for at least the next 10 occasions of intercourse. The second disadvantage is that there is no absolute assurance of reversibility in case of a family disaster or remarriage. Some surgeons claim very high rates of success in restoring fertility, but most give their colleagues credit for no more than 40 to 50 percent success.

Now Dr. Pralhad Das Jhaver, from the Indian state of Indore, has been at the University of North Carolina researching newer methods of male sterilization. Instead of cutting out a piece of each *vas deferens* and tying the ends, he proposes simply severing them and inserting a short length of plastic tube in which there is a plastic plug. His method is called SISS, for "single incision, single stitch." It can be completed in a very short time. Restoration of fertility can be accomplished even faster, with success assured in 98 to 99 percent of cases, just by pulling the plug out of the plastic insert. Like the present operations, this one will cost anywhere from $25 to $200 in the United States.

Since even the most intelligent women have difficulty taking the pill on the right 20 days of every month, and there are side effects with both pills and loops, male sterilization is certain to increase in popularity once a technique like Doctor Jhaver's has been fully proved—and when the truth about sterilization is more widely understood. ■

the thirst slaker

Falstaff—brewed clear
to drink fresh.
The one that
wets down a thirst
with cold,
foaming flavor.



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Falstaff®

it's a man's world

and here's a man's way of looking at it

TAKE IT OFF

We doff our hat—and no more—to an offbeat lady who brightened up Fun City with several outrageously wacky displays of public nudity. Her name is Yayoi Kusama, and she is an artist. She is a firm believer in nudity as a kind of general panacea for the world's ills, and she attempted to dramatize her point by assembling a troupe of like-minded individuals who stripped and danced, while she spray-painted their bodies, in a variety of public places: the Statue of Liberty, the U.S. Treasury, the Stock Exchange and several churches.

The shows were necessarily brief—they were only one step ahead of the cops—but quite entertaining, as much for their illogic as for the display. At one point, proclaiming that nudism doesn't cost anything, she urged people to tighten their belts and let their pants fall—a neat trick—and at the Statue of Liberty, she said, "The symbol of liberty is the nude," while she, fully dressed, sprayed away. But let us not carp. We await the new heights of feminine logic winter's challenge to nudism may bring.

BRIEFCASE PHONE

Yesterday—it could have been any day—we tried to make a call from a street-side phone. It took our dime, went dead and refused to disgorge the coin. We tried another booth. An empty cord dangled where the receiver should be. We ducked into a bank and tried a pay phone housed in a swank mahogany booth. It was marked "out of order." By that time we had lost our cool or sangfroid, or sang Freud, as psychoanalysts would put it, so completely that we forgot what we wanted to call about.

Mother Bell can't keep up with the damage wrought by junkies, punks and loathsome vandals in cities all over the land. So we suggest a gift for the man who has everything: a telephone carried in an attaché case. Open the lid, which contains an antenna, and you're connected with a radio-telephone exchange operated by phone companies. You can buy an attaché-case phone for $2,160 or rent it for $49.50 a month (for five years) if you'd rather.

SEX ON THE JOB

The ultimate in equal rights nonsense goes into effect next December 1, unless somebody of common sense takes over the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which is too much to hope for in this era of the absurd. After that date it will be illegal to run want ads under Male and Female headings. Machinists will be mixed with milliners, plumbers with panty-makers, to the great annoyance of all. Never mind convenience for job seekers. The high-handed commission rules that separating want ads by sex "has a discriminatory effect, by indicating employer preference."

We know employers who prefer girl Fridays, and think the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them to reject boy Mondays. There is, the commission concedes, a possible vocation for which "sex is a bona fide occupational qualification." Well . . . h'mmmm.

WHITHER PARADISE?

Who among us has not dreamed of chucking it all, quitting the rat race and sailing off for an island in the South Pacific, preferably with a pretty, young female as our crew? Before you dream on, ponder for a moment the fate of George Hughes. George sailed to Hawaii with a one-girl crew last spring because he was tired of the rat race in California, but soon decided Hawaii was just more of the same; so he recruited another crew—Barbara Gregory—and set off once more.

Eleven days later they were shipwrecked on the deserted island of Palmyra, where crabs, turtles, birds and coconuts abound. Now, before you go out and price yachts, be apprised of the realities: they were nearly drowned, it rained almost continuously for 20 days until they were rescued. George had a fever most of the time, and repairing the boat will leave him broke.

The experience was summed up neatly, if obliquely, by Miss Gregory when a reporter asked what she planned to do next. "Take a shower," she replied. So much for getting away from it all.

ONE MAN'S CURE . . .

Just about everybody has his own favorite hangover cure. Some we've heard of—hitting the bottle all over again, swimming in an icy stream, raw egg in a glass of beer, hot Bloody Marys—are worse than the condition they're supposed to eliminate. We received a book the other day which may help alleviate some of this foolishness: *The Hangover Cookbook*, by Jack and Jill Smedley. It has five sections, and the first fifth is most intriguing: liquid breakfasts.

In the interest of science, we dropped in on the Smedleys the other morning after an especially exuberant party the night before, and Jack, who swears the book is the most thoroughly researched work since Kinsey put his tomes together, mixed us a Pineapple Cream Smedley (two beaten eggs, a cup of cold pineapple juice, ½ cup of cold milk, ½ cup of cold light cream, sugar to taste, and a generous dollop of vodka). By Jove, it works!

. . . AND ANOTHER'S

Vitamin B-12 is a fantastically effective hangover cure, but it's always had a severe drawback: it can only be ad-

(Continued on page 22)

ment to the tune of over $7,000,000.00 a day.

suggest you use the world's finest Bourbon, Jim Beam.

now it is American Bourbon which is the favorite."

World's Finest Bourbon a 173-Year-Old Secret

CHICAGO, ILL.—Before you can call yourself the world's finest anything—you'd better have a case in your favor.

Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate: the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWIT
—When the world f
er-Not all-bottl
formed last night
Hall, all eyes
on band mem
Daisey.

Reason: Inst
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There was imr
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Ask T.

JIM BEAM BOURBON—MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

The rich, fertile, surround-

Fresh Charred Oak

And t there's the great forests ite oak, nearby. It's in this car wood, f the all-in takes pla

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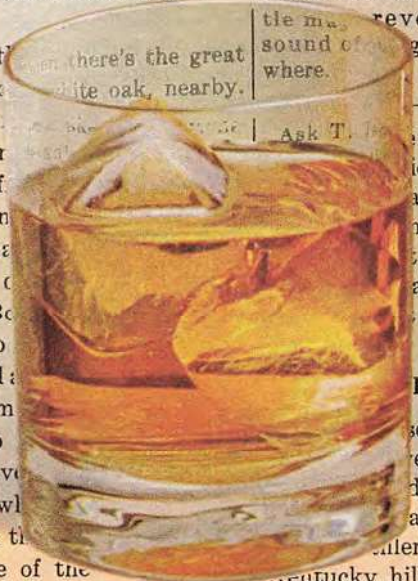

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Bea sent er, d by ains the llery in the wooded Kentucky hills. It's far from

POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the the label says cause 86 proof people prefer.

figure alcohol y divide proof by two. But remember ne proof is not lways quality.

Toast

our next party your knowl- rnational lan- g. in America we ya" or "Bot- course, the d Cana-

a- e

s- by istilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky. Jim Beam 86 proof

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it's a man's world

(Continued from page 20)

ministered by a hypodermic shot, which is no fun even without a hangover. But now a botanist in St. Louis, Dr. Bruce Parker, has made a breakthrough. He has discovered that microorganisms in the air manufacture the stuff like crazy, and when it rains—well, it isn't raining rain, or violets, either.

If you stand out in the rain with your mouth open for a while, you could cure your hangover. Curing your pneumonia, of course, would be a little more difficult.

Oh well, back to Pineapple Cream Smedleys.

DRIVER'S VASCARITIS

One summer morning 10 years ago, Arthur N. Marshall, of Richmond, Virginia, watched a car traveling at terrific speed past a highway patrol car going in the opposite direction. Before the cop could turn around, give chase and get a speedometer reading, the speeder pulled to the side of the road and parked. You never saw a more frustrated cop. He couldn't make a legal pinch without clocking the rate of speed.

Marshall, an amateur inventor, wondered if there wasn't some way of measuring the speed of oncoming cars from a moving police car. What he concocted after seven years of tinkering is a terror for speeders called VASCAR—short for "Visual Average Speed Computer and Recorder."

The small gizmo in a patrol car calculates speed in the flick of an eyelash by dividing distance by time. A cop throws a switch when a speeder passes some convenient marker—say, a tree or telephone pole—and when the speeder passes another marker, the cop switches the whole mess of information into a ruthless digital computer. This gives speed in miles per hour in a way we won't explain in detail because we don't dig computers very well. Anyway, the gadget gives a speed measurement accurate to one-tenth of a mile per hour and to date nobody has beat the computer rap. A police car can clock speeders going in any direction. The contraption is operating or being experimented with in 34 states and we think every law-fearing driver should know about the little snitch.

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

Well, the big fashion news seems to be "unisex" clothing, or as one department store put it cutely, "onelookmanship." In other words, clothes that can be worn by both sexes, and of course the stores are pushing the idea of wearing them as matching outfits, probably so they can sell two pairs at the same time. One ad said it's "the next logical step for people with a contemporary fashion sense." If "a contemporary fashion sense" means "dubious taste," they're right. Even Beau Brummell would have to laugh at a man wearing a black crepe shirt with a spray of ruffles down the front.

ONWARD

Some sort of prize for progressive thinking should be awarded Mr. Saidi Maswanya, the Home Affairs Minister of Tanzania. He proved himself to be a perspicacious politician during a recent outbreak of official morality in that young African nation. He ordered prostitutes off the streets of Dar es Salaam, but he drew the line at concubines most eloquently. He said, "To interfere with someone's concubine would be a violation of fundamental human rights." And it isn't even an election year in Tanzania!

WHALE OF A STORY

We are continually surprised by the strange occupations men get themselves into. Some special skills can't possibly pay a living wage. Like resuscitating whales. A good whale resuscitator can go through a lifetime without a single call for his services. So we guess Sonny Allen is plain lucky. Allen is a dolphin trainer at Marine World, a big aquatic center on the south shore of San Francisco Bay.

Not long ago, Allen was educating a class of dolphins when there was a commotion in a nearby tank occupied by Bonnie, a 20-foot killer whale. Bonnie was in labor. She gave birth to a calf which lay on the bottom of the tank where it couldn't get air. Allen and an assistant dived in, got a sling under the 250-pound baby and hoisted it to the side of the tank. Allen knew exactly what to do. He didn't waste a second on mouth-to-mouth respiration. He immediately gave mouth-to-blowhole resuscitation. Unfortunately, it was no use. The calf was born dead. But who other than Allen, or maybe Herman Melville, would have been so quick-witted in a crisis?

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

Whether the news of the day is enlightening or frightening, it's all too often dull, unleavened by wit or humor —until a gremlin creeps into the works, that is. Proof of this arrived the other day in a new paperback book, *More Press Boners*, compiled by Earle Tempel. It contains 985 of the most hilarious goofs ever to appear in print. Oddly enough, women seem to keep ending up on the comic end of the stick. For example:

"The ladies of the Cherry Street Church have discarded clothing of all kinds. Call at 44 North Cherry Street for inspection."

"Reporting to police the loss of $20, she said the money was concealed in her stocking, and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum-cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line."

"Until he recovers, the Crown Prince will carry on with the royal cuties."

"Miss Rogers was winking for the third time when a lifeguard seized her and dragged her ashore."

"The bride wore an aquamarine floor-length gown with fuchsia trimming and carried an old-fashioned."

"The new Miss America will be drowned later before a nationwide television audience." **—THE EDITORS**

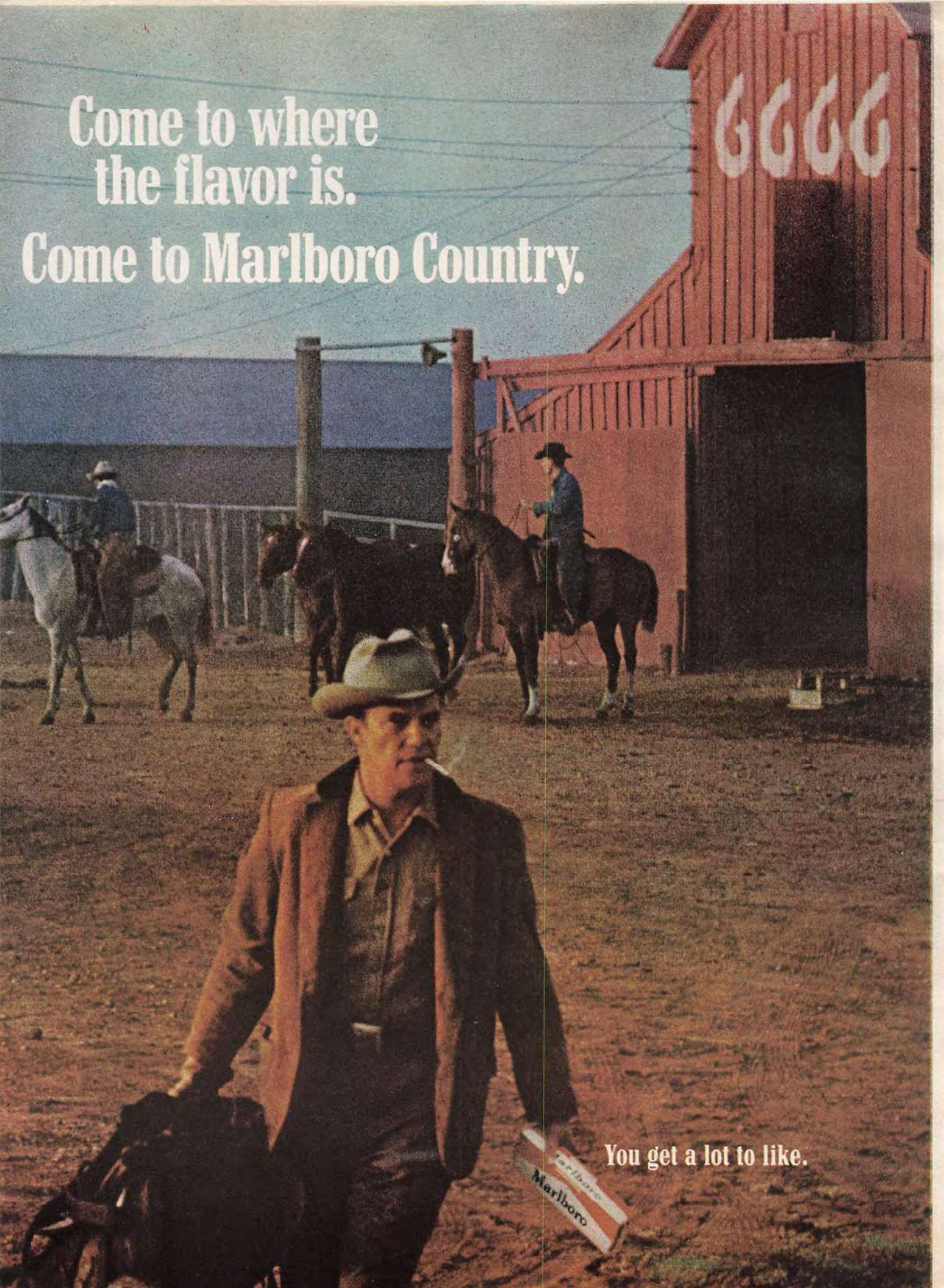
The most dramatically styled automobile since the Continental Mark III.

Marquis is the first medium-priced car with a dramatic elegance, a majestic beauty that only the men who build the Continental Mark III could create. The new Marquis comes with a 429 cubic inch V-8 engine, concealed headlamps, Select-Shift automatic transmission. Twin Comfort lounge seats are standard equipment for the Marquis Brougham, shown. (Optional for other Marquis models.) The Marquis comes eight ways including hardtops, sedans, a convertible and a station wagon. One thing we promise. You won't walk away saying you've seen it all before.

Lincoln-Mercury leads the way with the new MARQUIS.

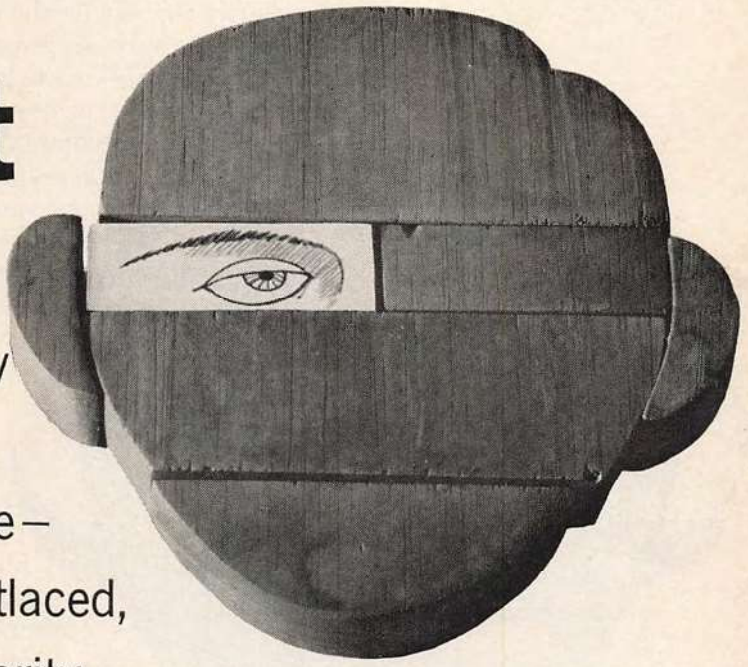
LINCOLN · MERCURY

Ford


Come to where
the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
GGGG
Marlboro
You get a lot to like.

BY EDWARD LINN
CONSTRUCTIONS BY BLAKE HAMPTON

we already know the next assassin



Psychology
can now predict
what he will be like–
slight, straightlaced,
resentful of authority,
a failure with women,
a chronic outsider.
But the question remains:
can we stop him
in time?

TO FIND OUT, TURN THE PAGE

Oswald, Sirhan, Booth—and the slayers of Garfield and McKinley—all were cut from a similar mold

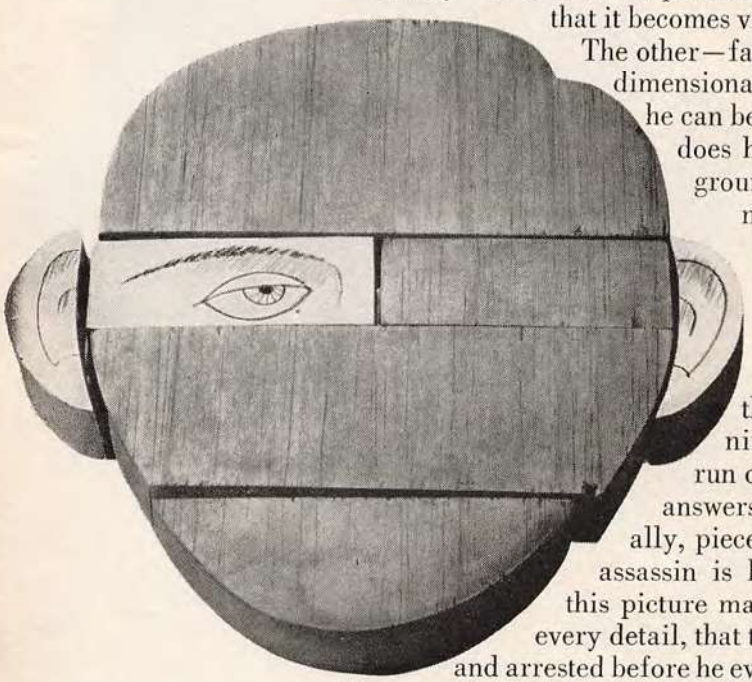
■ *He sits in a little room in a hotel or boardinghouse—a lonely little man. He is fondling a gun. There is no wildness in his eyes, no manic gleam. He is grim and he is righteous. What is to be done must be done. Yes, the day will come when people will understand.*

They will, of course, do no such thing. "He kept to himself," they will say, puzzled. "He was not the kind of man you'd look at twice—you know?" Although, on further thought, they will remember a time when he did go into a rage over something inconsequential.

He is the next assassin.

Nobody doubts there will be another one. Our leaders—Presidents, candidates, civil-rights figures—have become the quarry in the great American manhunt. The only question is who the next victim will be. It can be stated almost as a generality that, any time a political candidate has appeared in any city during this year's Presidential campaign, the U.S. Secret Service has taken a gun away from someone. Violence is abroad in the land. A climate of fear brings tense expectation, a ghastly waiting for the next shot to ring out.

There are two ways to protect a President or candidate in times like these. One—scarcely compatible with a democratic society—is to throw a protective cordon around him so tight that it becomes virtually impossible to penetrate. The other—far better—is to construct a three-dimensional picture of the assassin so that he can be picked up ahead of time. What does he look like? What is his background? What drives him to go gunning for public figures? What sort of man is he? *Who is he?*



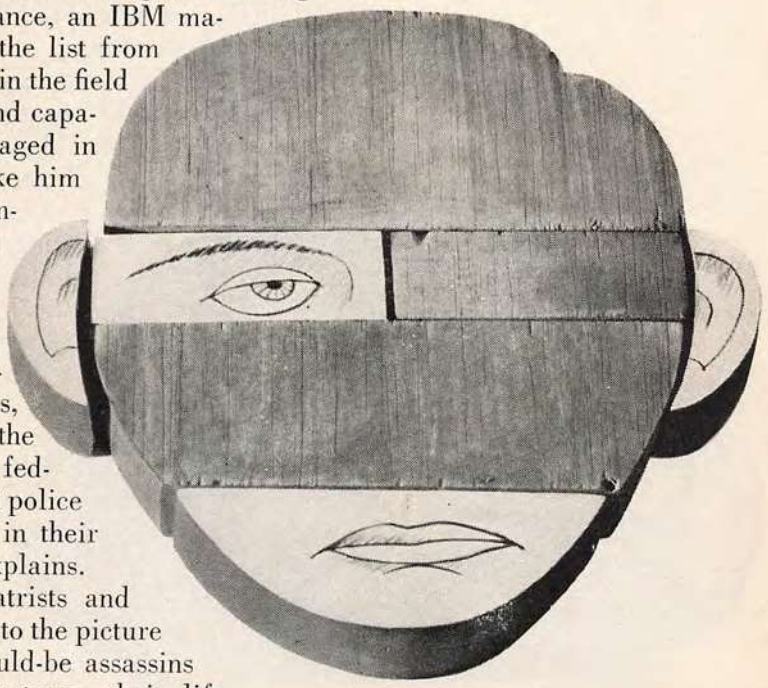
The Secret Service, city police, psychiatrists and others are desperately trying to answer these questions. They need the answers fast. Time is running out—perhaps has already run out—for the next victim. But the answers are being assembled. Gradually, piece by piece, a picture of the next assassin is being put together. Eventually this picture may be so complete, so fine in its every detail, that the lurking killer will be spotted and arrested before he even gets his gun out of his pocket.

Many skilled hands are at work on various pieces of the developing picture. Probably the most active are those of the Secret Service.

The Secret Service has long had a Protective Intelligence section and is now expanding it. It consists of thousands of file cards on persons considered dangerous enough to be kept under surveillance during a Presidential visit to their locality. (The FBI had Lee Harvey Oswald on a similar list of its own in 1963—the list even showed where he was working—but since the FBI had not looked upon him as a threat to the President, his name was never sent on to the Secret Service.)

The section is now computerized, with cards on more than

130,000 people, fed in continuously by every agency with any conceivable kind of security responsibility. The list includes the names of anyone who has ever threatened any public official anywhere, belonged to a suspect group, been in a mental hospital. Whenever a high public official—a potential target—is scheduled to make an appearance, an IBM machine turns up everybody on the list from the designated city, and agents in the field check them out for "activity and capability." Anyone who has engaged in any activity which might make him dangerous (defection to an unfriendly country, for example) and has the capability of committing murder (ownership of a gun) is kept under surveillance. To do this for half-a-dozen crisscrossing candidates, all law-enforcement officials in the area—local, county, state and federal—work together. "The local police know who's been doing what in their area," a Secret Service man explains.



Meanwhile, several psychiatrists and psychologists are trying to add to the picture by studying assassins and would-be assassins of the past—studying their natures, their life stories, even their physical appearances. The medical men hope they can spot certain characteristics common to most assassins, which, seen in an otherwise unimportant-seeming man, would mark him as one to be watched.

There are, of course, several types of assassinations. One is the product of a conspiracy, in which the final act has been deliberately plotted by a number of persons besides the killer, usually for political ends. The assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., last April is thought to have been the outgrowth of such a plot. So was the killing of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, the act which touched off World War I, and so was the attempt by Puerto Rican nationalists to kill President Truman in 1950.

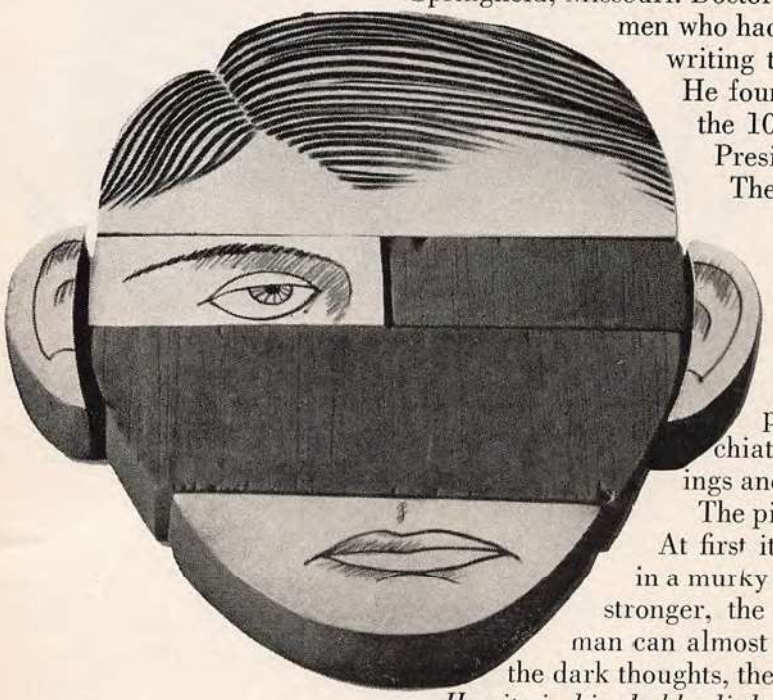
Recently, however, the assassin has more commonly been a man presumably acting alone for his own reasons. People so motivated, who seem to make up the current and most unpredictable threat, appear to fit into a remarkably well-drawn assassin type. The picture grows clearer with each new study.

Among psychiatrists who have pondered this special kind of murder, the assassination of a public figure, is Dr. James Brussel of New York City. Doctor Brussel, author of *Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist*, became famous in the mid-1950's when he helped the New York police catch an elusive criminal called the "Mad Bomber." The psychiatrist diagnosed the Bomber's mental illness—paranoia—and went on to describe his physical appearance. Doctor Brussel based this remarkable piece of psychiatric detection partly on the work of the late Ernst Kretschmer, a German psychiatrist who demonstrated that certain kinds of mental illness are associated with certain kinds of body build. The Mad Bomber, when caught, turned

out to fit Doctor Brussel's projected image almost exactly.

Another psychiatrist who has studied assassins is Dr. Donald W. Hastings, head of the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology at the University of Minnesota Medical School. Hastings studied the six men who, before the murder of John F. Kennedy, had killed or attempted to kill other American Presidents. His paper, "The Psychiatry of Presidential Assassination," appeared in *The Journal-Lancet.*

A third student of assassination is Dr. David A. Rothstein, staff psychiatrist at the Medical Center for Federal Prisons in Springfield, Missouri. Doctor Rothstein intensively studied 10 men who had been sent to federal prisons for writing threatening letters to Presidents. He found a pattern so consistent among the 10 that he was able to label it the Presidential Assassination Syndrome. The pattern is uncannily consistent with what Doctors Brussel and Hastings have found.



Still other doctors have studied Sirhan B. Sirhan, accused of the slaying of Sen. Robert Kennedy in June; and whole platoons of psychologists and psychiatrists have probed the life, writings and thoughts of Lee Harvey Oswald. The picture is growing, detail by detail. At first it was only a vague form seen as in a murky night. But the illumination grows stronger, the outline grows more stark. The man can almost be seen and touched. The build, the dark thoughts, the inner nature, almost the face....

He sits in his shabby little room, alone, brooding, fondling his gun. Waiting for the right day, the right moment. Hidden. And yet not hidden. He thinks nobody can see him, but perhaps he is wrong. God grant that he is wrong.

This is what he is like:

HE HAS DELUSIONS OF PERSECUTION. Doctor Rothstein found that all 10 of his federal prison patients had the mental disorder known as schizophrenia. Seven of the 10 were diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenics. In lay language, a paranoid schizophrenic is somebody who is out of touch with reality, often to an extent that has wrecked his life and made him a chronic loser. He unrealistically deludes himself that others are to blame for his troubles.

Doctor Brussel agrees that paranoid schizophrenia is the type of mental illness most likely to produce an assassin.

Lee Harvey Oswald has been diagnosed posthumously as having suffered from this or a similar mental illness.

Doctor Hastings, in his research on the six past assassins, has had to rely on historical records—many of them written before the term "paranoid schizophrenia" was coined. The past assassins or would-be assassins were:

Richard Lawrence, who attempted to shoot Andrew Jackson under the Capitol rotunda during a funeral procession, January 30, 1835. Both pistols misfired.

John Wilkes Booth, who shot Abraham Lincoln as the

The new psychological profile of the "assassin type" will help the Secret Service protect the next President

President sat in his box at Ford's Theater, April 14, 1865.

Charles J. Guiteau, who killed James A. Garfield in the Washington railroad station, July 2, 1881.

Leon F. Czolgosz, who shot William McKinley as he passed through the receiving line at the Temple of Music, Buffalo, New York, September 6, 1901.

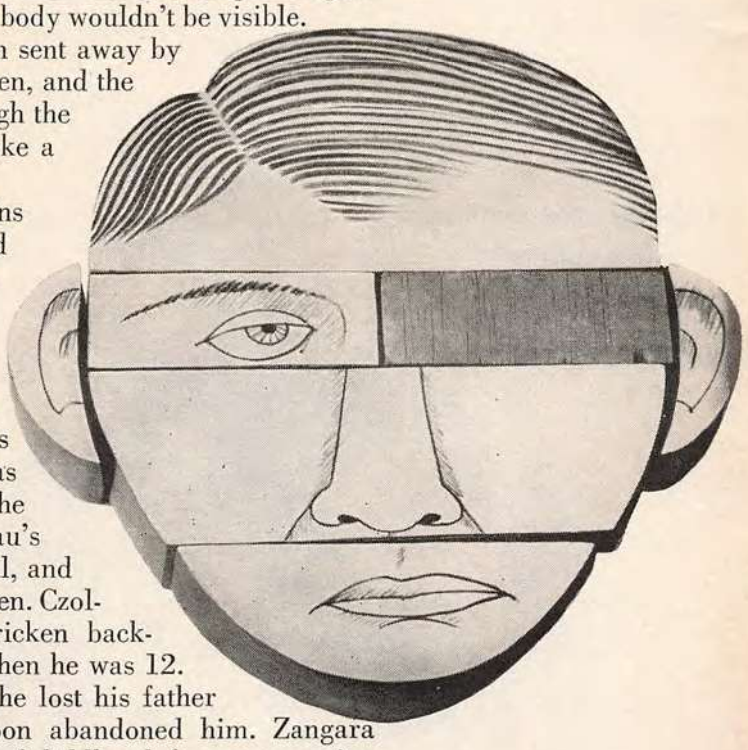
John N. Schrank, who wounded Theodore Roosevelt as he sat in an open car outside Gilpatrick Hotel, Milwaukee, October 14, 1912.

Guiseppe Zangara, who attempted to shoot Franklin D. Roosevelt, then President-elect, after he had made a speech from his open touring car in Bayfront Park, Miami, Florida, February 15, 1933. Zangara missed FDR, but fatally wounded Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago and hit four others.

As far as Doctor Hastings can conclude from the records, all six of these men probably suffered from a single mental disorder: paranoid schizophrenia.

HIS FATHER LET HIM DOWN. It has often been assumed that any man bearing a grudge against men in authority is probably expressing hatred for an overbearing, harsh father who mistreated him as a boy. In the case of assassins, not so. In an overwhelming number of cases, the problem seems to have been just the opposite: a weak or absent father.

Among his federal prison patients, Doctor Rothstein discovered a consistent pattern of a weak or absent father and a domineering or ineffective mother. In one case, the only memory the patient had of his father was of a corpse draped in a casket so that the mutilated body wouldn't be visible. In another, the patient had been sent away by his father when the boy was seven, and the uncle with whom he lived through the rest of his childhood never spoke a single word to him.



Doctor Hastings' six assassins had similar miserable childhood patterns. As Doctor Hastings wrote, "Lawrence's family was intact, although very little is known about the personalities of his parents or the conditions that existed in his home. Booth's father, psychotic in episodes, was away much of the time, and he died when the boy was 14. Guiteau's father probably was mentally ill, and his mother died when he was seven. Czolgosz came from a poverty-stricken background, and his mother died when he was 12. Schrank was only seven when he lost his father through death; his mother soon abandoned him. Zangara missed the common experiences of childhood, forever resenting the fact that his father put him to work when he was only six."

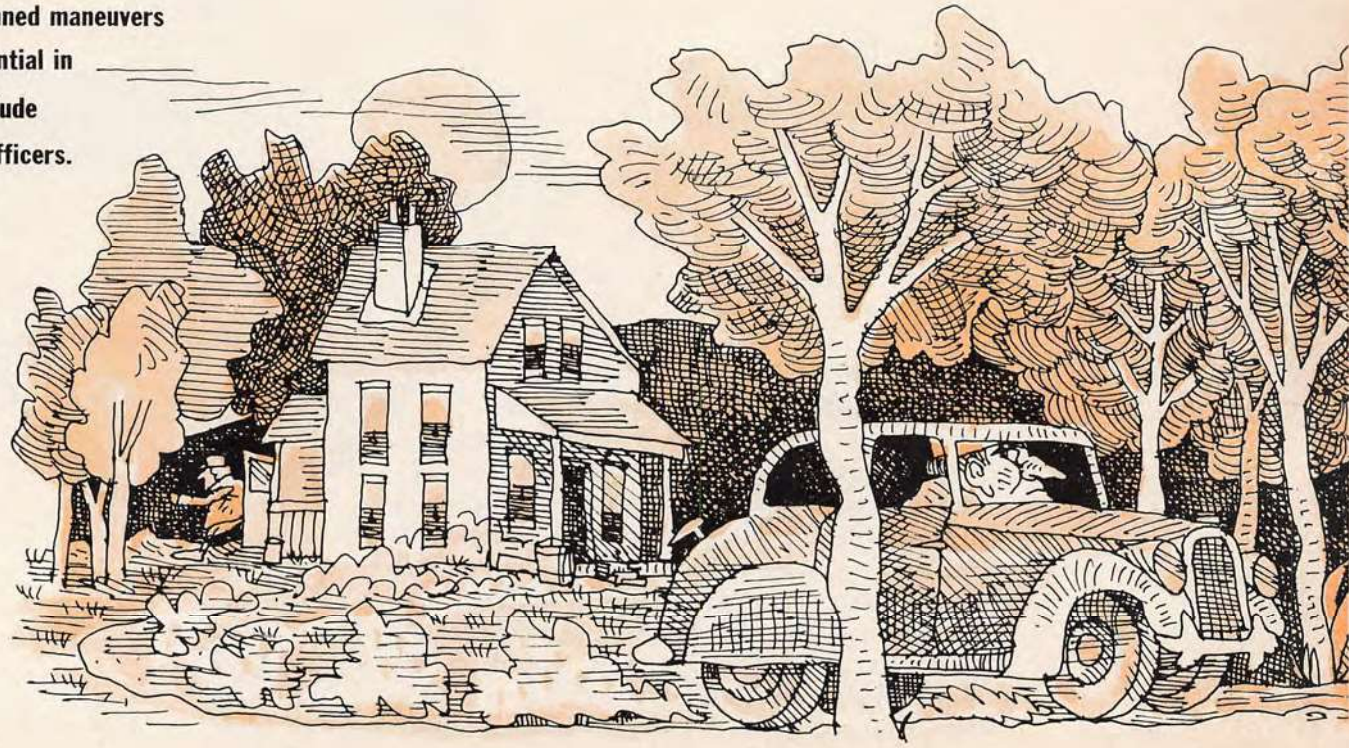
Sirhan's father deserted the family. As for Oswald, his father had died two months before he was born, and his mother bathed him and slept in the same bed with him until he was 11 or 12. He was remanded to the New York Youth House for psychiatric observation when he was 13, shortly [*Continued on page* 69]

BY LEO McFADDEN
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLINGER

CONFESSIONS OF A GAME POACHER

This man shoots deer in unlimited numbers and at any time of the year. Curiously, like many outlaws, he says he feels no shame—but he asked TRUE not to publish his real name

Experienced husband-wife butchering team can make a deer disappear in an hour.



Carefully planned maneuvers are essential in order to elude conservation officers.

■ When I want fresh venison I go and kill a deer—in season or out. So do my neighbors, so do my friends. We are poachers.

Since 1960 I've shot about 50 bucks, four does. Nine of the bucks were legally taken, two of the does. The rest were killed illegally, just as more of them are going to be killed illegally this winter and next.

I live in one of the upstate counties of New York with my wife and six children. Our home is a run-down farm that lies in the midst of woodlands, on the fringe of a huge forest preserve.

In centuries past this was the country of the Iroquois. The plentiful deer here were always the mainstay of Indian life, providing meat, hides for clothing, and bone and horn for implements. Understandably, the Iroquois had a primitive reverence for game.

The Indian is gone, but hunting times have not changed altogether. Certainly not as much as many suppose.

Despite an encyclopedia of game laws enforced by wardens, rangers, local and state police, sheriffs and deputies, some of us still live off the land. Despite roadblocks, radio communication, scout planes and now snowmobiles, we still manage to have our loins or haunches of roast venison for Sunday dinner. And our children are cozy in fur-lined parkas, moccasins and mittens.

When it is condemned more and more as a criminal offense, what keeps deer poaching going? How do we get away with it, against so much regulation and common reproach? Why do we do it?

As a city man I had hunted deer upstate for four years, dutifully and unresentfully obeying every state law, area ordinance and local decree. I went out only in season, properly armed, properly dressed. When I killed deer, I tagged them properly, reported them properly, transported them properly.

Yet, during my first season in the field after we moved here—the first time I hunted on my own land—I poached a deer. In a skimpy wood just a walk from one of my barns, in the last light of a sun already down, I shot a heavy, four-point buck. Standing beside the fallen animal, I could see my home, the road going by and the intersection half a mile south. To the west, silhouetted against the sky, was the great ridge that borders the forest preserve. It was quiet. Here and there, but distantly, the last shots of the day resounded.

There was hardly light enough to work by as I field-dressed the deer. I hurried. I had decided, almost without thinking, against declaring it. I wanted to get it home and for some reason, to have it free.

That night I skinned and butchered the animal in the cold of the closed barn, by the light of a kerosene lantern. I made small newspaper-wrapped packages of the botched and untrimmed cuts and, not without some fear of the law, hid them in 20 places around the grounds—two or three of them I never found again. Later I drove about four miles and hurled head, hide, bone and leavings into a gully.

Had I been a poacher at heart all those years before? Hardly.

Does having deer on your own land wake up or somehow restore feelings of primitive right? Perhaps.

The next day, again on my own property, I got another good buck. I was delighted. I tagged and reported this

Modern law-enforcement methods squeeze the poacher, but he has backwoods tricks to counter them

animal just as I had in the old days, mailing the duplicate card to Albany. But this time I did so for an illegal reason. The duplicate tag that I mailed bore no real description of the deer and thus it could legalize any other kill I made.

I was clever enough, as a newcomer, to report a "take" that season. But I would learn later that experienced poachers are even smarter. They do not bother to hunt during the legal season, but they still buy a license and report a kill so that they have a tag to cover themselves later.

The following winter I took a deer early in December, a second in mid-January, a third in February and a fourth early in March. I was becoming an efficient poacher.

My income at rural work those days was half what I had made as a building-maintenance foreman in the city. Venison meant as much to me as it ever did to an Indian. Through the winter it made the difference to my family between bean suppers and the best meat on earth. Certainly I never felt so much a real provider as when I would trudge in a little after dark with a fine buck on my back.

But that was also the year we got raided. This raid taught me a lesson.

Most people think any law-enforcement officer must have a search warrant to be able to enter a home without some direct provocation. This rule doesn't hold where it concerns a conservation officer. In my part of the country, if you so much as put your porch light on at 2 in the morning and open your door to see who's knocking, you've given such an officer "admittance to the premises." The next thing you know, half a dozen officers are making their search.

Even if you leave the light off and the door closed and just look out the window, however, the conservation officer will pretty much get his way by announcing in a loud voice that he and his helpers are tracking a badly wounded deer that has crossed onto your land and may have sought rest or shelter in one of your sheds, outbuildings or barns.

The clauses permitting such action by a conservation officer have been duly legislated, but to my knowledge they have never been tested in any court higher than some local magistrate's living room.

We were raided by a conservation officer, and evidence was found that my

Game warden pinpoints location of a poacher's shot by triangulating from reports of informers.

game tag couldn't cover. The details of my arrest aren't important. I keep in my mind nowadays, though, that no deer has two livers. I was charged with illegal possession, found guilty and fined $50 and costs.

Until my arrest I had been a newcomer working on my own. But it's the practice of the game department to give poaching arrests lots of publicity, partly as a demonstration of their own activity and partly as a caution to would-be offenders. An account appeared in local newspapers for miles around, even in a city journal 60 miles away. Because of it I came to be known immediately to the entire poaching fraternity in my area.

Guardedly at first, but eventually with full acceptance, the world of the poacher was opened up to me. The first gesture arrived in my mailbox two days after the incident: a package of small bills amounting to $53. It was full payment of my fine.

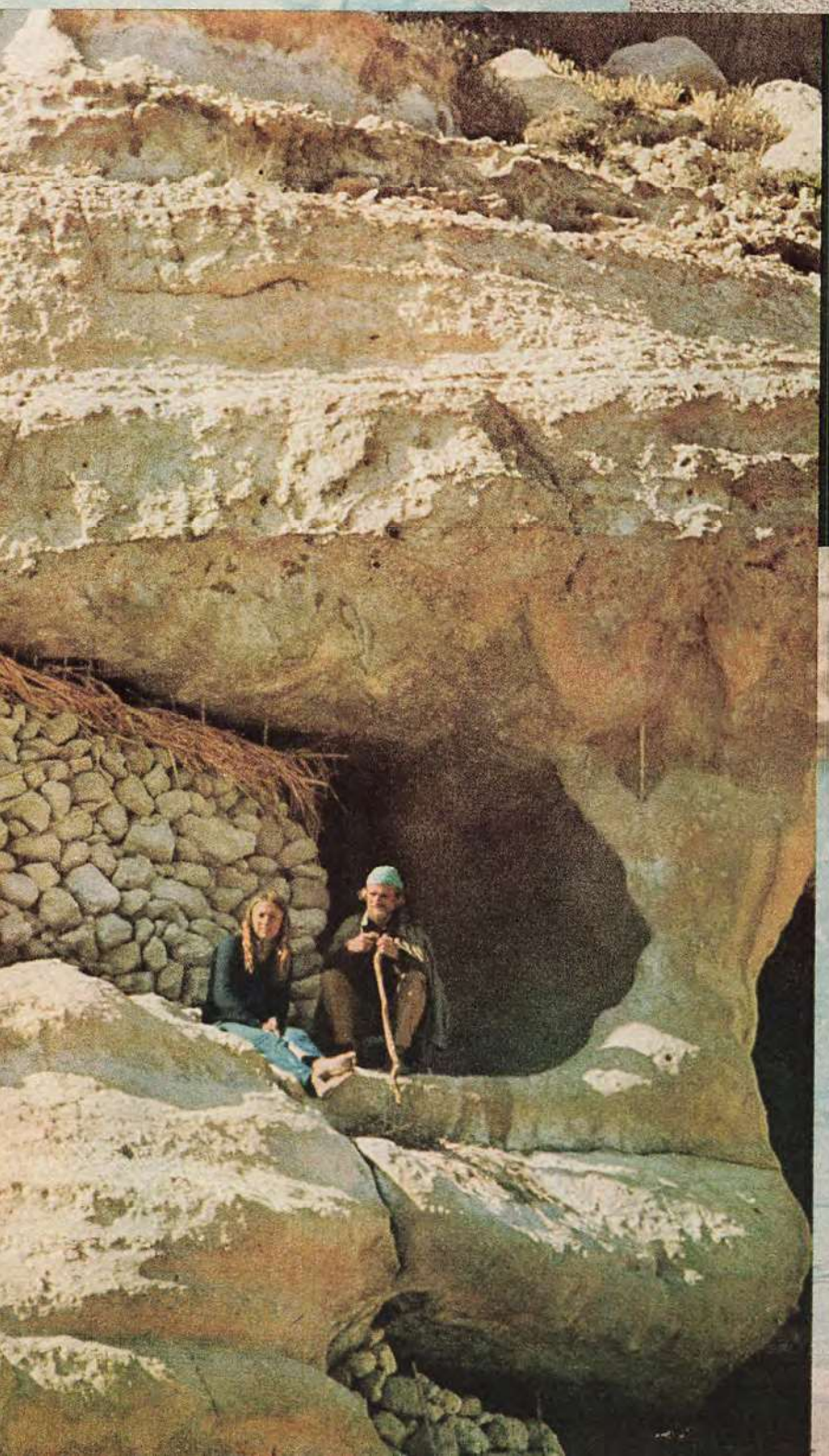
I pay dues now to the fund this money came from, a fund established here in 1920. None of us who abide by the simple laws of our own poaching tribe have to worry about payments to the law.

In 1967, for instance, income from the dues of nearly 40 members amounted to $950, and fines on members totaled $168.50. No member has been apprehended with a kill ($500 fine) since 1967, and only three since 1960. The separate accounts of our treasury in the local bank add up to almost $14,000.

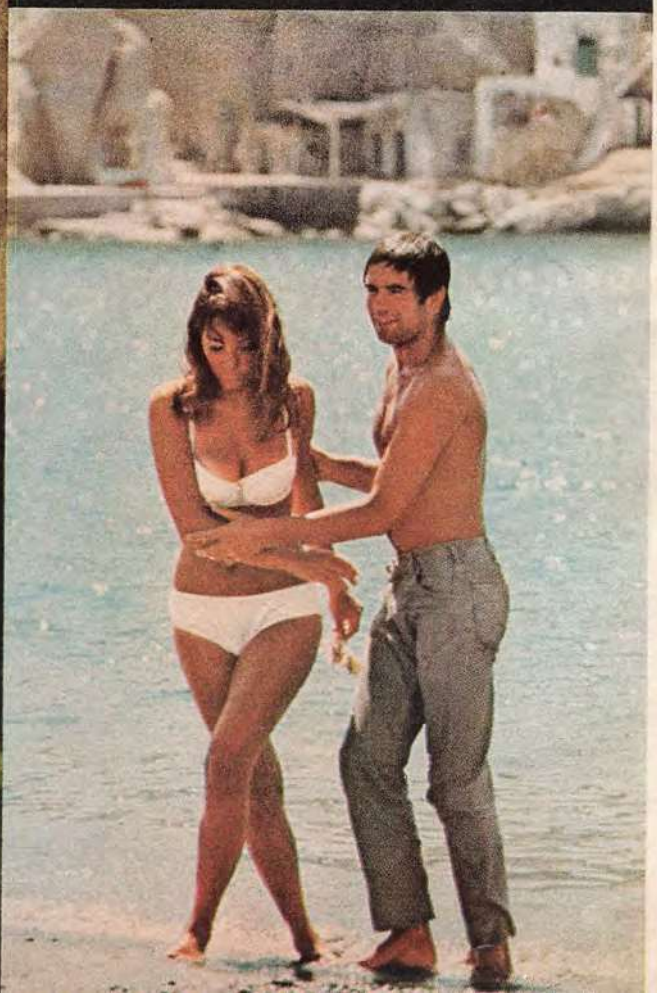
A poacher's first fine is a free one if he lives within our jurisdiction. So is his first as a member. After that our council meets to consider the circumstances, and now and then even imposes its own fines on members who get out of line.

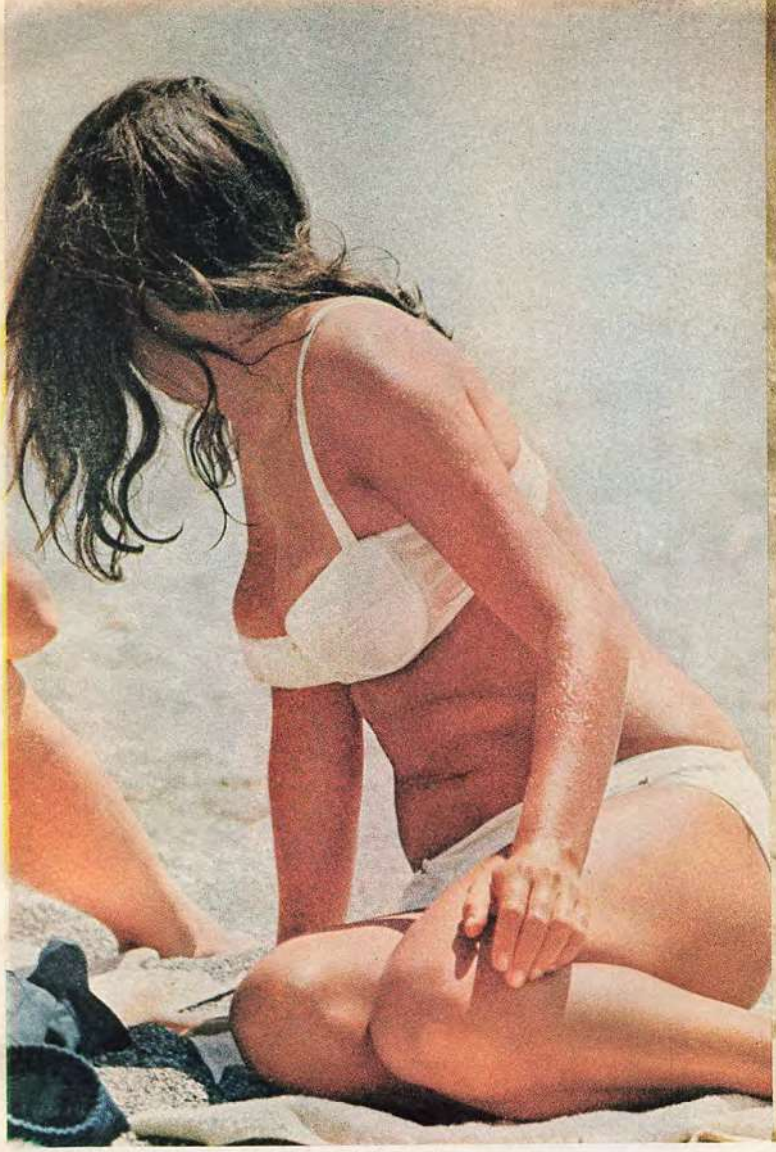
Why such [*Continued on page* 74]

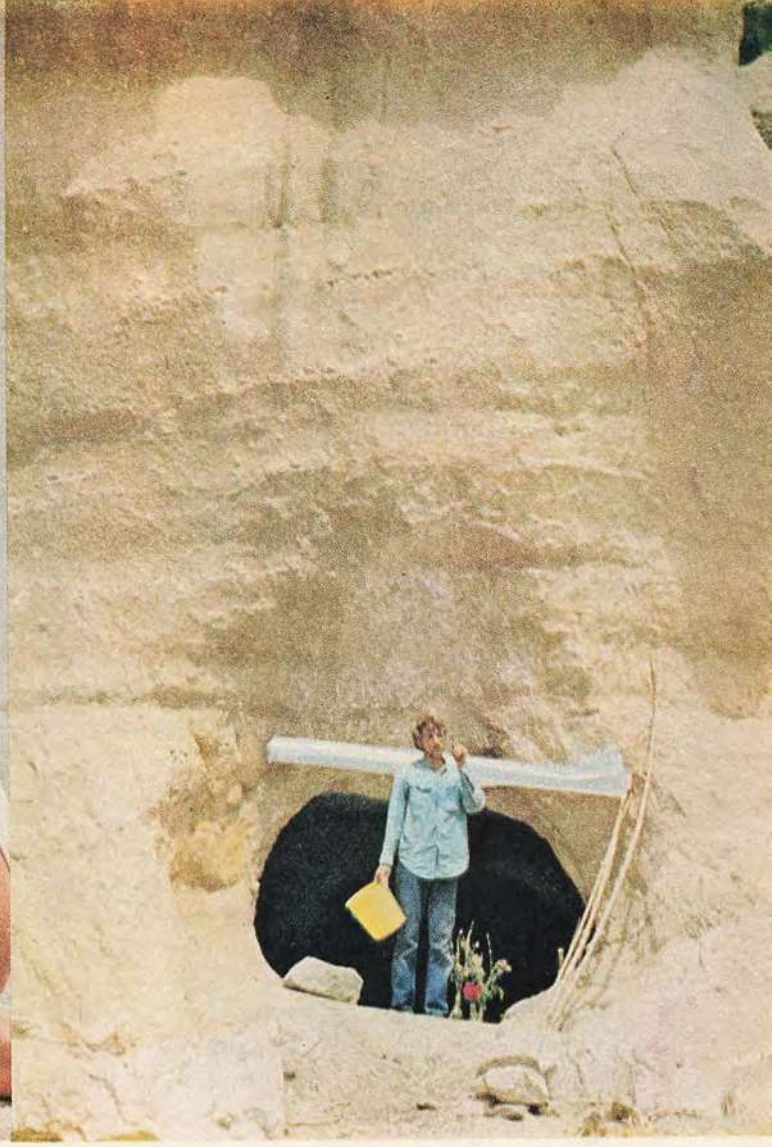
Once at home, the deer must be concealed from searching officers.



If you're young, don't mind being broke and want something really different, have a try at Mediterranean cliff dwelling. Neolithic man never had it so good







BY FLETCHER MANLEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

THE COZY CAVES OF CRETE

■ "I bought this cave for 100 drachmas," Chris, a rugged pipe-smoking South African, said, without breaking the rhythm of his work. (A hundred drachmas are worth about $3.) "Figure I'll get 500 for it when I'm ready to leave. When I've finished fixing her up, the tourists will be lined up waiting to buy. No, I don't think there'll be any problem selling out."

Chris explained that it was only the contents of the cave which were bought and sold. "This chair, those lanterns and what few cooking utensils you see are all that is transactable. Of course I can't sell the cave. It belongs to whoever's living in it as long as he lives in it."

The cave Chris was to call home for three months is situated near the village of Matala, on a rock shelf about 10 feet above the aqua-blue Mediterranean. The shelf merges with a sandy beach in one direction and forms a natural diving platform in the other. Tiered above his two-chambered den are approximately 30 other habitable caves of varying sizes. Some are elaborate, with rooms, beds, stoves, fireplaces, doors and windows. Others are simple cliffside indenta-

tions barely wide enough to stretch out in. Whatever their kind, for many Mediterranean-bound rucksack travelers they are homes—or at least way stations on roads that lead elsewhere.

Matala sits at the edge of an idyllic circular cove on the south coast of Crete. Two great promontories of parched yellow rock form the arms of the cove. For thousands of years men have carved caves into these cliffs. Stone Age settlers probably lived in them before such things as houses existed. During Crete's Minoan civilization, when Matala was a port for the thriving city of Phaestos, the caves were used as arsenals, as they were again in World War II, during the German occupation of Crete. Naturally there's a Greek legend based on Matala: here Zeus, disguised as a bull, came ashore bearing the goddess Europa, a drama that has undoubtedly been replayed many times since by more earthly characters.

For economy-minded students and rucksack itinerants like me, the prospect of living for as little as 50 cents a day on a Greek island is sufficient incentive for the trek to Matala. From Candia, the principal town of Crete, the trip is a three-hour bus run winding up on a beaten-down jitney bouncing over a dusty road to the last stop, Matala.

I pulled my rucksack off the bus and descended to the beach under the cliffs. "Looking for a cave?" someone asked as I stood squinting up at the irregular rows of pigeonholes.

"No, not really," I said. "I'm just here for a night. Figure I'll sack out on the sand. Are many caves available?"

"Higher up on the third deck there are plenty. Help yourself."

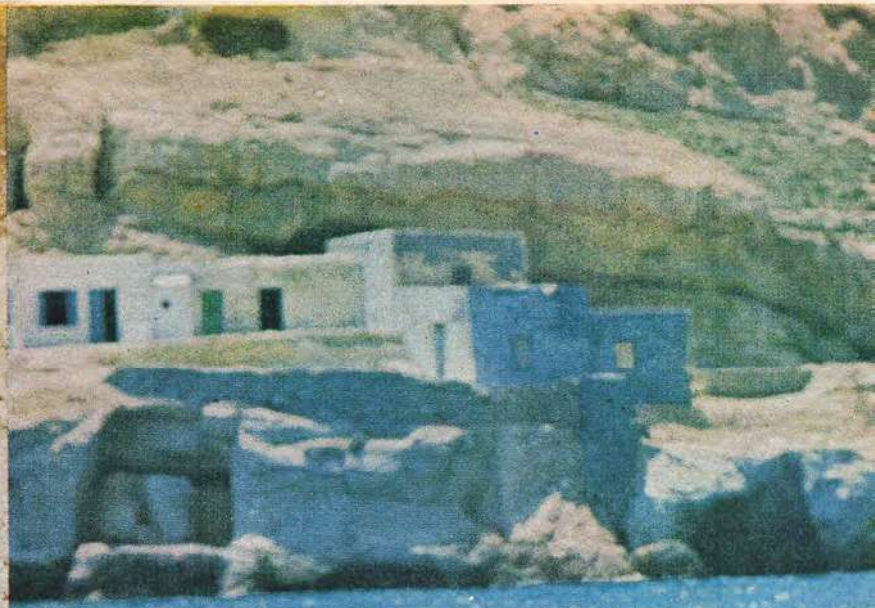
My new acquaintance said he was Joe from Ottawa. A clean-faced youth of about 20, Joe lay on the sand in his bathing suit, surrounded with diving flippers, spear gun and a face mask.

"Are you a cave dweller?" I asked.

"Yeah. I share a cave with a few other people. It's a place to leave my things and keep out of the weather. Except for the dust when the wind blows, it's not bad, actually."

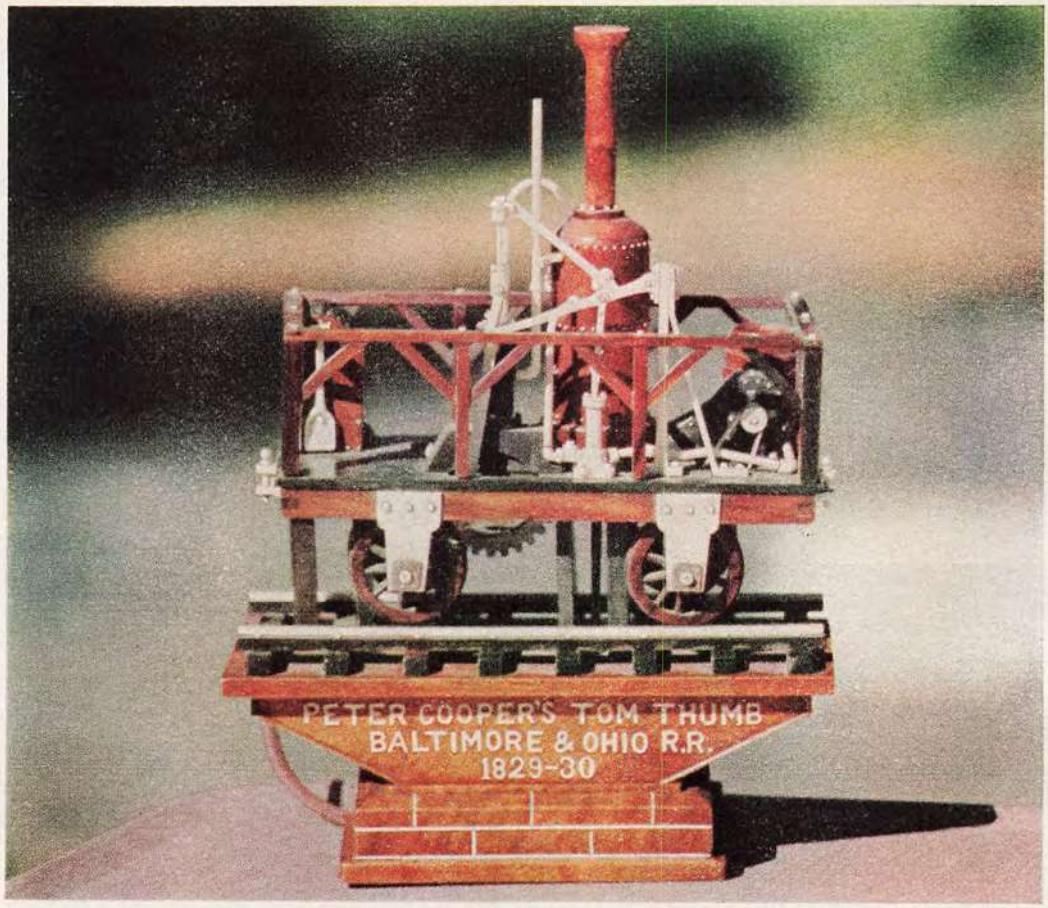
He said he'd heard of the caves when he put in at the Youth Hostel in Athens, during a hitchhiking tour of Europe. "Some kids had just returned from here and it sounded so good I thought I'd come over for a few days. It's a perfect place to lay around for awhile. Costs practically nothing. Just the price of food."

Our attention was caught by the sight of a young man with shoulder-length hair and a beard emerging, fully clad, from the sea. He came up to us, and explained, "I got an awful burn so I don't dare go in the water without something on. Things dry quickly here anyway." Noticing I was a newcomer, he added, "My [*Continued on page* 78]



Wanderlusters stop wandering
here, pause to rest
and perchance to love
in elemental stone pads
where Greek gods might
have slept with bronze
goddesses of another time

PRODUCED BY MICHAEL WHITE



Hand-carved "Tom Thumb" is in Ernest Warther's collection on history of the steam engine.

A remarkable collection of scale-model engines brings back

MEMORIES OF STEAM

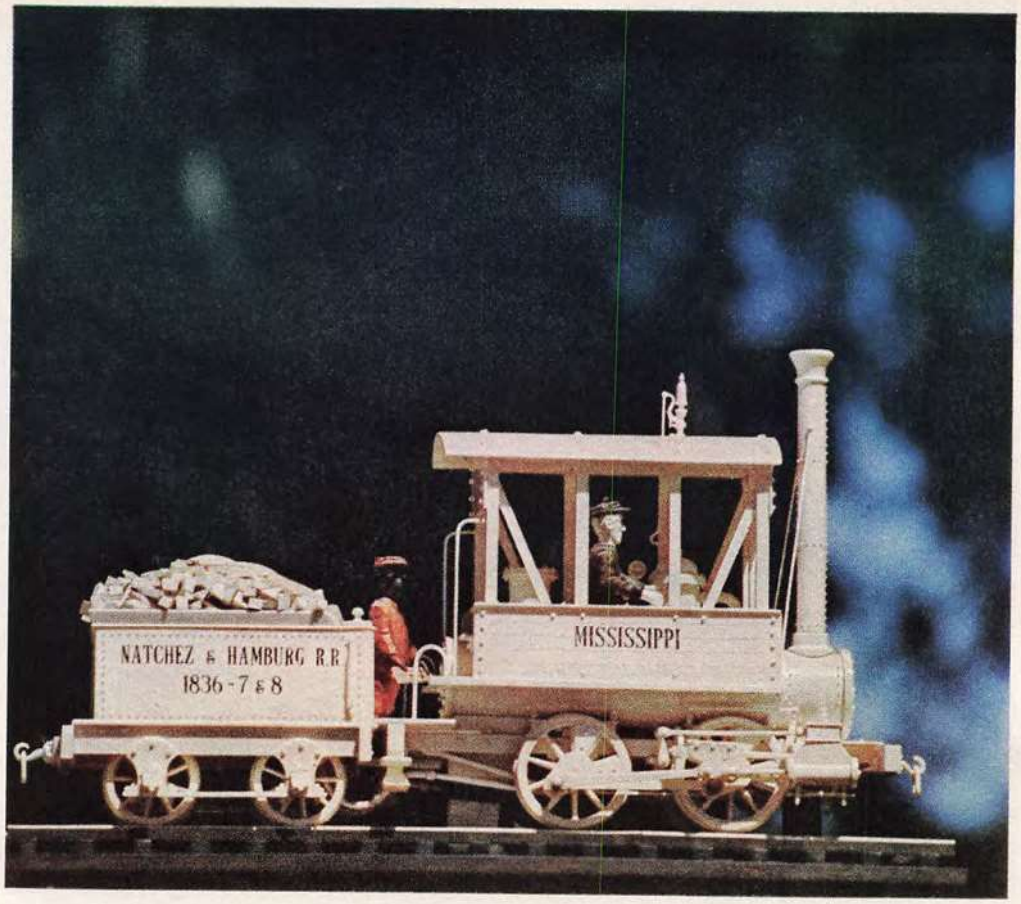
■ These miniature locomotives are among the finest hand carvings in the world. Made by Ernest Warther of Dover, Ohio, they're detail perfect—down to the smallest bolt. Over a period of some 70 years, Warther has turned out 60 models, scaled one-half inch to the foot, from ebony, walnut, ivory and pearl. His tools are a small knife, a file and occasionally a scale drawing or photograph: quite often he works from memory. The loco-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERWIN A. BAUER

"Best Friend" is model of the first locomotive built for regular train service in the U.S.

Latest full carving is "Old Ironsides." Made of walnut and ivory, it was finished in 1966.



At 78, Warther made this model, entirely from elephant tusk ivory, in 56 days. Base is ebony.

Ivory and walnut model was carved, like the others, with multibladed knife and small file.

motives belong to a 65-piece history of the steam engine, which Warther chose to carve because he believes steam has done more to advance civilization than any other form of power. Many of his models actually run, but not by steam. Hidden electric motors supply power; an oily South American wood called arguto is used for bearings. The Smithsonian Institution called the Warther collection "a priceless work of art," and the Henry Ford Museum offered to buy it. Warther has declined all offers,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

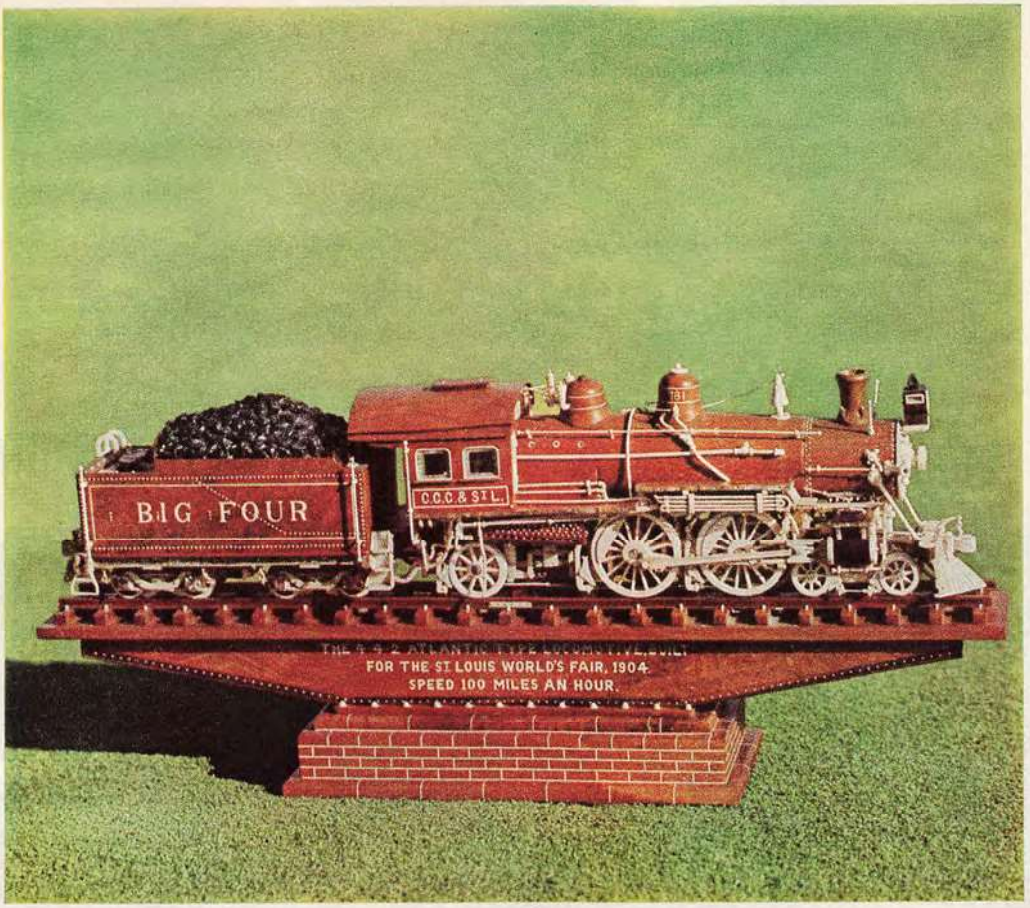
Elephant tusk, fine woods, mother-of-pearl carved with a handknife

"Illinois," decorated with mother-of-pearl, is with 59 other models in Warther Museum.

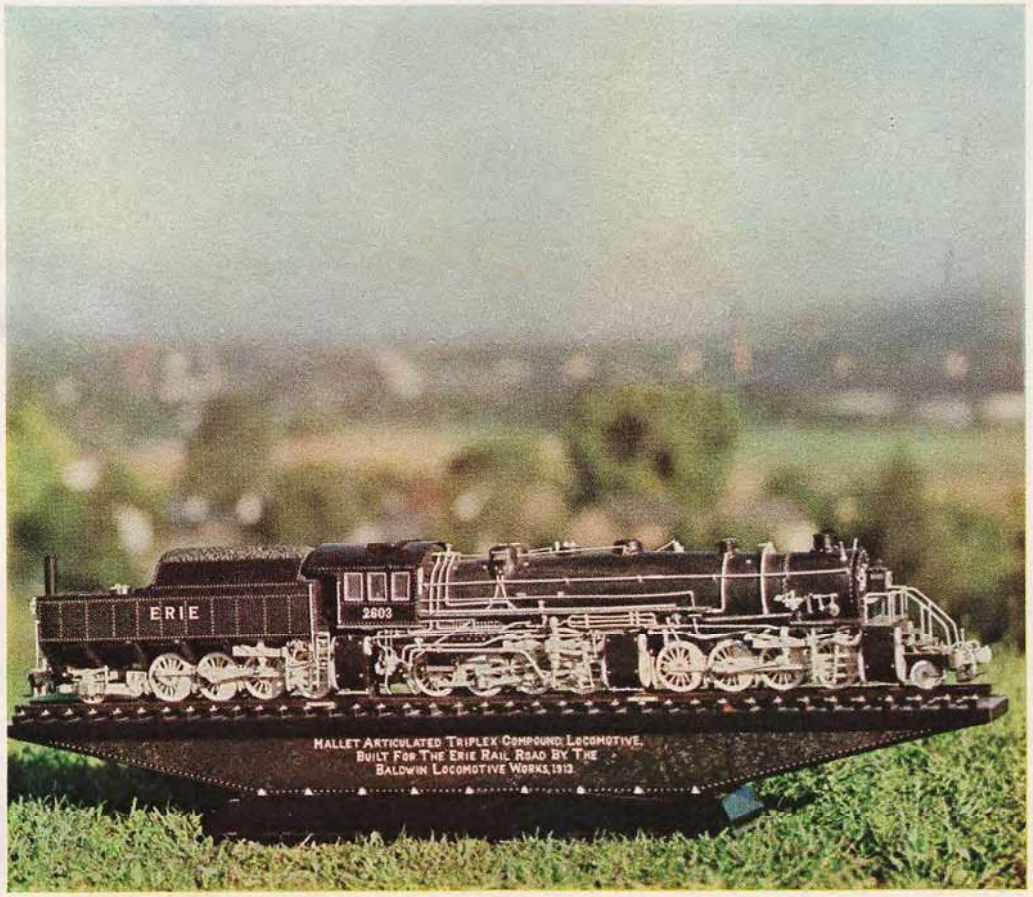
Famous "Empire State Express" was reproduced in golden Madagascar ebony inlaid with ivory.

Last reminders of that lonesome whistle in the night

and the collection is now housed in a Dover museum. A retired steelworker who never went beyond the second grade, he began carving when he was seven. Now 82, he still spends at least an hour each day at his workbench. For many Americans, particularly those born since World War II, the steam locomotive probably comes under the category of camp, but the master carver has made certain that John Wayne Western movies and small-town historical societies will not be its sole preservers. ■



"Big Four," model of a train built for St. Louis World's Fair, is trimmed with abalone shell.



The most complicated model Warther ever made contains 9,504 pieces and took 1,367 hours.

BY REV. BROOKS WALKER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRV BAHRT

AMERICA'S NEW IMMORALITY:

WIFE SWAPPING

How widespread is it? Why do apparently respectable people do it? Is it a threat to society? A Unitarian minister reveals case histories of a growing sexual practice

■ This book had its beginning, although I had no idea of it at the time, one spring afternoon. It was on that day that Jim Roberts, a good friend and colleague of mine, a minister, dropped by my office to talk about the new morality and an affair he was thinking of having.

Jim had the affair twice over, ultimately becoming involved in a *ménage-à-trois* and a nearly disastrous evening of wife swapping. The conversation on the new morality was extended into an intensive series of talks lasting just over a year.

Jim was 29 years old, and serving his first parish at the time, a small congregation which he had gathered about him by the expedient of ringing every doorbell within a two-mile radius of his house. A small chapel, built mostly with denominational funds, housed the adult congregation and a neighboring YMCA played host to the children. He and his wife Laura lived, together with their two children, a boy and a girl, in a new tract home for which the denomination was paying.

In appearance, Jim resembled a West Coast lumberman, his hair usually long to the point of shagginess, his gait that of a man who knows the meaning of hard physical labor. He was a big man. He smiled often and deeply, and he laughed, whenever the occasion permitted, with the exuberance of a gin-drinking, heavy equipment operator on a weekend spree.

Laura was a year younger than Jim. To have called her beautiful would have been overstating it, but not by much. She was an exceptionally attractive girl with an excellent figure. Her face was vaguely oriental in appearance with eyes and lips which simultaneously suggested that an exuberant merriment and a little-girl pouting peevishness were both just beneath the surface.

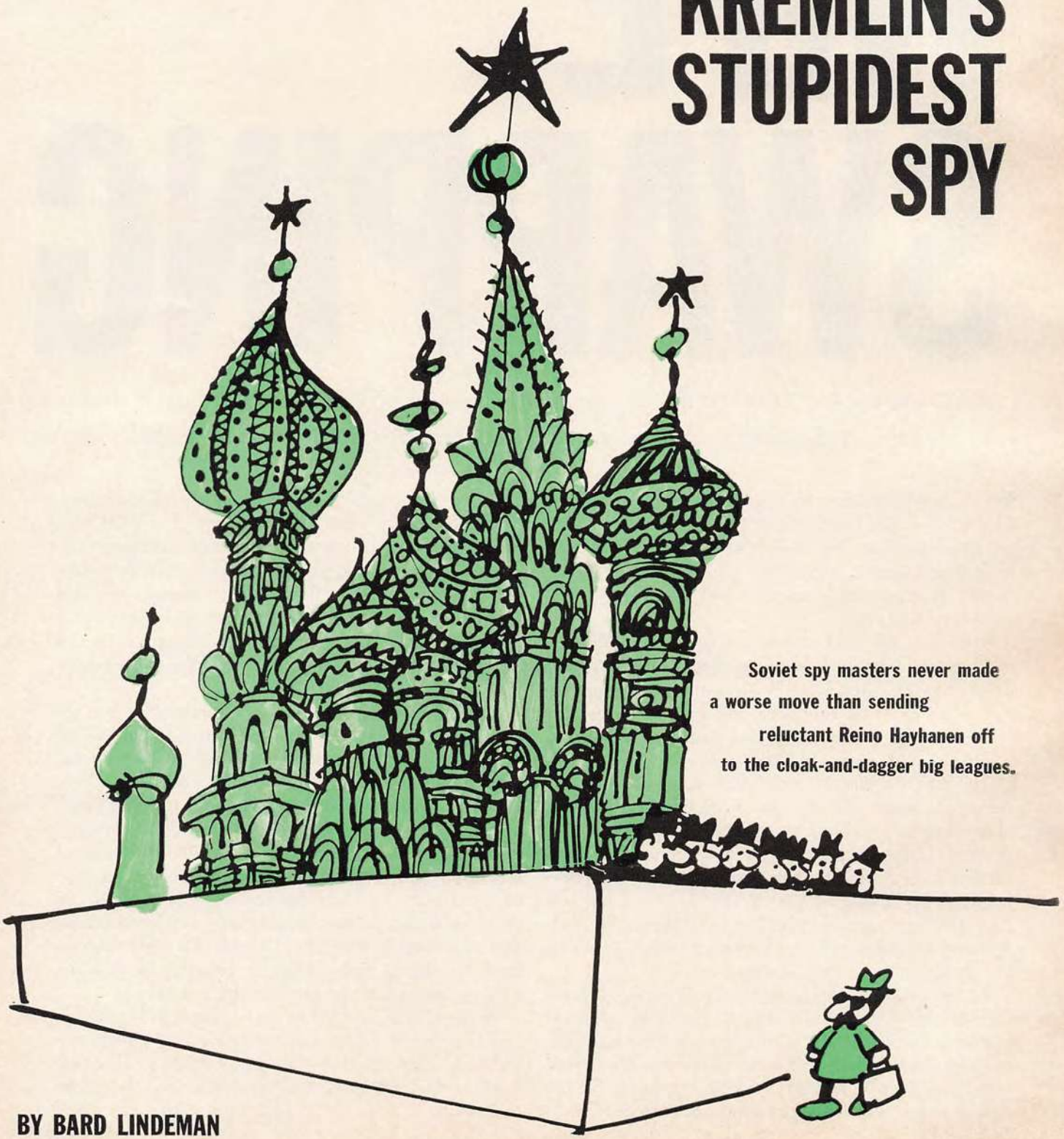
For all her assets, Laura was subdued in her approach to life, somewhat aloof from members of the parish, but more understanding of their problems than most of them knew. She was an excellent cook, a mediocre housekeeper, and a terrible disciplinarian. Allen and Georgette, the Robertses' children, could be charming on occasion, but most of the time their behavior stopped just short of savagery. If Jim had any interest in setting limits on their behavior, he never gave any evidence of the fact when we were around. He would simply tolerate them, or when their behavior became impossible, turn to Laura and ask that she do something.

None of this seemed to make much difference to Jim. He loved Laura and contended that what she did with the children was her business. Her one fault, so far as he was concerned, was that she drank too much. [*Continued on page* 102]

Excerpted from the book *The New Immorality* by Rev. Brooks Walker. Copyright © 1968 by Brooks Walker. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

He was a heavy drinking, greedy and comically bumbling Russian peasant. He was also . . .

THE KREMLIN'S STUPIDEST SPY



Soviet spy masters never made a worse move than sending reluctant Reino Hayhanen off to the cloak-and-dagger big leagues.

BY BARD LINDEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MYERS

■ To know Reino Hayhanen was to laugh at him. Very few people, however, really got to know him, because Hayhanen was a Soviet spy. He was, in fact, such a notorious spy in his own way that history may remember him as The Clown Prince of Espionage.

One thing is certain—the Kremlin will not forget him. For Reino was a colossal failure, incarnate proof that not every Soviet agent is a cunning, closemouthed, determined enemy of capitalism.

No one ever accused Reino of being cunning, and the only thing he seemed to be determined about, in the end, was keeping an open mouth. He didn't know much about capitalism, except what he'd been told, until the first time he came across some real money, when his basic instincts took over.

Reino's absurd spying career was to emerge from the shadows of the cloak-and-dagger world as a key part of the biggest, most celebrated espionage case to come out of the Cold War. In June, 11 years ago, FBI agents arrested a spare, bespectacled amateur artist named Rudolf Abel, and the Bureau then declared with pride that it had cracked the Soviet's North American spy net. The Bureau said Abel was a colonel in the KGB—the Soviet intelligence organization—who for nine years had been overseeing the theft of American military and defense secrets.

Did the FBI find out about Abel because of its cunning, closemouthed determination? No. It was told. Who told it? No one but Reino Hayhanen, who had been one of the colonel's chief and most reluctant assistants before he defected.

Abel was indicted, of course, and his case was set for trial. Because he, at least, was closemouthed—in fact, he would say nothing at all—the court appointed a famous lawyer, James B. Donovan, to defend him. Donovan was given access to the very thorough record the FBI had compiled on the Russian once they had been told who he was. Donovan also had a private detective reconstruct Reino Hayhanen's movements within the United States. As a result, the lawyer learned all the angles of the case. Recently he made his material available to this writer, with the comment that Hayhanen was "the most bungling, self-defeating, inefficient, bizarre, ludicrous spy that any country ever sent on any conceivable mission." He seemed to be implying that the assistant spy was not very good at his job.

Perhaps Hayhanen's story can be instructive for Americans who occasionally need reassurance that not all the oafs of espionage work for our side.

REINO HAYHANEN WAS BORN in a peaceful village outside the great Russian port city of Lenin-

Outside a movie house in Flushing, N.Y., Hayhanen patiently awaited his rendezvous with Rudolf Abel—who impatiently waited at another theater.

Park employees foiled the exchange of a spy message, concealed in a hollow coin, by cementing over the stairway crack Reino used as his message drop.

Newark police can't be blamed for not finding out that the wife beater was a Soviet agent. Reino wouldn't open his door to them.

When things went badly, Reino panicked

grad. He was educated at the local teachers college, but then, at the age of 19, he was drafted into the Soviet State Security Force, Stalin's greatly feared shadow army. Because Reino had grown up near the border with Finland, its language was his second tongue. During the Russo-Finnish War of 1939, therefore, he was sent to the front as an interrogator of prisoners.

He served out World War II in other assignments, rising to the rank of major, still in the security forces. But now life grew more menacing for this village-born son of peasants.

Reino wanted no more security work and pleaded for a "safe" post in a quiet overseas embassy, far from the Kremlin and his chiefs. Instead, as he later told his American questioners, he was retrained as a covert—or "black"—agent and sent to Finland to build a "cover" identity.

Hayhanen's entry into Finland was ignominious—and typical. He made the journey over the border in the cramped trunk of a car driven by a Soviet newsman. His new life began in a small town, where he worked as a blacksmith's helper. Despite the fact that he already had a wife and family in Russia, he was ordered to marry again, his "cover" wife being a sexy blonde.

But unlike the swinging fiction spies, Reino knew nothing about glamorous women or the high life that supposedly went with them. He was, at heart, not only a blacksmith's helper, but a Russian hillbilly who couldn't have cared less whether red wine went with meat or fish, wouldn't recognize an Aston-Martin if one ran him down and would far rather talk of anvils and fertilizers than of the intricacies of espionage.

In the fall of 1952, however, the Kremlin decided Hayhanen's hammer swing was ready for the big time, and he was reassigned to the United States. The meticulously thorough KGB issued him a new decoder, a new suicide pill (which he had absolutely no thought of ever touching), a new bogus passport identifying him as Finnish immigrant Eugene Nicoli Maki, of Enaville, Idaho, and the same old statuesque cover wife, named Hanna. The only flaw in the operation was the agent; Hayhanen was thoroughly miserable and frightened.

Actually, his U.S. assignment was simple enough. He was to make contact in New York with Colonel Abel, the master spy, and help him by carrying out the routine errands of modern espionage. But from the start the match was bad.

Abel was a contemplative man who found relaxation over a chess board or in reading *Calculus*

for Pleasure. A trained engineer, he was proficient in mathematics, spoke six languages, played the classical guitar, knew photography and cryptography, was a shortwave radio operator and a fine amateur painter, carpenter and plumber.

As a spy, he was so good that Allen Dulles, former head of the CIA, once commented, "I wish we had three or four just like him inside Moscow right now."

Balanced against this genius was Hayhanen, a peasant in taste and a peasant in appearance. His body was stubby and turning to fat; clothes bunched up on him. He had sad blue eyes, thick eyebrows and a big brush moustache that didn't quite compensate for a retreating hairline. To add to this depressing lack of style, Reino was a bore.

The literature of spies is filled with rich dialogue, bright exchanges between keen minds tilting mental lances. The exchanges between Abel and Hayhanen were to have the scintillating vigor of a discussion of the stock by two dry-goods clerks. There should have been a forewarning to Abel, in their first scheduled meeting, of the disaster to come. Hayhanen completely blew it.

Abel had allowed 11 months to pass before risking a get-together with Reino. If the apprentice spy had been uncovered, the chances were that he would have been picked up by the FBI in that time. Abel ordered a rendezvous in the lobby of a Broadway movie house. Confused, Hayhanen took a wrong subway. He wound up in Queens, where he waited for hours under the marquee of a Flushing theater miles out of the way.

Back on Broadway, perfectionist Abel couldn't decide whether to burn or worry. America slept safely that night.

Abel never could decide, until the end, about burning or worrying over Hayhanen. Twice he sent Reino to meet couriers. Reino couldn't find them. Abel suggested he make certain contacts by using coded messages hidden in hollowed-out coins, screws and cuff links. Reino chose a stairway in Brooklyn's sprawling Prospect Park as his initial message "drop." He tucked a message-carrying coin inside a crack in the stairs. Along came a Park Department crew—which filled in the crack with mortar. Hayhanen's message was buried alive.

Beginning to wonder, Abel sent him to Colorado to find an American Army sergeant who had "cooperated" with the Soviets while stationed in Moscow. Hayhanen reported back, "He wasn't home, so I left."

When things went poorly for Reino, which was nearly all the time, he resorted to pure panic. His messages to Abel were frequently bulletins filled with anxiety, like: "Nobody came to meeting either eighth or ninth. Why? [*Continued on page* 101]

Never having fouled up the CIA, Hayhanen defected to them rather than face his KGB bosses in Moscow.

When a spy who talks too much gets killed in an auto accident, foul play can be suspected. With Reino, though, it might just have been drunken driving.

By taking aging, broken-down players and injecting them with his "soul building" confidence, Los Angeles coach George Allen turned a perennial loser into a fearsome contender. This season his players are a year older and he expects to win it all and prove there are

NO RAMS

■ At the behest of his employer, the Los Angeles Rams Football Company, Inc., a profit-making organization with a soul, George H. Allen flew to Honolulu early in 1967. LARFC, Inc. was worried about George. He'd worked for them only 15 months, but already he had a nervous stomach and insomnia and he'd lost 20 pounds.

Forty-six-year-old Allen, a new head coach with a determination to make good, had taken only three days off during that entire time. His workdays had averaged 16 hours.

Ordered to Hawaii for a complete rest, he sat on the beach for a whole day. Then next morning he set off at a fast trot toward Diamond Head and wasn't seen again until dark. He had done 15 miles of roadwork. On succeeding days Allen continued his marathon runs and also took up surfing. Confined to the beach after spraining a leg in a surfboard spill, he worked off the restlessness by prying out big rocks buried in the sand and heaving them into the Pacific. "There's nothing to *do* around here," he complained after awhile, shifting nervously from foot to foot.

In two weeks the gaunt coach of the Los Angeles Rams hadn't gained a pound and was still walking the floor at 3 a.m. His enormous output of physical energy had his medical advisors screaming their heads off. Then Allen solved their problem. He went back to work.

By transoceanic phone he called Bud Grant, coach of the Minnesota Vikings, and proposed that Grant

BY AL STUMP

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CURT GUNTHER

LIKE OLD RAMS

trade him bad-legged veteran halfback Tommy Mason in exchange for Marlin McKeever, one of the best young tight ends in the business. Grant, having heard that Allen was bucking for a crack-up, asked cautiously, "George, do you know what you're saying? You know that Mason is in bad shape and lost most of last season after a knee operation? We can't guarantee a thing, and besides he's getting old."

"I don't care if he's 40 and has a long beard," barked Allen. "Do you want to talk about McKeever for Mason or don't you?"

"Talk to me, George, boy," sighed Grant happily. "Talk to me."

It looked like a trade only a drunk would make, but Allen hung on the phone for hours, hammering out details. Soon he acquired Mason, once a first-class runner but now mainly respected for his ability as a concert guitarist who'd formerly performed with the Grand Ol' Opry. "Just wait. Mason will help us plenty," promised Allen.

Pushing himself past the exhaustion point and collecting aging, "crippled" and retreaded ballplayers are the distinguishing traits of George Herbert Allen, a sharp-nosed, slouch-shouldered six-footer who is the hottest new operator in the National Football League. In two years Allen has turned the league upside down. When he took over the Rams in 1966, their record over the previous seven years was 65 defeats, 25 wins and four ties. Not since 1958 had they had a winning season or [*Continued on page* 90]

BY ALAN ABEL
PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRV BAHRT

I've clothed

naked animals,

managed a

Bronx housewife's

Presidential campaign,

promoted the

First Topless

String Quartet—

I AM A PROFESSIONAL HOAXER

■ At various times, I support myself as a comedian, a musician, an advertising and publicity man. But if pressed to name my trade, I'd have to admit to being a professional hoaxer. Not that I'm a con man—I don't try to defraud people out of their money. I earn a good living through radio and television appearances, and writing and lecture fees, all stemming from the hoaxes I've perpetrated.

The purpose of my tomfoolery is to have fun and to give people a humorous kick in the intellect. I've learned a lot about the human species this way. Most people don't like being made fools of, even in fun. Whenever people find out that the nut they were laughing at, or getting angry with, was actually putting them on, their reactions range from disbelief to anger. Most people will believe nearly anything.

During the summer of 1965, for example, on an all-night talk show over a radio station in New York City, I advocated draining the water from Long Island Sound into huge barrage balloons to be suspended overhead. I proposed to erect high-rise apartment buildings on the dry bed of the sound to spread out the congested city population.

This farcical concept was embellished with other suggestions. The necessary landfill should be bought from the State of West Virginia, because it could use the money. For the people who would miss the sight of water, I planned to hire 50 artists to paint a backdrop of the sound that would be wrapped around the buildings.

The next day the New York District Attorney's office was bombarded with complaints from worried citizens along the north shore of Long Island. They insisted some madman intended to drain their beautiful sound. An assistant D.A. demanded a recording of the program and started an investigation—which was dropped like a lead barrage balloon when he listened to the tape.

Politics is an area with great potential for a hoaxer. In 1964 I campaigned around the country for a nonexistent Mrs. Yetta Bronstein for President of the United States. If elected, the fictitious Mrs. Bronstein promised to establish national bingo, hang a suggestion box on the White House fence and print a nude picture of Jane Fonda on postage stamps "to ease the post-office deficit and also give a little pleasure for a nickel."

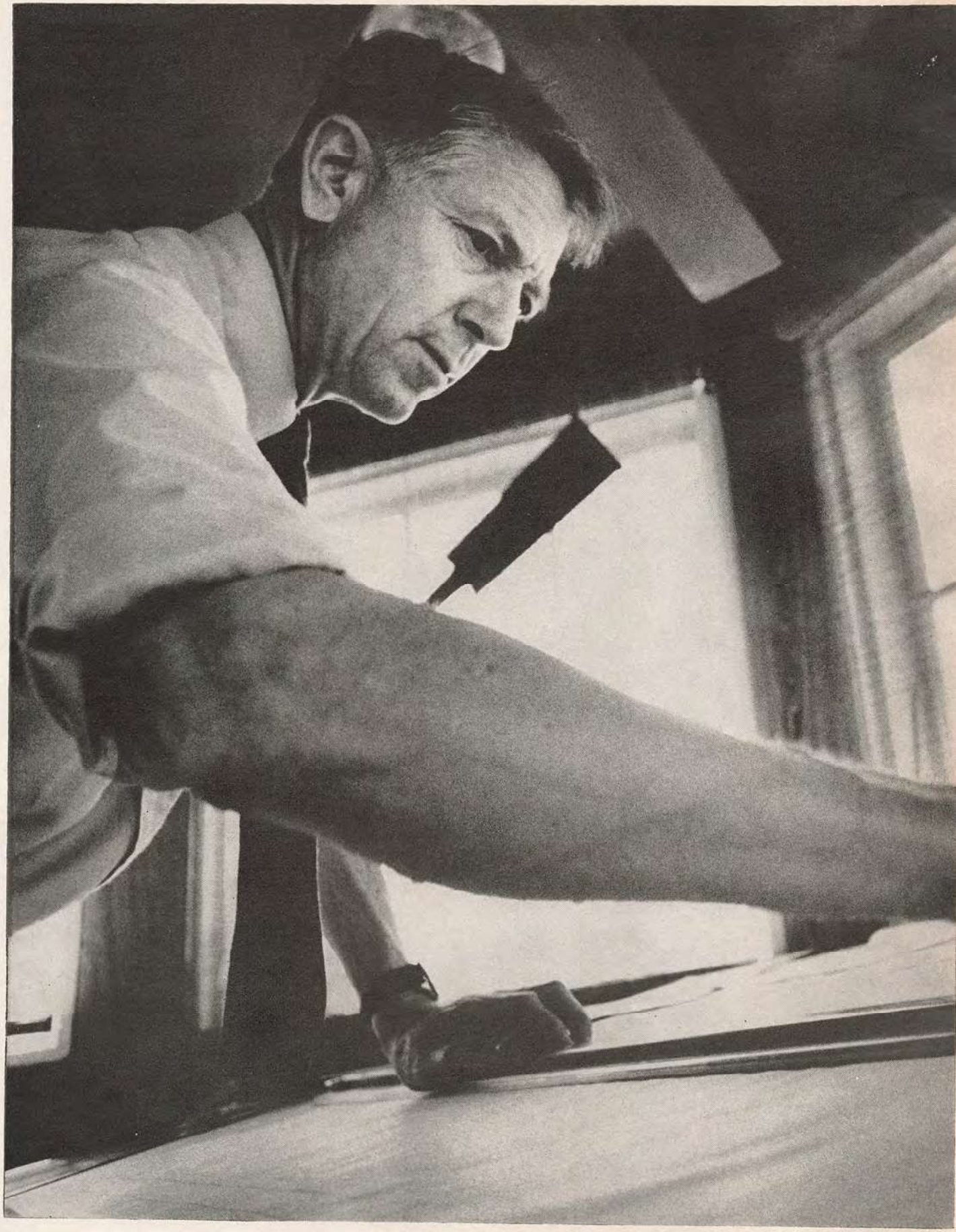
I had printed up several thousand political leaflets (that was the extent of my investment) to help put this Jewish mother in the White House on "The Best Party" ticket. Her campaign slogan was: "Vote for Yetta and watch things get better."

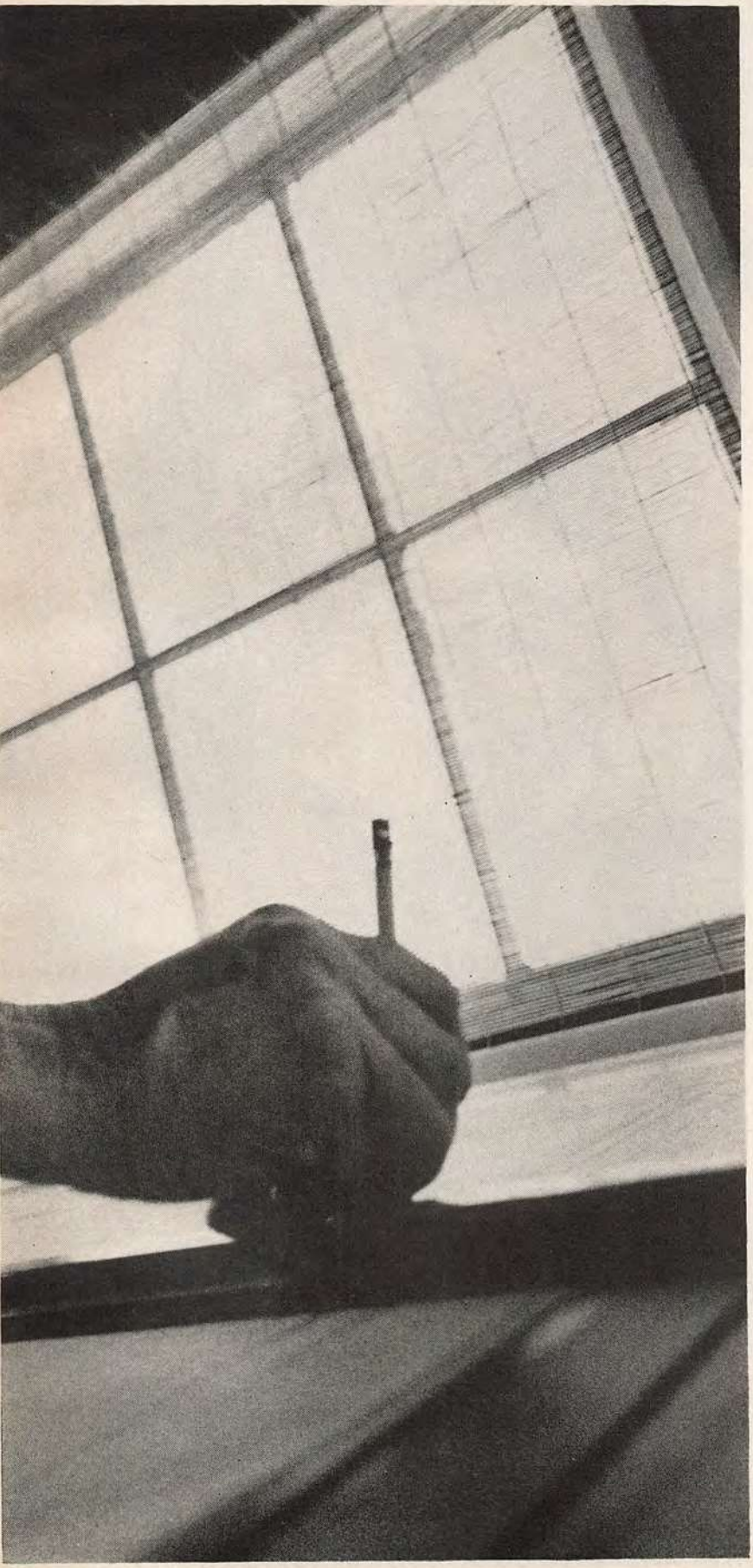
In addition to leaving the leaflets on airline ticket counters, in washrooms and on bus seats—creating extensive word-of-mouth publicity—I occasionally sent out a press release from "The Best Party Headquarters" (actually a mail drop in New York) to a few major newspapers announcing Mrs. Bronstein's latest political promises. Such things as:

1. Staffing her cabinet [*Continued on page* 80]

VOTE for
YETTA
AND

BY WILLIAM VAN DUSEN
WITH DAVID NEVIN





He invented the American rope trick

Sure enough, just like in India, the man goes right up into the sky. Only this time the "sky-hook" is no gag — it is the creation of a Yankee tinkerer named Robert Edison Fulton

■ It was already spring the day the old B-17 took off from Point Barrow, Alaska, and set a course for the North Pole. The ice fields were cracking and beginning their inevitable process of breaking up with groans and great crunches of pressure that thrust ridges high as far as the eye could see.

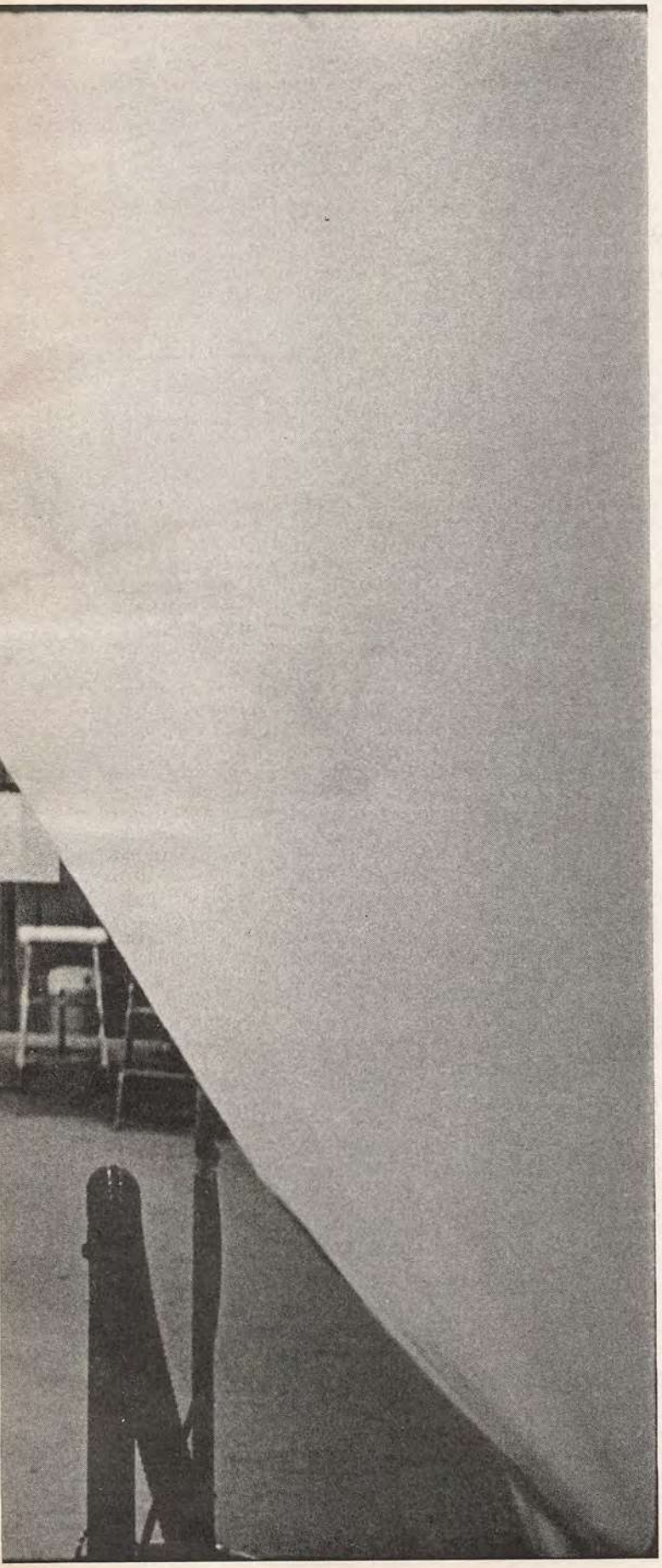
Up ahead, almost within shouting distance of the Pole, two young officers were waiting on the ice. They had gone in by parachute three days earlier on a mission still secret, and now the old bomber was going to pick them up.

Its use, oddly, was unorthodox, for the B-17 was now a civilian aircraft normally operating not in the Arctic but from a desert strip near Tucson, Arizona. The plane had been modified from its Air Force appearance—now two metal prongs extended forward in the form of a spread V some 30 feet wide, reaching about 18 feet beyond the point at which a nose gunner had ridden in the long-ago glory of the plane's youth. Two thin metal strips ran from the tip of each prong to the corresponding wingtip, neatly passing before the propellers.

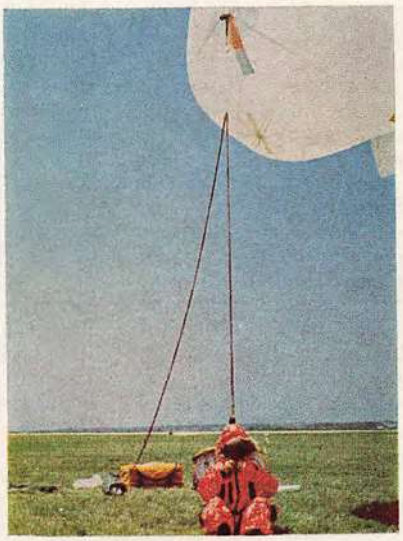
The situation was further unorthodox because a civilian passenger was aboard in the center of this secret

He invented the American rope trick

Robert Fulton test-fills Skyhook balloon in his factory.



Skyhook-fitted plane makes a pickup.



Man awaits lift as balloon goes up.

military mission. His name was Robert Fulton. He was the owner of the plane and the person responsible for the strange and vital trappings on its nose. A slender, lithe man, graying and in his middle 50's, he was hobbling on a leg recently broken while skiing. He had found the heavy cast tiresome in the deep snow around Point Barrow, so, against the violent remonstrances of the doctors, he stripped it off and threw it away. Now he was hobbling and clinging to stanchions, and sometimes his face turned the color of the snow outside [*Continued on next page*]

THE AMERICAN ROPE TRICK

[*Continued from preceding page*]

as the plane lurched on through the failing weather.

The sky had been cold and crystal three days before when the two young officers went in, but weather at the Pole can deteriorate quickly. Its instability posed real danger, for the men were not prepared to stay long. Their job done, they were transmitting a weak homing signal; following it, a Navy search plane finally located them and began guiding the B-17 in. The timing was close. The Navy plane was on the last of its fuel and ready to abandon the rescue when the old bomber roared overhead.

The men aboard could see the officers on the ice waving enthusiastically. They also could see the ridges in the ice field. These upthrusts ran in every direction, like a filigree of carved stone, cold and high and hard. There simply was no place for an airplane to land for the conventional pickup.

But the bomber's wings waggled reassuringly, and it turned in a lazy circle. Fulton hobbled to the inboard side and peered through the gunner's hatch to watch what happened below. The plane dropped a big canvas bundle. The officers staggered to it and opened it. The wind tore at its flaps and snow flurries whipped their faces. One officer removed a pair of coveralls and put them on, adjusting his body to the harness built inside and zipping himself in. After pulling the hood, fringed in fur, tightly about his face, he took out a package of what seemed to be plastic sheeting. He plugged a fitting in the plastic to a helium bottle in the bottom of the bundle, and as the gas flowed in, the plastic unfolded in the shape of a balloon 27 feet long and eight feet wide, an impossibly fat cigar with four bulbous tail fins. When the plastic was taut he unplugged the balloon and released it to its tether. Attached to 500 feet of braided nylon line, which in turn was attached to the harness built into his coveralls, it rose smoothly until the line hung below it in a thin curve. Then the balloon turned into the driving wind and held steady. It did not lift the officer. Instead he sat on the ground and put his face in his arms against the stinging snow.

All this took only a few minutes, and when the pilot of the circling bomber saw the line go erect, he maneuvered downwind and headed directly for it at a steady speed of about 125 knots. The man on the ground could hear the plane coming but he did not turn around. He waited easily, still sitting.

The plane struck the line squarely. The V-yoke on the nose funneled it neatly back into the deep vertical slot of a polished steel bar not unlike a giant screwhead several inches wide. When it was fully in the slot, the line struck a trigger, releasing a powerful spring which spun the bar several turns before it locked again in place. The nylon line was thus securely attached to the aircraft.

With the man on the ground now hooked to the airplane, other things began to happen. The pull on the balloon above the plane broke the line at a purposely weakened spot, freeing the balloon. The pull on the line below began to lift the man on its end. Surprisingly there was no appearance of violent movement. The man lifted slowly, traveling straight up, and (as he explained later) the thought crossed his mind that it was not unlike sitting in a grandstand and viewing the scene below.

His speed increased rapidly, though the acceleration was not enormous. At the most, he was stressed at five times his weight—5G's—and that for only a half-second. The stress was less than he would encounter in a normal parachute jump.

In another moment or two he was moving as fast as the airplane. His body described a great arc that momentarily threw him higher than the plane's tail, then he settled into the slipstream, dangling at 125 knots. He started to spin, but put out his arms like wings to steady himself. The air might have been sucked from his lungs, but the fur fringe on the hood gave him breathing space.

Aboard the plane, a crewman opened a hatch and snagged the line which now ran from the nose along the plane's belly. He hooked it to a winch and reeled the officer in. The plane turned and was making for the balloon just raised by the man still on the ground as Fulton hobbled up the cabin to the recent arrival. Hanging to a stanchion with one hand, he passed a cup of whisky to the young man and asked with a quick smile, "How was the ride?"

Inventor Robert Fulton is a man capable at once of extraordinary complexity and extraordinary simplicity of mind. His occupations, both professional and avocational, are as varied as his imagination—and his imagination seems to know no limits. But at this moment in 1962 he was at a high point in his career. For he had just seen the first actual working operation of the invention which is a major fact of his life and which since has become widely acclaimed as Skyhook.

In an age in which the well-manned teams of great corporations regularly produce marvels of mechanical complexity, Skyhook is a genuine anomaly. For it is utterly simple, and it is the product of a single man's inventiveness. Fulton conceived it in a little hilltop workshop in Connecticut, developed it, tested it, improved it, sold it and finally set up his own plant to manufacture it—all because he applied a basic fact of geometry.

Quite simply, it is that although the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is the triangle's longest side, it is not nearly so long as the sum of the other two sides. Fulton envisioned a giant upside-down right-angle triangle projected into the sky. It would have one long and one short side, and the three sides would be represented respectively by a rope rising from a man on the ground to a balloon, the course of an intercepting plane, and the line of strain as the forces involved go to work. The man would be the apex of the triangle; the line between him and the balloon, the long side; the course of the plane, as it hits that line at a right angle, the short side. The pull the plane exerts on the line then becomes the hypotenuse. When the plane has traveled the short side of the triangle, therefore, it has not lifted the apex, represented by the man on the ground, nearly so far as it has gone itself.

As the theory worked out, with 500 feet of line between man and balloon, the intercepting plane travels its first 200 feet to move the man only 40 feet. Furthermore, his beginning line of flight is not forward, but up. In the next 100 feet the plane travels, it lifts the man another 30 feet. Not until then does he start to accelerate rapidly as he comes out of the triangle and into the straight line of the plane's flight. Thus the man's acceleration is gentle enough to be tolerated.

How successful Fulton's theory has been sustained by practice is demonstrated by the fact that more than 100 men have now been picked up without injury (except for one who was brought to the doorway of an aircraft and then tumbled out to his death). They start the ride with adrenalin pumping—the idea, after all, is pretty hairy—and end it in relative tranquility.

In the six and a half years since Fulton's old test B-17 was pressed into service for the emergency Arctic mission, Skyhook has been adopted by the Air Force Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service. More than 50 long-range propjets are flying all over the world with the telltale prongs mounted on their noses. Each plane can fly over a man on the ground almost anywhere, parachute a Skyhook unit to him and pick him up. If he is injured, a paramedic jumps in with a two-man Skyhook, treats him and rides back into the sky beside him.

The device has particularly proved itself in Viet Nam, where it has been employed so extensively that Fulton's firm now keeps a full-time representative there. Many of its missions cannot be discussed. Occasionally it is used to rescue downed pilots, but such work is mainly for helicopters. More often it is put to yanking out men who have completed missions in otherwise inaccessible areas of Thailand and Laos as well as Viet Nam. A special version has been devised for these hush-hush duties, with various modifications, including a self-destruct feature.

Except for the old B-17, which is now carrying smoke-jumping crews over western forest fires, among other peaceful tasks, all of the Skyhook equipment Fulton has turned out has gone to the military. But potentially the invention can be at least as useful in peace as it has been in war. Although it requires tens of thousands of dollars to install the pickup equipment—prongs, the sky anchor that grabs the rope, and the winch—aboard an aircraft, each recovery itself costs only around $2,000. Imagine gold samples lifted from a mountain ridge, a seaman stricken ill on a midocean ship, a pilot down in a jungle or on a raft at sea. There was the case of the government scientist in the Arctic who fell ill on the ice cap. The Air Force offered to lift him out by Skyhook, but he was horrified at the idea. He died 11 days later. When his family wanted his body brought out, Skyhook still was the only answer—and the device that might have saved him was used instead to bury him.

[*Continued on page 66*]

PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BONAVITA
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TERRY STEVENSON

FOUR FOR FASHION FREEDOM

A band of revolutionary designers is conspiring to expand the limits of what's acceptable in men's apparel. The goal: to achieve more individuality, less conformity and a broader spectrum of wearable clothes

"Men must dress to complement, not to eclipse, women."
BILL BLASS

"A man must wear his clothes as if they are old and valued friends."
JOHN WEITZ

"He should look as if he bought clothes with intelligence, put them on with care and then forgot all about them."
HARDY AMIES

"Pour la mode masculine, ma théorie est l'élégance."
PIERRE CARDIN

John Weitz prefers the casual look His one-button jacket of Trevira and wool is $145. Also: houndstooth slacks, $40; red turtleneck shirt, $30. Weitz's red sweater-coat with shawl collar and black leather buttons is $100. Also: cotton corduroy slacks, $30; cotton turtleneck shirt, $18; slip-on shoes with metal instep chain, $25.

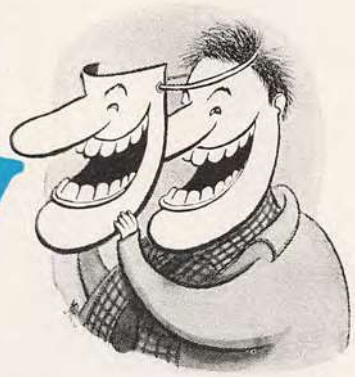
BLASS

Bill Blass creates strong, bold styles. His six-button shaped wool suit is $170. The navy-blue shirt is $18.50 and the silk paisley tie is $15. His wool coat with brass buttons and epaulets has a military look, $195. The wool tartan slacks are $50 and the red turtleneck jersey is $40. The deep-blue leather slip-on shoes sell for $45.

Hardy Amies is the prophet of the small detail that counts. His regency wool outer coat, $155, has an eight-button double-breasted facade and a high inverted pleat in back. The ribbed silk tie is $7.50. His drummond suit, $125, is double-breasted with a shaped silhouette. The deep-blue cotton shirt is $10.50.

Pierre Cardin sheds new light on a forward-looking style. His at-home Nehru jacket, front, is of black silk and cotton moiré, $200. The more formal velvet Nehru suit is of acetate and cotton, $250. Worn with both are white crepe turtleneck shirts with French cuffs, $25.

this funny life



Recently I visited a sick friend in a Los Angeles hospital. As I stepped inside the sixth-floor self-service elevator, a tall, handsome interne was making himself useful by asking us our floors and pushing the proper buttons.

At the fourth floor, a pretty nurse's aide entered. The interne asked her what floor she wanted. Apparently the nurse's aide didn't hear him and made no reply. So he added, "Excuse me, miss, are you getting off at six?"

Her face lit up. "No," she said, and added with a wink, "but I'll be through at 10."

Mrs. Jack Dublin
Los Angeles, Calif.

The salesgirl was fitting me for a new girdle when she asked, "Tell me, madam, are you quite comfortable?"

I nodded.

"Can you breathe deeply with ease?"

I nodded.

"Do you feel you could wear this girdle all day long without feeling uncomfortable?"

Once again I nodded.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "you obviously need a smaller size. . . ."

Mrs. Patricia Greer
Los Angeles, Calif.

As part of an art-history course in college, our class was studying Greek architecture. The professor began to describe the architectural device known as "necking." He explained it as "the molding used to form the visual transition from the shaft of the lintel, that is, the horizontal beam, to the load-carrying element, the vertical column."

As he studied our empty faces, he realized this definition was beyond our comprehension; so he smiled and uttered these timely but unforgettable words: "Simply consider necking the change from vertical to horizontal!"

Name withheld at writer's request
Lakewood, Ohio

On a jet flight east, the male passenger sitting beside me was informed politely by the stewardess that he could smoke his cigar on the airplane if he didn't annoy the lady passengers.

"Oh—there's a choice?" he asked. "Good. Then I'll annoy the ladies!"

Mrs. J. Dunn
New York, N. Y.

While I was at a party, the hostess told her guests that she and her husband once visited a remote island where a wife could be bought for a dollar.

"Well," a male guest commented, "I suppose there are profiteers there just as in our own country."

Bob Brown
Higganum, Conn.

My little boy's penetrating voice, which he is only too willing to use, and his love of animals have made him something of a neighborhood character. For example, one day I met him on the street carrying what was barely recognizable as Honey, our cat. She was the wettest-looking cat I have ever seen.

Indignant, my son burst out: "That Billy Jones is a real creep! Do you know what he did?"

"Of course I don't know what he did, but it looks terrible," I replied. "Suppose you lower your voice and tell me about it."

He drew a deep breath and came back even louder, "Honey and that black cat were getting married and Billy got a pail of water and poured it on them ALL THROUGH THE CEREMONY!"

W. E. Currie
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

With tears in his eyes, the little boy told his kindergarten teacher that only one pair of galoshes was left in the cloakroom and they were not his.

The teacher searched under desks and in corners and could find no other galoshes. Exhausted, she asked the boy, "How can you be sure these galoshes aren't yours?"

"Mine had snow on them," the little boy replied.

John A. Keener
Hampton, Va.

In my husband's company newspaper someone advertised a double-bed box spring and mattress for sale. Since I was in the market for a bed, I jumped at the chance to buy the set. The only problem was how to transport it.

My girl friend, whose husband is a neighborhood garage owner, offered to lend me a hand and her husband's tow truck. The two of us, with some help from the man who had sold them, laboriously loaded spring and mattress into the truck. They made a very tight fit.

As we drove home on the freeway, the men drivers waved and grinned at us and made snide remarks. Some even beeped their horns. We were puzzled—until we arrived at my place and read the sign on the tailgate of the truck: "WE SPECIALIZE IN ROAD SERVICE—CALLS MADE DAY OR NIGHT."

Mrs. Thomas April
Hollywood, Calif.

1969 Dodge Charger. How do you improve on the Success Car of the Year? Just look.

A 343% sales increase last year, and we're not through yet. Still five-passengers big, new Charger is a little more trim, more shapely. Even a new model: Charger Special Edition, fitted with splashes of leather and wood-grained luxury. New 1969 Charger. The family-sized sports car. A beautiful success. Again.

[*Continued from page 58*]

As Skyhook's simplicity makes it a contradiction in a complex age, so is Fulton himself an oddity in a corporate age. For he is a powerful individualist. He demonstrated that as a boy when he rode a motorcycle around the world. He is slender, intensely active, somewhat peppery, a man who habitually runs up staircases, plays good tennis, skis frequently and pursues his hobbies as regularly as his business.

Actually, being an industrialist—which he is—somehow seems the least of Robert Fulton. He seems more at home in his other occupations—as pilot, for instance, or adventurer, traveler, writer, lecturer, artist. He is a photographer of sufficient skill to have had his work published. He is a moviemaker, a salesman, an educator; he is an architect by education and even by occasional practice.

But always and most of all he is an inventor. The how of doing things has always fascinated him. He remembers an uncle advising a child how to draw a horse: first visualize the horse, then draw a line around what you see. Fulton has been drawing lines around what he sees for years, and it has led him to all sorts of things. There was the automobile that flew like a plane—or the plane that could be driven on the streets. There was the machine that taught aerial gunnery to hundreds of World War II fighter pilots. There was the less serious machine that made beds for weary housewives. Fulton is not known to be related to his namesake of steamboat fame—"An old aunt used to claim we were related; I don't know"—but such a connection seems not unlikely.

On the Connecticut hill where he lives is a long, grassy landing strip where he keeps some of his planes. Beside the strip is his workshop, and surmounting that is a tower, reached by a set of circular steps, where he has done his most productive thinking.

On the other side of the airstrip is his house, where he lives with his wife Sally, a beautiful and gracious woman who delivers a blasting tennis serve. The house had been an old barn. Fulton stripped off the outer sheathing and reversed it. He put the weathered, satiny gray boards inside and painted the outside barn red.

How to make a house of the barn had been a problem, and Fulton thought about it and solved it. He is sure there is almost nothing that will not succumb to careful, rational thought. He exhorts his three sons—one in Tunisia in the Peace Corps, one making movies in Minnesota, one a recent graduate of Columbia University—"You must learn to look at everything. You must learn to see. Then you can understand." When, as a youth, he was plugging across Mongolia's Gobi Desert on his old motorcycle with a bedroll on the carrier, he met a British woman traveling in a huge Rolls-Royce followed by two small trucks with her luggage. "Young man," she asked, "how do you survive with so little equipment?" "Oh," Fulton replied, "just common sense, I suppose." The dowager smiled. "Ah, yes," she said, "the rarest sense of all."

But for all Fulton's faith in common sense, there is mixed in his a sort of intuitive genius for invention. He looks at a problem in the shop as he looked at his old barn, thinks about it, sees the solution. "Try it this way," he says in his quiet voice. "Pinch this in here, ease that out a bit, see if it swings free. Ah, it does, yes—now, why can't you use a different material?—this over here, try that and attach it at the top so that you have a fulcrum effect. Build one like that and we'll try it out. . . ."

He is a graceful, pleasant, polite man, well educated, and his voice is soft but authoritative and filled with a sort of self-knowledge of what he is, of what he can do. The affair of the P-51 rather sums him up. Fulton, an inveterate pilot, avoids the airlines in favor of his own craft. Although he keeps a twin-engine Beechcraft and an old gull-wing Stinson on his hilltop strip, he wanted something hotter. He found a retired P-51 Mustang for sale in Phoenix.

Last of the World War II fighters, the P-51 is one of the world's great airplanes, but it is a powerful brute and something of a widow-maker. Its in-line engine develops 1,750 horsepower and ferocious torque. Torque grows from the laws of motion and countermotion and amounts in flight to a tendency for the airplane to spin opposite to the propeller when the engine is revved. Many a Mustang pilot, falling short on his approach to a field, has popped his throttle and been flipped instantly onto his back, often with fatal results. For that matter, some Mustang pilots never got off the ground. With its engine at takeoff power, the plane has a tendency to pull to the left and go bounding cross-country at 100 mph. It is not an amateur's airplane.

Fulton went to Phoenix. The Mustang's owner fired it up on the field, and Fulton listened and got in and worked the controls and said he'd buy it. Fine, said the owner, and asked him how much Mustang time he had.

"None," Fulton said. "Never flown one."

"Oh," the man said. "Well, I mean in fighter aircraft."

"None," Fulton said. "Never flown a fighter. I've got plenty of hours, but not in fighters." He finished signing the papers.

"Well, good God, man," the former owner snorted. "You'd better get yourself some trainer time before you take that thing up."

But Fulton reasoned that getting in trainer time simply meant learning to fly another airplane. So, while the former owner was telling all his friends that some nut was going to try handling a Mustang without a single hour in fighters, Fulton studied the manuals. Then

TRUE

"It's a farewell gift from Ladybird."

he started the engine and wiggled the controls and taxied onto the runway. He got the tower's clearance and put the throttle in gently.

The plane jumped and snorted and pulled to the left, all right, but he held it straight and got it off the ground and the plane was like honey. It would do better than 400 mph. and it covered the sky. Fulton flew down to the old B-17's home strip at Tucson and shot some landings. Then he gassed up and flew home to Connecticut. The Mustang lives today, when Fulton's not flying it off someplace, at the municipal airport at Danbury.

One day Fulton was in it climbing out of Danbury, bound for San Diego, California, when he smelled oil. He was at 5,000 feet and 40 miles from home, under full power. On the instrument panel the oil pressure needle was falling from 80 pounds to zero.

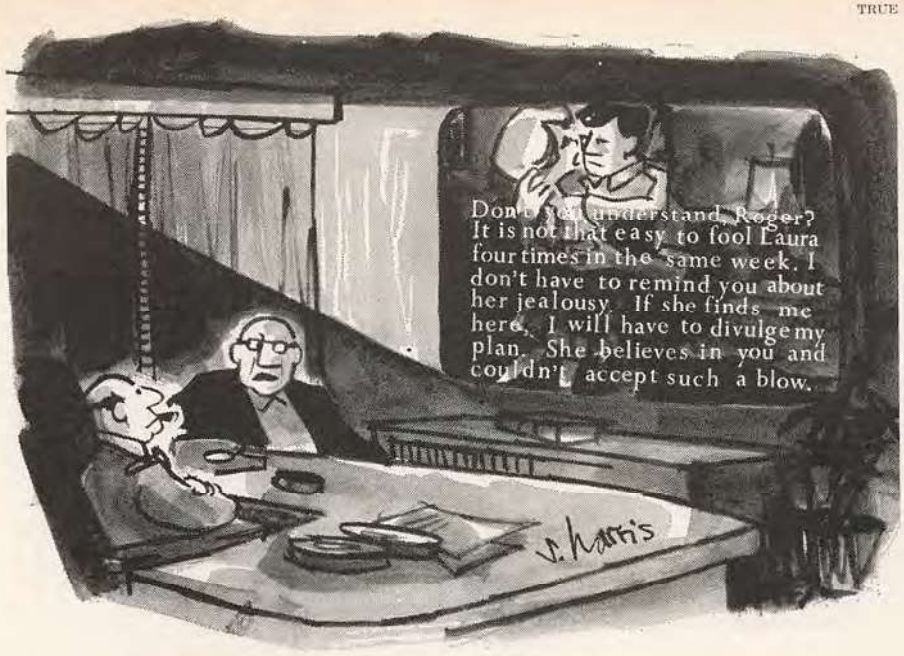
Fulton looked around quickly. He was a good 20 miles west of the Hudson River, and Teterboro, New Jersey, was the nearest field—but to get there he would have to cross the city of Paterson, and if he went down he would wipe out a whole block. Westchester Airport was behind him, on the New York side of the Hudson. It was farther, but the Hudson was a mile wide, and beyond it was a broad reservoir. If his engine failed, he could probably splash into one or the other and swim out.

Heading for Westchester, he flipped on his radio and began calling the airport. There was no answer. He switched to the emergency frequency. "Mayday, Mayday," he shouted. He gave his position, aircraft description and his situation. No one answered from Westchester Airport.

Somewhere an unidentified voice cried, "Mustang in trouble," but Fulton could hear nothing more. He was approaching the airport now, flying straight in under full power. A quarter of a mile out the engine seized. There was an insane banging as it threw a rod through the block and the propeller lurched so alarmingly he feared it would tear the engine off its mounts. The Mustang glides like a stone, but Fulton put feathers on the stone and made the concrete strip, barely, slamming the plane over the fence and down with the last of its oil pouring out.

The episode did not appear to disturb him, either at the time or later. Fulton has an engineer's inherent faith in machines and he is an immensely positive and generally optimistic man. Soon he put a new engine in the P-51 and he was off again, briskly, not necessarily anywhere but into his wonderful world of contrivances, thinking of problems and what to do about them.

There was the problem, for instance, of picking up Navy frogmen after a mission along a hostile coast. The old way was to cruise along in a boat, snag them one by one and heave them aboard. It was hard on the men and dangerously slow. Fulton's solution began one day when he saw his sons with a small boat from which they had removed the transom, leaving in effect a sled with no back. He bought the marine sled from the boys on the spot, and they all went off to Long Island Sound to test it behind Fulton's motorboat.


Don't you understand, Roger? It is not that easy to fool Laura four times in the same week. I don't have to remind you about her jealousy. If she finds me here, I will have to divulge my plan. She believes in you and couldn't accept such a blow.
J. Harris

"Maybe we ought to dub it."

It worked fine. It works fine today for Naval Underwater Demolition Team units. The frogmen of each team position themselves 500 feet apart in two groups of 10 men. The pickup boat roars by and throws out a buoyant fiber-glass sled to the first group. This sled is attached bow-to-bow, by 500 feet of floating nylon line, to another sled thrown out to the second group. As the pickup boat goes into a sweeping turn at full speed, the men clamber aboard the two sleds and hang on. The boat sweeps over the floating tie line, snags it and takes the two sleds in tow. They start gently because of the same geometric principle that eases the start of the Skyhook ride, but in a moment both sleds are planing, the water has drained out their open rears and they're reeled in.

This sense of ideas for solving such problems was plainly evident in Fulton's life by the time he was 22 and finishing a year's postgraduate study in Paris. His father was president of the Mack Truck Co. The family lived in New York City in the winter and Connecticut in the summer. If they weren't rich by some standards, neither were they worried about money. When young Fulton finished his studies in Paris, his father asked him why he didn't come home the hard way. Why not? Going around the world by ship was too easy, but by land there were mountains to cross and deserts and parts of northern India and China that even then had hardly been mapped. A car would be too cumbersome, but a motorcycle—that would do it.

Still undecided, Fulton had dinner with friends one night and discussed his possible adventure. One of the guests that same day had purchased a motorcycle company. He saw a way to advertise his product.

"If you'll do it," the man said, "I'll equip you—motorcycle and everything."

Fulton did it. He got along splendidly, photographing and making notes on all he saw. The trip took 18 months. He was jailed 30 times, held by bandits and released, taught strange tongues and customs—and no one stole his motorcycle until he hit Amarillo, Texas.

His adventures were so colorful that he wrote a book and went on a national lecture circuit. Promoting travel, Pan American Airways offered him a job, and eventually he made several documentary movies for Pan Am. But individual inventiveness was too essential a part of him to keep him a company man. Soon he was dabbling with a method for putting sound on film, and then he got interested in a machine designed to teach embryo pilots to fly.

The flight machine led him into his first important military contract. World War II was starting and there was an urgent need for a system of teaching gunnery to fighter pilots. Fulton adapted his device to gunnery, then found that even the best fighter pilots had no clear knowledge of how they aimed their guns in flight. He could not use their ideas to teach novices in a hurry.

He had to develop his own ideas. He had to figure out what really happens when a machine gun is fired from a moving plane. When he did, he broke his findings down into a set of simple instructions, which he incorporated into a small booklet complete with drawings, and young pilots learned the *why* as well as the *how* of gunnery.

After the war, Fulton thought of all those pilots, with a love of flying and no planes practical enough for men with houses on suburban streets. He designed and built a combination air-auto. The Fulton Airphibian was a simple, light plane with four wheels, until the pilot took off wings, tail section and propeller (in no more than five minutes, guaranteed) and became a driver tooling around the corners on the way home. Fulton is not an aeronautical engineer and he didn't really know how to build a plane.

But as he is fond of saying of knowledge, it is all in books free for the looking. The Civil Aeronautics Board must have agreed with him because after severe testing, they licensed the plane. It would do 110 mph. in the air and 50 mph. on the ground. Fulton built six, but the costs were too great; he had to take in partners, their ideas were impractical and the whole enterprise collapsed.

With Skyhook, Fulton was prepared to go it alone. When he had developed the device, he built it, in a plant near Danbury which is all his. There are neither partners nor stockholders to dilute his responsibility or limit his inventiveness.

The plant, with around 200 employees, makes many things besides Skyhooks. Some, like balloons for other purposes, grow from it. To light the Skyhook line for night pickups, Fulton developed an electronic flash system—it appears as a column of brilliant lights—and variations of this have found other uses. He manufactures the frogman pickup device and military equipment still secret.

Although his only customer now is the government, the firm is preparing to enter such civilian fields as safety devices, learning techniques and industrial materials. How he will profit in this area he has still to learn, but his gains from government contracts are regulated and frequently renegotiated. It is apparent, however, that he receives a comfortable return, despite the fact that he must develop his devices at his own risk and makes money only if they are successful and only from their manufacture.

It is Skyhook, however, that made his plant possible. Skyhook came out of a problem brought up in 1952 before a Department of Defense think group: how to recover a pilot down beyond helicopter range. Picking things up by aircraft had not improved since early airmail days, when a method was developed by which a plane dangling a line with a hook could catch up another line stretched between two poles and attached to a mailbag. Experiments showed that the method was better for snatching up mailbags than men because it tended to pull a man apart.

Fulton was a member of the think group, and he had himself flown over rough terrain so often that he had wondered about a possible "mailbag" rescue. Now the problem faced him, as a question that must have an answer. He came up with his geometric principle. It seemed to provide advantages other than the cushioned lift-off. Since the initial pull would be vertical rather than lateral, a man could be lifted out of trees. Since the plane would intercept a line instead of dragging a hook into one, it could maintain flying speed at a safe altitude.

The difficulty was that the idea demanded equipment which did not exist. Fulton set to work on his hilltop in Connecticut. He found that standard balloon shapes tethered to 500 feet of line wandered erratically in any breeze. Tailoring huge sheets of plastic, he evolved a finned shape that holds steady even in a high wind.

He developed an exceptionally light nylon line with a 4,000-pound test strength. The line would pull on a harness about the man, but the old parachute harness would never do. Skyhook had to be simple enough for anyone to use in an emergency—even a nonpilot frightened, disoriented, possibly injured.

Everyone knows how to get into coveralls, Fulton reasoned, so all he had to do was to put the harness inside a pair—which, it occurred to him, would also provide warmth and, if necessary, flotation. Fulton now tackled a near impossible tailoring job: how to build a harness that would lift under a man's seat instead of his crotch, would adjust automatically to any size and could be closed with a zipper. He did it. He made a Skyhook coverall that seemed only a heavy, warm garment until it was suspended, then it became a child's swing.

Fulton mounted a V-yoke on his Stinson's wing, sent up a balloon with a small weight on the ground end of its tethering line and a series of knots near its upper end to catch in the yoke, and tried the device out. It worked just fine, and that proved the theory. But when he increased the weight beyond 100 pounds, the line broke. This was incredible. The line was tested at 4,000 pounds: instruments showed the lift developed no more than about 500 pounds gravity stress.

He finally determined that the knot engaging in the yoke was tightening so rapidly that friction burned the line in two. He sewed metal slugs into the line instead of knotting it, but found that while a slug would catch and hold in the yoke, those in the line above would beat the plane unmercifully in flight.

The device that locked the line to the aircraft obviously must be infallible, and this became Fulton's greatest problem. One day he mounted a movie camera on the yoke to photograph what was happening, and the line hit the camera. The line broke and wrapped itself around camera and yoke. Suddenly he realized that what he needed was a surefire method of wrapping the line in an unbreakable embrace.

The method he worked out was deceptively simple. The line fed into a slotted steel bar to trigger a powerful spring, which spun the bar four times and locked it. The line then was held as securely as a ship's mooring line turned about a wharf post.

The military tests began, months of picking up weights and dummies and finally men of the U.S. Army Special Forces. In the end, the Skyhook equipment was accepted and mounted in big Air Rescue Service HC-130's. With the yoke on the nose and the props protected by metal strips that slide the line around the wingtips in the rare event the pilot misses, Skyhook worked better than ever. Fulton went back to Danbury and began manufacturing his baby.

Today Fulton is free to think. He is making a full-length movie. He is developing a new photo-based technique for teaching children in primary schools. He works on specific military problems.

The other day the Navy called him. Landing combat soldiers from boats in Viet Nam's muddy tidal rivers had been hampered by wide mud flats. The boat couldn't come closer ashore and the men got mired in. Any ideas?

Fulton said he would think about the problem. Three weeks later he was in Washington with a model of a device based on the principles of hinge and fulcrum. It consists of 40 links, which in the finished product would be four feet long, a foot wide, a foot deep and filled with styrofoam for flotation. The top of each link is hinged to the next, and two cables run through the bottoms of all the links. When the cable is relaxed, the links can be rolled up. When the cable is tightened, the links automatically unroll like a carpet across water and mud to form a bridge. Fully extended, the bridge would support a column of men running ashore.

Fulton took the model to Washington, set it up on a mahogany table and pulled the cables. The bridge rolled out on the polished wood with a clatter and stopped, utterly rigid. There was a moment of silence. Then, most unmilitarily, someone spoke.

"Wow," he said. "That's for us."

It wasn't—as it turned out—but that didn't really bother Fulton. He was already at work on another device—a line trailing from an aircraft to recover an object floating free on the sea. In some arcane way the line can be wrapped around the object to snatch it aloft.

Fulton smiles and lets the invention sound totally impossible—but when it comes to devices that work, he is not a good man to bet against.

—William Van Dusen with David Nevin

COMING . . .

Those who want to stay out of uniform try everything from instant families to put-on homosexuality.

FAKE-OUTS OF THE DRAFT DODGERS

Read what excuses are offered—and which are accepted

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

[*Continued from page 29*]

after he and his mother had moved from Fort Worth. To quote one of the psychiatrists at the Youth House: "Lee suffers under the impact of . . . emotional isolation and deprivation, lack of affection, absence of family life, and rejection by a self-involved and conflicted mother."

How does such an unhappy boyhood lead to an overwhelming anger against men in authority? Doctor Rothstein holds that the lack of a "significant" father deprives a boy of the opportunity to become a full man himself; the boy has no real man to use as a model for his own growing-up. Studying his federal prison patients, Doctor Rothstein found that they seemed unconsciously to blame their mothers either for depriving them of a father or for making the father weak. The original rage against the mother, he concluded, was later displaced onto male authorities, as symbolized by the U.S. government, and finally focused upon the President as the embodiment of the government.

He has severe sex problems. Among Doctor Rothstein's 10 men, only two had been married. One of those had been divorced, and the other had been divorced once and had remained with his second wife only because he was living off her pension. Another hated women so much, he told Doctor Rothstein, that he did not care if every woman in the United States died.

Sirhan, in his 24 years, was found to have gone out with only one girl. She reported, "He was kind of creepy."

Oswald was always withdrawn. He had no girl friends in the United States, and when a fellow Marine fixed him up with a stewardess relative because they had a common interest in the Russian language, she reported back that he was uninteresting and "kind of an oddball."

Oswald did manage to get married in Russia, where he had special status as an American—but only, his diary shows, after he had been turned down by another woman. Marina Oswald married him, she told the Warren Commission, because she felt sorry for him: "Even in Russia, everybody hated him." Soon enough she became sorry for herself. He was, she let her friends know, "not a man" sexually. The one thing most certain to make such a man angry is any rejection of his barely fluttering masculinity. It was shortly after Oswald had lost the only half-decent job he ever had that he tried to shoot Gen. Edwin Walker. And it was after his wife, having left him, refused to promise to return to him that he killed John F. Kennedy.

Among the assassins studied by Doctor Hastings, only John Wilkes Booth seems to have enjoyed an adequate sex life. He apparently had all the women he could handle. But of the others, the only one besides Oswald who even managed to get married was Guiteau—and his marriage was not successful. His young wife quickly divorced him because he seemed to prefer streetwalkers.

He is suicidal. Among Doctor Rothstein's 10 letter-writers, four had attempted suicide, and three others had had suicidal fantasies. One of the others probably did, too, since his letter to the President had said, "Have you ever contemplated suicide? If so, please let me know. When I get out of prison, I am going to kill you." Another dreamed of attacking a policeman with a club so that the policeman would kill him.

Not enough is known about Doctor Hastings' six assassins to tell whether any ever attempted suicide or talked about it. Quite probably, some did, their personalities and emotional disturbances being what they were.

Oswald was definitely suicidal. He once slipped into Russia on a five-day tourist visa. When the Soviet not only refused to accept his application for citizenship, but told him he'd have to leave the country that night, he went back to his hotel and slit his left wrist. He was rushed, unconscious, to a hospital. He told the hospital psychiatrist that he had no parents.

He had a troubled military career. Eight of Doctor Rothstein's 10 patients had been in the military. All except two had enlisted in their teens. It seemed as though military service removed them from the necessity of contending with women, "the real threat." Life in the service may have served other purposes. At one level the man was probably looking for a father ("The Army will make a man of you"), but on a deeper level he probably expected to be taken care of ("You found a home")—even though it was just this kind of dependency for which he secretly despised himself. To expect the military (and the government) to meet the need that should have been met in his own home, Doctor Rothstein says, is "an expectation bound for disappointment." These men are already in such difficulty with male authority figures that they cannot take orders. All eight of Rothstein's men with time in the services wound up with less than honorable discharges.

Doctor Hastings' six assassins lived in generally more peaceable times, and only one had been in military service—Zangara, the would-be assassin of Franklin Roosevelt. Zangara had seen service in Italy—and true to the pattern, he was hardly a model soldier. He was often in trouble with his officers.

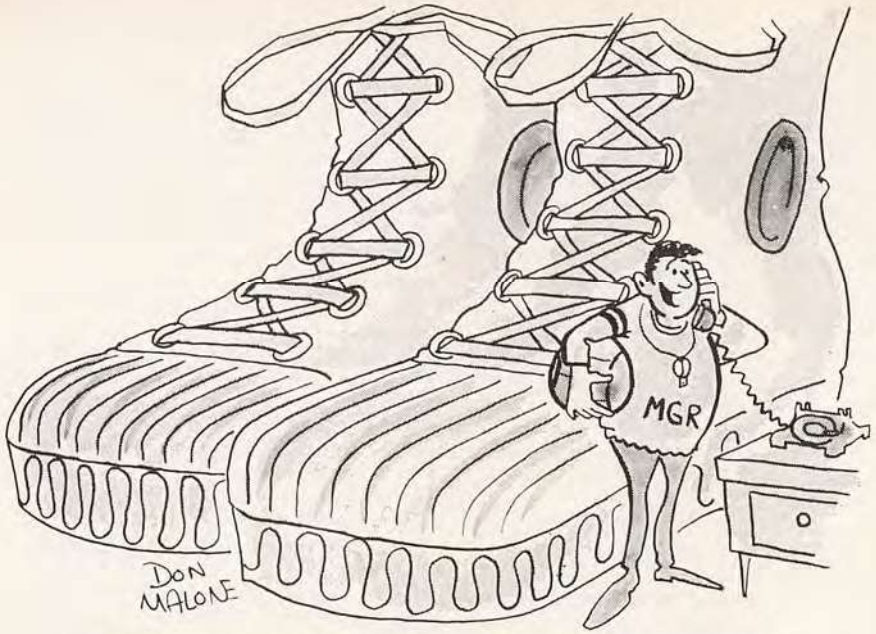
Oswald was likewise true to the pattern. He followed his brother Robert into the U.S. Marines, even to trying to fake his way in with a false birth certificate at the age of 16. He had the usual trouble with officers, was court-martialed twice, eventually ended with an undesirable discharge from the Marine Reserve. Oswald found out about this discharge while he was trying to get back to the United States from Russia. Typically enraged, he wrote John B. Connally, then Secretary of the Navy and now governor of Texas: "I shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice. . . . I ask you to look into this case and take necessary steps to repair the damage done to me and my family." This comes so close to having a psychopathic sound that, if it had been sent to the President instead of a state official, the history of the last five years would probably have been quite different.

To the end, Oswald was bitter about the discharge, and eventually—and predictably—came to blame his inability to find work on the fact that he had been so stigmatized. When he formed a one-man "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" in New Orleans later in his strange career, he tried to kill two birds with one stone by picketing the U.S. Navy.

He can't identify with his country.

TRUE

"Maybe war isn't our bag."



"One question—how high is the new Madison Square Garden?"

Many of Doctor Rothstein's patients espoused foreign ideologies, such as Marxism. Apparently this was a way of putting blame on the country that had, in their view, made life tough for them and turned them into losers.

Most of Doctor Hastings' six assassins evidently had the same difficulty in feeling at one with their country. Booth identified with the Confederacy. Zangara and Czolgosz were anarchists. Lawrence identified with England (our arch-enemy of the time)—and even entertained a fantasy that he was Richard III reincarnated.

Sirhan, similarly, was in a strange land which he couldn't understand. He retained his citizenship in the Arab nation of Jordan, although he had left there as a boy.

But nobody demonstrates the pathology of disaffection better than Oswald. After a few months in the Soviet Union, he began to praise America and attack communism—on the same grounds that he had once used to attack the United States: the workers got nothing, and the managers, everything. At those rates, worker Oswald would seem to have been paid just about what he was worth. The report of his Russian foreman read: "Citizen Harvey Oswald reacts in an oversensitive manner to remarks from the foreman, and is careless in his work . . . does not display the initiative for increasing his skill . . . takes no part in the social life of the shop and keeps very much to himself."

Later, when things went from bad to worse for him back in the United States, he tried very hard to defect for a second time. He traveled to Mexico City to apply for a visa at the Cuban and Russian embassies. When they showed small interest in him, he began to write to Communist Party headquarters, in New York, offering to come there "to work directly for the *Worker*."

Oswald's identity confusion was so pronounced throughout his life that not only did he shuttle his allegiance back and forth, he also used all sorts of aliases. At the time of his death, he had a post-office box under the name of Alek Hidell, was living in a rooming house under the name of O. H. Lee and was working at the Texas Book Depository under the name of Lee Harvey Oswald.

He thinks he is God's right-hand man. The assassin regards himself as utterly righteous, a scourge sent as from heaven to discipline a sinful world. This is a typical paranoid schizophrenic view, says Doctor Brussel. "Assassins have been carrying a grudge for years," he says, "stewing in their own juices. They have delusions that they are being persecuted, either by men of money or by government." Despising themselves, he explains, they compensate by aggrandizing themselves and, finally, by convincing themselves that authority—rather than their own ineptitude—is holding them down. Therefore, authority represents the forces of evil.

Having already been identified with the forces of evil, the President becomes, in the assassin's steaming mind, the fomenter of all the ills in the world. Because he *knows* this is true, the assassin soon believes that he can, with a single stroke, wipe out the forces of evil in the world, thus carrying out the will of God. The time will come, he is certain, when everybody will recognize that he has done God's work and honor him for it.

John Wilkes Booth went so far as to write a pompous letter to the editor of the *National Intelligencer* before he went to Ford's Theater. "Many will blame me for what I am about to do but posterity, I am sure, will justify me." Guiteau left his autobiography with the newsstand attendant at the railway station where he shot President Garfield, along with a note explaining that his act "will save the Republic, and it will create a demand for my book." Schrank had a letter in his pocket grandiosely addressed "To the People of the United States." Booth kept an equally grandiose diary during his 12 days on the run. Oswald's overblown title for his Russian writings was "Historic Diary."

"Our country owed all her troubles to him," Booth wrote of Lincoln, "and God simply made me the instrument of His punishment."

"God has called me to be his instrument, so help me God," wrote Schrank.

"His removal is an act of God," Guiteau wrote. To the jury he said, "Let your verdict be that it was the Deity's act, not mine."

Although Oswald, an atheist, could hardly have claimed to be acting for God, he did have the typical assassin's exalted opinion of himself. While returning from Russia third-class on a small freighter, he set down his political philosophy. It was more notable for the atrocity of its spelling than for the clarity of its author's mind. The United States and Russia, those two imperialistic monstrosities, he intoned, would destroy each other in a great holocaust. In the turmoil that followed, the only alternative to small fascist or anarchist communities would be in "numeross equal communities practicing and developing democracy at the local level. . . . I intend to put forward such an allturnative."

Oswald had no doubt that he would survive the wars on any level and eventually conquer.

Some psychiatrists and other observers feel that the recent surge of assassinations is an exaggerated expression of the violence of our times—in other words, that almost everyone in this violent society has within him a secret wish to assassinate. One who espouses this view is Dr. Jean Rosenbaum, a Santa Fe, New Mexico, psychiatrist. Doctor Rosenbaum, who says he coined the term "sick society," maintains that college demonstrations, urban riots and assassinations are all related manifestations of industrial man striking out at a dehumanizing way of life. Says Doctor Rosenbaum: "Technology and its products have become more important than individual man, creating an attitude of 'Who cares? My death and your death mean nothing.'"

Doctor Brussel strongly disagrees. The assassin, he says, is a special type of mentally ill criminal. He may seize upon a great issue such as the violence of the 1960's and twist it to serve his own ends. But he would be a potential assassin in any age or sociological climate. "Assassin types have one overwhelming interest, and that is in themselves and in the God-like qualities they ascribe to themselves. The assassin needs no encouragement or model or instruction. His fate is in his hands and head. He has been waiting for years, stewing for years. If not today, tomorrow."

He is small and slender. Referring to the work of the German psychiatrist, Kretschmer, Doctor Brussel deduces that the typical assassin—the paranoid schizophrenic—would be of "asthenic" build, meaning thin and wiry. Almost all the known assassins so far have fitted this description. Sirhan does. Oswald did; so did all of Doctor Hastings' six except for Schrank, who was short and plump. Booth, at five feet eight inches, was the tallest of the six.

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He is a loner. This kind of man, believing himself to be God or God's emissary, mixes little with ordinary mortals, says Doctor Brussel. "These men are loners. They seldom belong to organizations, and if they do, they remain on the fringes."

Czolgosz and Zangara never went beyond attending anarchist meetings. Oswald, the Marxist, never became a communist. Sirhan apparently filled his notebook with communist sloganeering, without actually joining the party.

He avoids minor vices. He wants to seem flawless, a cut above common humanity. He is neat, orderly, proper. "He probably doesn't drink or smoke," says Doctor Brussel.

Sirhan fits the pattern: he neither drinks nor smokes. Oswald was known to get drunk occasionally, but he was no habitual barfly and he did not smoke. Moreover, he insisted that his wife not drink or smoke or wear cosmetics.

He does not know how well he has been described in advance. He thinks he is perfectly hidden. He sits on his rumpled bed in his dim, grimy little room, thinking, planning, his lips barely curved in a faint, superior smile. Soon he will get up and leave the room and walk out on the street, an avenging God. He does not realize it, but somebody may follow him. A Secret Service agent, a city detective. The officer will know a lot about this lonely, thin, troubled little man. The officer will watch him with care.

Thanks to the developing psychiatric profile, the Secret Service and other branches of the police are beginning to know whom to look for. The protective agencies do not give away their secrets, but they are believed to feed into a computer a compilation of the characteristics common to these special killers, match them against descriptions of persons in the Protective Research Section file, and come up with a list of potential assassins in each locality. Use of this new pinpointed knowledge may be why suspects are now picked up at almost every public gathering where a likely assassination target is appearing. Often the suspects are confused and baffled. They don't understand why they are suspects. They wonder what it was that drew the attention of the police. "I've been behaving myself!" protested one man who was picked up recently in New York near Mayor John Lindsay. "What did I do wrong? *What?*"

"Nothing in particular—yet," a detective replied, pulling a gun from the man's pocket.

Today, potential assassins can be spotted in advance—perhaps not all the time, but often. Trained detectives can survey a crowd and pick out somebody, some movement or characteristic that seems faintly wrong. This summer, when Sen. Eugene McCarthy was holding a press conference in Nashville, Tennessee, Secret Service men spotted a young man who seemed out of place. He bore journalist's credentials, but he didn't seem like a reporter. An agent slipped quietly into a seat behind the young man and, looking over his shoulder, watched while he wrote: "I am close enough to kill you if I want to."

Questioned, the young man said he

had just wanted to see whether he could slip through the security net. He was turned over to the local police.

Even if a would-be assassin manages to fool the psychiatrists—if he's fat and jolly and turns up at a political gathering arm-in-arm with his father—the police agencies still hope to stop him in time. Other kinds of scientific aids have been enlisted in addition to psychiatry. Shortly after the assassination of President Kennedy, the Secret Service went through a thorough reorganization. Among the innovations put into effect was a working liaison with the President's Scientific Advisor so that "a number of devices should be acquired that will provide physical protection . . . in various situations." A visitor cannot walk into a high-security jail without passing through an electronic beam that responds to metal. It can be assumed that it's impossible to walk into a personal meeting with any Presidential candidate without activating a considerably more refined instrument.

As far back as 1965, the inauguration of Lyndon Johnson showed that protection could be provided if a President was willing to permit it. For the occasion, the old Presidential car had been rebuilt with a bullet-resistant bubble top and an armored metal body. As always, the driver was a Secret Service man, and another agent was in the jump seat. When the car wasn't moving, four other agents stepped onto the retractable running boards to shield the President with their bodies (which isn't quite as dangerous today as it was then because the agents now wear a sort of lightweight protection). As the car began to move, they hopped off and took positions at the four corners of the car.

There was an intensive scrutiny of buildings, windows and rooftops along the entire route. The White House reviewing stand was shielded by a wall of quarter-inch armor plating, plus a bullet-resistant glass sheath that was slid into place while the band and the paraders were passing in review. Two helicopters hovered over the scene. In addition to personnel of the Secret Service and the FBI, there were 5,000 police, national guardsmen and active military troops standing guard or directing traffic. Secret Service agents, in formal dress, mingled with the guests during the swearing-in ceremonies and the inaugural balls. The Metropolitan police had bomb disposal and riot squad units standing by for instant action. Closed-circuit television scanners kept the crowd under tight surveillance.

Today there is instrumentation in the Presidential car that would snap all windows shut at the sound of a shot. The car would not only turn into a bullet-proof capsule, but the driver would be signaled to step on the gas.

Federal, state and local police are ready. They think they have a good chance of stopping the lurking killer before he pulls the trigger—or, failing that, at least stopping him before anyone is killed. Indeed, it is highly probable that they have already stopped several potential assassins. They have made arrests quietly, not wanting to create headlines and excite sick imaginations. They expect to continue making arrests as the current political campaign rolls on and after the new President takes office. They hope they will stop everybody who counts.

No doubt he hopes they won't notice him. He may even feel confident they won't. He is God's emissary, smarter than ordinary people. He will slip through, he will fire his fatal shot, he will succeed because this is his mission upon earth.

He sits alone and waits. Beyond his door, the world also waits.

—Edward Linn

COMING . . .

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CONFESSIONS OF A POACHER

[*Continued from page 33*]

a huge fund, and why a recent dues increase, if we're so good at avoiding the law? The answer is that we have a plan. When we have a few thousand dollars more we're going to challenge the conservation law directly and bring our case into federal court. We want to let the public judge whether or not state programs of conservation are a help to the deer herds, and whether or not poachers do any real harm.

But right now, let's do a little more poaching. Come with me on a late afternoon last December. The legal season has been over for weeks—a 16-day siege of continuous gunfire for miles and miles around. Today is as quiet as the moon. It's 4 o'clock now and there's an hour of hunting light left.

I've been out walking for the past week and I know just where and how I'm going to get a deer. It's bitterly cold, about 12° above zero. The wind is blowing some, but in the woods it will be warmer and calmer. I dress lightly, in brown colors. I'm not going half a mile from my home, even though I'll be traveling five or six to get there.

All I take with me are two shotgun slugs, a plastic bag, a plastic sheet and my skinning knife. No shotgun, nothing at all to show.

My farm is in plain view from all around, perfectly visible from several roads on the slopes and ridges. Some rookie officer, the local headman, or—who knows?—even the director of the conservation department may be parked with a pair of binoculars beyond that 40-acre field there. So, no gun, no show of any hunting gear.

Usually I'd cruise around now for half an hour, but tonight we're going to try something different. Tonight is special.

Off I go in my old sedan. If the police were watching and planning anything, they would now be passing the word to two or three other cars. But this doesn't matter to me.

I drive at 50 and in a while, after a turn or two along wooded roads, I'm out of view. I come to an isolated house. Here my partner's truck is idling. I park and climb aboard and we head back in a big circle. Driving slowly, we near my house along an open road, but on this approach a long curve is bordered by woods. As we turn he slams on the brakes, and I grab my shotgun from the truck bed and dive into cover. My partner George roars away, then slows again as the truck comes into view of those possible binoculars exactly as it would be expected. He speeds up now 50, 60, 70, past my house.

Who's to tell, even with binoculars, if there's a second person in the truck? But in a moment there is. As George heads out of sight he hits the brakes again and my wife—in brown jeans, brown jacket and hunting cap—climbs aboard. She had slipped into the woods by the barn just as I was leaving.

Is there a raid on tonight, an alert, are roadblocks set up, have we been watched all day?

Much as we doubt it, we've allowed for it.

George puts his headlights on. My wife, large in the bulky jacket, has taken my place. After 10 minutes of cruising, seeing nothing of alarm, George returns to the area where he had left me. Instead of leaning on his horn—as he would if there were trouble—he drives back to his house and parks beside my car. My wife gets out, gets in, drives home and goes quickly into the house.

Question for game officers who may have been watching: Where am I? Answer: I'm right where I want to be.

No warning horn has sounded during the last 15 minutes, and five deer are coming slowly toward me down the light wind. I can make them all out. They cross, come up some, cross, come up some more. They're 70 or 80 yards off now, poking, idling. With hardly a shift or a click I load my slugs. I had believed that deer always went upwind before bedding. These aren't doing that.

They keep on coming and now—as I turn slowly with them, waiting and ready—they eventually do drift crosswind to me at about 40 yards. They idle. If one stops, they all stop.

Now! A neck-into-chest shot on number two. I hit, and the buck goes down.

There's $500 on my ass now and I move it. I jack the second slug up, eject it, hurl it and the used shell away. I lay the shotgun flat on the ground and take a brief look at the landmarks around me. Leaving the gun there, I walk to the deer with my knife out. In a few minutes I have the animal gutted, neatly and completely, damp dried and ready to go.

The shot has been heard. I'm sure of that. This particular woods is not only close to a couple of farms, but at this quiet hour the upland echo from the low bowl of hills around is like slow thunder.

Sure it's been heard, but is it being reported? If it is, some informer has phoned a lawman within the minute, giving him a line on the shot's location. Within another minute a local game warden, working from a numbered field map, is phoning four or five people living within a charted radius of the suspected area.

"Hello, Bill. We have a report of gunfire up your way just now. Hear anything?"

Bill did, or maybe Mrs. Bill. Seemed to come from somewhere west. Near or far? Pretty far.

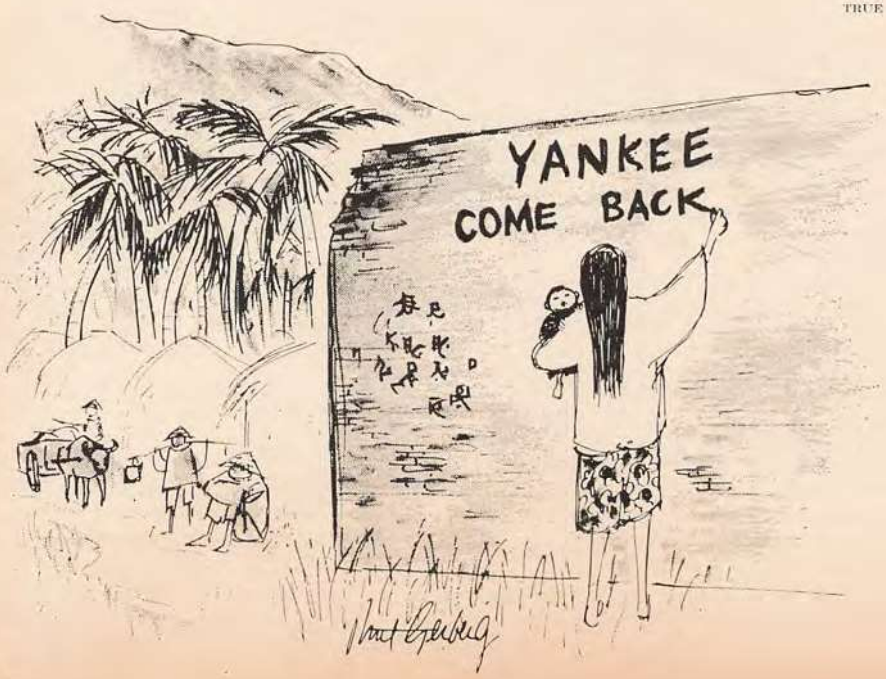
In a few minutes of such brief conversations, the warden gets approximate bearings from several points, and uses them as a fire lookout uses his reports to triangulate a column of smoke. He can make a surprisingly close fix.

What the warden does now depends on many factors. He may surround the area or patrol the roads. He may be able to get a light plane over the place immediately, or he may stake out one or more of the access trails to that part of the woods. He may run up there for a look himself, or post a night watch on some farm, or reconnoiter the vicinity till midnight. He may even, when frustrated rage takes him, get 30 or 40 men up there in 20 minutes to walk a sweep of that section of woods.

But in this particular instance, at this particular hour, I had gambled that none of this was likely. And I was to win, no doubt because it was Christmas Eve. Nobody bothered to call that night. At least nobody called our man, and he's on the warden's phone list, too. He's our undercover agent.

Getting a deer home safely can be a job. Game officers can't patrol effectively the acres of woods, so they try for arrests on the road or at home. They like to catch a man "transporting." Any transporting I do is done in the hour just before sunup. If I ever see a cop on the road then, I think I'll just flag him down and surrender. He deserves me.

But long before I load that meat aboard, I drive up, down and around the



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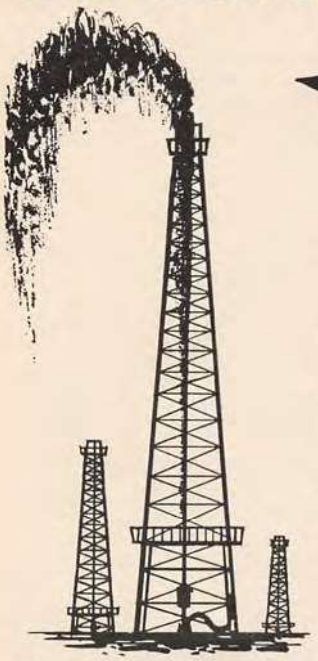

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area. If a headlight has shown within a mile of my farm at that hour, my wife will have one of three sets of lights on in the house—lights that I can spot from a ridge three miles away. They mean "come on home," "stay away," or "come home but don't bring the animal." Mostly, after killing it, I leave my deer in the woods. Depending on such factors as time and tracking conditions, I may leave it where it dropped, hide it 30 feet away, move it a quarter mile, tote it out to within 10 feet of a road, or lug it home on my back.

I never drag a deer and I don't understand why people do. In my business dragging means a plain, wide and much unwanted trail, and generally it's a hell of a tug for a man, even on hard snow. I'm of medium build and, except for good leg muscles, not particularly strong. But at 155 pounds, I can carry a carcass my own weight almost any distance. The hard part is hefting it onto my back and getting it well balanced. If the carcass is just too big—about one in four is—I leave it, propped open to cool or freeze through the night.

Friends of mine are generally dead-set against leaving and coming back for a poached deer. They argue that someone may steal it, or that if it's discovered by game officers they'll hide and wait for the poacher to return. I doubt this. I've left animals in the woods for two and three days, depending on the weather. I've never lost one yet, though I suppose I wouldn't leave one in the clear or on a beaten track.

COMING . . .

Was the wrong man convicted of the murder of two career girls?

WHO KILLED JANICE WYLIE AND EMILY HOFFERT?

A noted crime psychiatrist points out the discrepancies in the police case—and suggests a more likely slayer

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

As for entrapment, the day may come when game officers will make camp in the woods for a night or two to make a catch like me, but they'll have to drop in by parachute. I circle when I leave my deer and check carefully when I come back in. If a man can't spot a mash of boot marks on crossing his first circle he doesn't belong in this business. Of all the laws I've bumped into, I have not yet found one against taking a walk in the woods.

I work this way because I feel it's more likely that my car has been staked out, or maybe a nearby road. At any rate, the carcass is the biggest hazard once I have it home. I'm hung with it until I can make it disappear.

I yoke the hind legs, rope the yoke, haul the deer high on a woodshed rafter. Then I butcher it fast, as my wife washes and wraps the cuts. I get the wrapped packages and the rolled and salted hide

under cover, then hurry—walk, run, drive—to dispose of head, antlers, fat and offal.

While I'm gone, my wife will scour the cutting table, clean and put away the knives and saws, flush down the bloody floor, mop it dry and set up her week's ironing—board, baskets and all.

Hardly an hour has passed. My wife and I enjoy this excited hurry and pride ourselves on working swiftly together. Fred, five miles from here, doesn't believe in it. He doesn't have to.

Fred bottomed out a huge, old water cistern under the floor of a shed off the kitchen. He laid concrete, cleaned and remortared three fieldstone walls. Through the fourth wall, which is also the wall of his cellar, he knocked out a chest-high entryway. With shattered stone, wood, dirtied mortar and wire lath, he made a three-by-three-foot door that matches his cellar wall. He hinged the door like a rudder on gudgeons and pintles embedded in the old masonry. He wired the new room from the cellar fuse box and built a big working table inside, with stout hang boards and storage bins. When Fred gets a deer home, it's gone. He can hang it a week or two or cut it up in comfort with a parlorful of police overhead.

Fred's work is a refinement we all admire but not many of us go for. Few poachers care to be so elaborate. We're generally satisfied to be the barest bit smarter or faster than the fellows who are out to get us. We do have some dodges, though none that I mention here are being used anymore. If you were to do some poaching—and I'm not suggesting it—you might find them helpful.

Before laying in your short logs for the winter, for instance, park a used packing crate in a corner of your woodshed. An ordinary refrigerator casing will enclose a carcass or two, but you'll have to brace the cardboard some. Actually motor or machinery crating is best. Pile your logs around it solidly, leaving a section you can clear and restack in a minute or two to get your deer in. Disguise this section with a jumble of stuff, like a chopping block, a crosscut saw, a sawhorse or two.

Game officers seldom invade an upstairs room where your wife's abed; thus some poachers have hidden deer in closets or under beds. But because in our group we appreciate this respect for our living quarters, we've ruled against the use of occupied rooms. Attics, woodsheds and cellars are excepted, naturally.

Not much hiding like this goes on, however. Houses are heated. Even in woodsheds or barns or high trees there is the danger of changeable weather. A day of warmth, a night of thaw, and the fine meat can easily sour or spoil.

Use a freezer? Swell if you could keep it in the woods, but woods aren't wired. I had a notion a few years ago to bury a freezer a hundred yards out back and lay an underground cable to it. I may yet. But probably when I bring the subject up at a meeting someone will have a better idea.

Of course, the freezer at home is the first place the police look. Game officers are not great detectives, but they're that clever. You could rent a frozen-food locker in the larger towns, but conservation officers are entitled to open them for inspection, so forget it. Your best bet is to do as we've been doing lately—make pemmican, jerky or sausage. Once a deer becomes five or six slabs of smoked pemmican, you can panel your shed with them and no one is going to identify anything.

We poachers are easier to identify.

Half the members of our association are collateral descendants of early settlers here. Poaching has been in their blood since the 1700's when the state first tried to tell their ancestors how they ought to hunt. Most of our names can be found on the rosters of organizations working for the community welfare.

We poachers admire some game officers, and we respect others. We play the game with a good measure of understanding. When hard feelings arise between our sides, it's generally over their haughtiness and high disapproval, which we find stupid and presumptuous and we properly resent.

We don't slaughter deer, we don't sell them, we don't shoot them just to show them off. We take them to the dinner table, not to a distant taxidermist. They feed us and clothe us and keep us through harsh winters. We hurt the deer herd little by taking our three or four or five. And as sure as God made both of us, we're going to go right on doing it.

—Leo McFadden

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THE COZY CAVES OF CRETE

[*Continued from page 36*]

name's Bob—hey, you want to buy a cave?"

I did not, but I commented on how industrious the cave people appeared to be, showing us around as they busily engaged in cleaning up and organizing their dwellings. I hadn't expected to find such zeal for work; it seemed against the philosophy and the mood of the community. . . .

"Those people working so hard are either newcomers or crazy," Bob said. "I've seen it, man. Every new arrival says, 'Wow, how cute!' and sets right to work arranging his utopia. Especially the chicks. But you watch. In a day or two it will all slow down and then stop. This place does it to you, man. It's like a dream that won't go away."

"But some of us work just to keep organized," said Max, a tall, lanky South African who had joined us. Max, perhaps because of the length of his stay at Matala, seemed to assume the role of social chairman and welcoming committee. "The one trouble with this place is that it takes too much work to do nothing."

I accepted Max's invitation to inspect his cave. We climbed a crumbling path to the second tier and stopped in front of a square entrance, where a vase of bright flowers stood watch. Stooping low and stepping down, we entered the front room, about six by eight feet wide and high enough to stand in. Whitewashed walls and a clean gravel floor reflected the light crowding through the doorway. One side contained a two-burner camp stove and several pots and pans. On the opposite side was a small table made of a board wedged between the rock walls. Books and a couple of oil lamps completed the decoration. The second, smaller room contained a bed in a hollowed-out space in the wall. Elevated from the floor and with a curved top, it resembled a built-in canopy bed without the fringe (some archeologists believe the caves once served as burial vaults). A clothes hook was the only fixture there.

At the entrance to the cave next door slightly above Max's, a youth from Wisconsin was lashing together a bamboo and reed door. It was not for privacy—the only thing he wanted to keep out was a direct blast of wind. Although he had been a resident for several days, however, he had no intention of fixing up the cave. "Look," he said pointing toward a pile of papers and litter, "I haven't even gotten around to removing that stuff yet. Too lazy, I guess. I do all my cooking and eating in my brother's cave anyway, so why sweat over this one?"

En route to the brother's cave, I visited another young man who was diligently spreading clean gravel around his entrance. He and his two friends had just been mustered out of the U.S. Army in Germany and were touring Europe and the Near East for a year before settling down. "We heard about the caves when we arrived on Crete a few days ago," he said. "I don't know how long we'll stay, probably a month or so. After traveling

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in the snow and cold all winter, this seems like a great place to rest up. We're in no hurry."

Why was he working so hard if the purpose of being here was to relax? "I guess because it's difficult to do nothing. Besides, I'm used to having a little order in my life. Maybe by keeping busy it'll help eliminate the guilty feeling one gets from doing nothing. It's hard doing just nothing."

As we were talking, a strong wind suddenly came in off the wide sea, fetching with it great swells that crested into tantalizing surf breaking over the sand. Normally a calm and placid sea, the boiling waters seemed to bring fresh vitality to the usually idle Matalan scene. Nearly the entire cave-dwelling community began to joust with the surf. Local kids and some of the less venturesome cave dwellers played tag with the water as it raced up the beach, spread out and quickly receded. The water games continued, with diminishing enthusiasm, until the first chill of approaching evening finally forced the diehards out of the water and into warm clothing.

"Cocktail time," someone announced.

I joined Bob, Joe, a tall blonde and her two friends, and a girl from Colorado. We walked across the beach toward the pastel façade of Matala and stopped at a deserted-looking tavern. The outdoor table was soon awash with beer, ouzo and the resinated wine known as retsina.

"What about the locals?" I asked. "How do they take to you cave dwellers?"

"Oh, they think we're a strange lot." Bob said. "On Sunday they come out to the beach just to watch. You should see. Really funny. But the Greeks are great. The only people who bother us are the foreign tourists. On my second day here an American woman stopped me on the beach and started giving me some mumbo jumbo about the evils of hash—some old dame schoolteacher from Iowa with preconceived notions that anyone with long hair must be a dope peddler. So I laughed. I really thought she was funny, man. I laughed and walked off into the water. You should have seen her look. She just couldn't understand how people could lead such 'decadent' lives. But she's harmless, just misinformed."

The tall blonde laughed. The laughter caught on, and more drinks came. Two Greeks with a wooden jug of raki, a strong liquor, joined our party. The jug made several rounds.

"Hey!" someone shouted, "let's move over to Sophia's and play some music." We picked up our drinks and stumbled through the darkness as a unit.

Sophia's taverna is the only place in Matala with rock records and a player. Its selection consisted of albums from the Jefferson Airplane, the Beatles and the Mamas and the Papas. A plastic, toylike, battery-operated phonograph was wired precariously to two speakers—one for the taverna itself, the other for the patio.

We set our drinks on a patio table and crowded inside to order potato omelets—Sophia's specialty. Retsina made the rounds again. The two Greeks remained outside with their raki trying to dance, Cretan style, to the Beatles. Chris, Max and two Australian girls took over a corner table to discuss seriously the respective merits of various caves.

Suddenly that became an important subject—for me. Fun. Figure on a couple of weeks here. Maybe longer. Matala gets to you. Still, got to go back to work one of these days. But no hurry. Once started you're committed. Figure I have all my life to work. Got to vacation when I can. Think I'll build a kayak this summer. Give me something to do. Cave life a good way to stretch it out. Figure a dollar a day will see me through. . . .

—Fletcher Manley

COMING . . .

The flight will end safely in minutes—
if the man guiding
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YOUR LIFE IS IN HIS HANDS

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by air-traffic controllers

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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I AM A PROFESSIONAL HOAXER

[*Continued from page* 52]

with people who have failed in life and learned to live with it.

2. Lowering the voting age to 18 to give juvenile delinquents a good purpose in life.

3. Seizing the Russians' baggage at the U.N. if they don't pay their bill there.

4. Beating the Soviets to the moon by picking up a few rocks in the backyard of the White House and pretending they came from the moon.

Inquiring reporters sought out the location of "The Best Party" office at 507 Fifth Avenue in New York. The lobby directory listed it as room 343 on the third floor. However, no matter what time of day reporters knocked on that door, or waited around, nobody was ever in. Because that door led to a broom closet, always kept locked by the managing agent. I had persuaded him to rent me the door, plus a little space inside the closet, for $5 a month, and I posted my sign: "National Headquarters for the Best Party, Mrs. Yetta Bronstein, Prop."

The reporters would shove their business cards under the door and leave. Once a week I retrieved the messages. Then my actress-wife Jeanne would don her Jewish dialect and call the people back, explaining, "Listen, I'm very busy washing my hair so I can't talk politics in person. Also I have a sore right thumb from shaking hands with voters. But you should know I'm for more sex and education, a cat in every meat market and a federal guarantee that there are 16 ounces in every pound of cereal."

My wife is an attractive 28-year-old blonde, who majored in dramatics and music at the University of Cincinnati. Her specialty is doing character voices, including not only Bronx housewife Mrs. Yetta Bronstein, but also 86-year-old Cynthia Lansing York—an escapee from a Senior Citizen Village—and Sibil Rittenhouse, Jr., a debutante who came out, got scared, and went back in.

When Jeanne actually appeared at the University of Pennsylvania one Mother's Day to address the students as Mrs. Bronstein they found it hard to believe she was Yetta. Although she sounded Jewish she looked more like Natalie Wood than Molly Picon.

So I usually showed up for Mrs. Bronstein's speaking engagements as her campaign manager, explaining Yetta was home in bed with swollen ankles. And to sustain the hoax I would play a tape recording of Yetta singing her campaign song to the tune of "When the Saints go Marching In":

There'll be a change . . .
There'll be a change . . .
There'll be a change in government . . .
When Yetta gets to be the First Lady . . .
And also, President.

Her slightly off-key rendition was hilarious and this always helped establish an immediate rapport with the audience. One political rally I attended at Johns Hopkins University drew a larger turnout than either George Wallace or Richard Nixon had the week before. And when I promised to donate Yetta's body to their medical school someday in the name of science, the students went wild with laughter and cheers.

Next day in the Baltimore *Sun*, reporter Gerald Clarke said: "Yetta's campaign manager admits she doesn't know anything about the Common Market and she's not too clear about what's going on in Viet Nam. However, if elected she will have the government print up a little pamphlet to explain it to her and everybody else."

Primarily by word-of-mouth, news about the impish lady from The Bronx who wanted to be President spread across the land, even overseas to London's *Financial Times*. Newspapers, radio and television in the United States and Canada had a field day with her. Robert Trout and Roger Mudd discussed the "Bronstein for President" platform on CBS-TV news as did David Brinkley over the NBC television network.

Alfred Friendly, then managing editor of *The Washington Post*, was apparently upset by Yetta when he wrote, "For the ultimate in revolting taste, we offer the alleged campaign of a 48-year-old Bronx housewife, Mrs. Yetta Bronstein. . . ."

On Sunday, November 1, 1964, Ben A. Franklin, writing for *The New York Times*, said: "Mrs. Yetta Bronstein, the write-in Presidential candidate of another distinctly minority political alignment that she chooses to call The Best Party, has defined the issues in 1964 as the lack of support among her opponents for nationwide bingo and sex education in the schools. There appears to be no national consensus for bingo, and Mrs. Bronstein, a New York housewife, may fail to carry a single precinct."

Although Mrs. Bronstein didn't carry any precinct in the election, she did receive more write-in votes in Alabama than two other heavy favorites: Arthur Godfrey and Mickey Mouse.

This election year, mail has been constantly arriving from reporters, Hadassahs and universities, all asking for information on Yetta's political plans. Though Yetta's campaign hasn't been as extensive in 1968, I did mail this form letter to college newspaper editors:

Dear Future Leaders:

Soon it will be November, 1968, and time to decide on your next President of the U.S.A. I, Mrs. Yetta Bronstein, urge you to vote for me and help put a Mother into the White House. I promise to run this great country with a strong arm, the same way I run my home. . . .

Think of all the things your Mother did for you: the feeding, changing, washing, ironing, telling bedtime stories, lying for you, crying for you . . . everything to make you big and strong. Now you can pay her back by putting *me* in office. I will represent *all* your Mothers and act in their behalf for *you*.

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Pick your playful Polaris this year from four models: Charger (new, lightweight "sports car" model), Colt (the race-proven snowmobile), Mustang (deluxe family funmobile) and Voyager (powerful, deep-powder workhorse).

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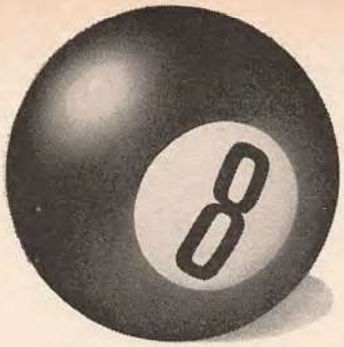

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No greater pleasure could await a parent than to be President of America. What more can I tell you? So vote for me in 1968, that's all. . . .

Thanking you in advance for your vote, I am grateful.

Politically yours,
Mrs. Yetta Bronstein

P.S. In addition to my national platform, I will also reduce crime on the New York subways by raising the fare to $1. This will attract a better class of passengers.

The first stunt of my career I pulled not for the sake of hoaxing, but more to avoid being labeled a hoaxer. While a student at Ohio State University, I started a college jazz club. Scheduled to perform at one of our first concerts was the great drummer Gene Krupa, and for this reason we'd sold out the house. Only hours before the concert was to begin, however, Krupa cancelled out. Rather than face the ticketholders with the news that Krupa wouldn't be appearing after all, I decided to kidnap him.

I rounded up six strong but beautiful co-eds and dispatched them to Krupa's hotel room where they hauled him out of bed and bundled him into a waiting car. They delivered an angry, half-dressed drummer on campus minutes before curtain time.

Standing backstage, Krupa made all kinds of legal threats against me, the girls and the university. However, when he saw and heard the enthusiastic crowd of 1,500 rise and give him a standing ovation, Krupa went on stage and played solo drums for more than an hour. Afterward he graciously offered me a job to manage his band.

By now, 19 years later, I've established myself as a man who'll try to pull off just about any stunt. Not long ago Westinghouse Broadcasting Company executives wanted to have some fun at the National Association of Broadcasters Convention in Chicago, so they hired me to appear in their Hotel Conrad Hilton suite as "Julius Bristol," a professional golf instructor.

I had never played golf in my life. But I decked out in the finest Abercrombie & Fitch toggery and assumed the posture of a country-club pro, and nobody suspected this pompous fashion plate could be a hoax. For three days executives from the major radio and television networks took lessons from Mr. Bristol in *ballet*, as a revolutionary way to improve their game.

Leaning casually on a slightly warped putter, I would line everybody up on the makeshift green and instruct them to do the following:

"Assume ballet position number one if you weigh less than 160 pounds and are under five feet six inches. Assume ballet position number two if you weigh more than 160 pounds and are over five feet six inches. These positions should give you minimum foot balance and anchor your weight for a simulated pendulum putt. Next, take a tight all-finger grip on the putter and focus your eyes on separate blades of grass on either side of the ball. *Do not look directly at the ball.* Instead, concentrate on two vertical grass blades as though looking through a stereopticon. Then you will see the ball dead center between two fixed points. Take a deep breath. *Now hold it.* Try to relax. Next swing your putter quickly with confidence, using a steady wrist action. At the precise moment of impact with the ball, *exhale*. Let the putter continue a forward swing through an eight-inch arc to provide a slight touch of top spin. *Ready. Go.*

"As soon as our caddy retrieves those balls that went out into the lobby, let's try it again. Get ready . . . toes on their mark . . . stand on point . . . concentrate . . . inhale . . . swing . . . exhale!"

When Westinghouse sales manager Milt Shefter realized everybody was taking Julius Bristol seriously (one vice-president fell flat on his face while trying to stand on his toes and putt), he de-

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cided not to reveal the joke. Too many important people were bound to be offended. Instead Shefter placed me on the first nonstop jet back to New York.

Recently I was addressing a meeting of television station representatives at the St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel in New York and I admitted the farce that took place in Chicago. One executive leaped to his feet and shouted excitedly, "My God, I took lessons from you and my game actually improved!"

To date my most successful hoax has been with a nonexistent group called S.I.N.A. (Society for Indecency to Naked Animals).

As "Bruce Spencer," supposedly vice-president of this invisible band of moral nuts who wanted to clothe all animals for the purpose of decency, I was able to command a $500 lecture fee, and the bookings poured in, especially from colleges. What was S.I.N.A? Just a comedy routine, a wacky monologue. I printed up a few leaflets that urged people to "clothe all animals for the sake of decency, namely horses, cows, dogs, cats and other pets that stand higher than four inches or are longer than six."

When the nation's press reported S.I.N.A.'s philosophy, millions of people accepted the organization's existence as real. Whether the public reaction was anger or amusement—or, fantastic as it may seem, approval—almost no one dismissed the idea that people had banded together to clothe "naked" animals.

I had to rent the entire broom closet to handle the bags of mail arriving for S.I.N.A. I enlisted the aid of an actor friend, Buck Henry, to pose as "G. Clifford Prout, president of the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals." Buck appeared for interviews on radio and television because I was afraid I would be too readily recognized.

I'll never forget the incident involving a life-sized papier-mâché horse in the window of Northwest Orient Airlines' New York office on Fifth Avenue. As a dedicated moral crusader, I gave them 24 hours in which to put pants on the horse, and I sent a carbon copy of my ultimatum to the Fifth Avenue Association, a group of business tycoons pledged to keeping Fifth Avenue clean. Their vice-president wrote a strong letter of protest to the airlines "concerning the matter of that naked horse." The beast was removed overnight.

Since everybody seemed to be taking S.I.N.A. so seriously, I attempted crazier stunts. One fine spring morning my wife, myself and the doorman to our apartment building picketed the White House with signs asking the President to introduce laws that would make it a misdemeanor to appear in public with a nude pet. This ploy earned us worldwide news coverage which served to document further the realism of S.I.N.A.

I have been a syndicated newspaper columnist for the Washington (D.C.) *Examiner* and other papers. As a member of the press I was invited to attend the Lynda Bird Johnson-Charles Robb wedding at the White House last December. When I noticed President Johnson's dog Yuki decently clothed in a suit and socks, I asked a reporter from *The New York Times* if she remembered "those nuts who were picketing the White House for the sake of animal decency several years ago."

"I certainly do," she replied. "I kept getting mail from them and some kind of a certificate saying I'm a member of something or other."

"That was probably their S.I.N.A. Achievement Award," I suggested. "It was given to all reporters who wrote front-page stories on their movement. I was down here that day, too, and it seemed like the whole Washington press corps turned out."

"They certainly did," she said.

"Did you think those S.I.N.A. people were serious, like religious fanatics?" I asked.

"I think so," she replied. "But I thought there was something screwy, too. I think they just had money."

I realized the reporter still didn't know it was all a gag. Nor did she recognize me as the "Bruce Spencer" she had interviewed, "a vice-president of S.I.N.A. and a former used-tire salesman who had at last found a purpose in life."

One of my most enjoyable roles has been that of an "advertising consultant." Ad clubs around the country have listened to me seriously for as long as an hour, often taking notes and asking definitive questions afterwards.

Pretending to be the author of a highly controversial book, *The Fallacy of Creative Thinking*, I have urged:

1. Hiring bald-headed men for $2 a day to pose as miniature mobile billboards by carrying simple messages stenciled on their foreheads, such as "Try Hertz." "Eat at Joe's" or "Drink Coke."

2. Using "Jock the Jumper" instead of newspaper ads for department-store sales. Jock is a man who will dangle from the side of a building four stories up and threaten to jump, attracting thousands of avid suicide watchers who are then pushed into the store by aggressive salesmen.

3. Placing a fake oil-well rig on a client's rundown property to give an image of fantastic value. This sight guarantees a quick sale to some greedy investor who naïvely anticipates making a fast fortune.

4. Persuading a high-salaried executive who has run dry of ideas to resign—thus saving the company image for never having fired anyone—by removing the furniture from his office piece by piece, cutting off all outgoing phone calls, seting up a Chinese water drip from the ceiling over his desk, and holding 10 fire drills a day in which he is the only person called on to participate.

After a portion of my lecture appeared in the April 11, 1966, issue of *Television Age*, I received a number of requests for copies of my book, including one from the chairman of the board of a top-ranking advertising agency. Rather than embarrass him with the truth, I wrote a letter explaining that the book was so volatile it had been banned by decent

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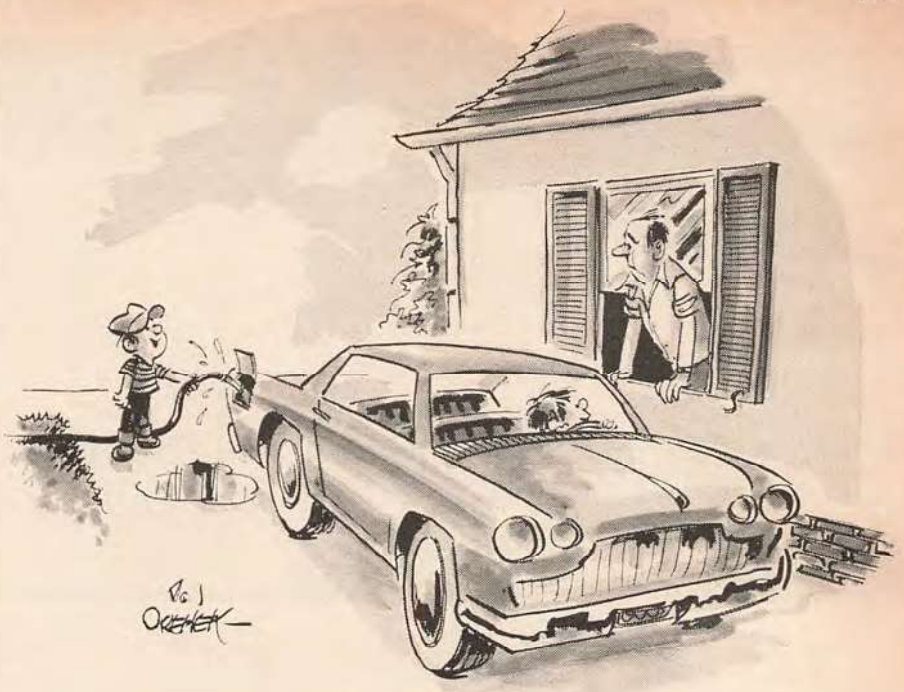

"Playing gas station. Why?"

literature groups, that it was presently out of print and that I possessed the only remaining copy under lock and key.

Ad man Stanley Elkman in Philadelphia wrote me, "One of our clients read the article in *Television Age* and took it very seriously, since he believes most of the things you write about. He refuses to believe otherwise even though I have tried to point out the 'spoofing' that is involved. Having a great deal of respect for your creative reputation, it would be appreciated if you would find a few moments to drop me a line so I can prove my point."

My "Topless String Quartet" was a hoax designed to spoof the wave of nudity that has outraged so many citizens. I hired four figure models for an hour, took pictures of them holding stringed instruments and sent out the photos to newspapers and magazines.

An accompanying press release, printed on a mimeograph machine in the ever faithful broom closet, announced: "Direct from France: *The First Topless String Quartet*, under the direction of Jacques Goldetsky."

The response was fantastic. I received urgent inquiries from United Press International, *Life* magazine, the Associated Press, and Goodson-Todman Productions (for television appearances).

When I returned a call to a New York *Post* reporter, she wanted to learn the girls' names. I happened to be studying a map of Paris, so I read off a few street names like Madeleine Boucher, cellist, Maria Tronchet, violist. The *Post* published a story quoting me exactly, including my improvised comment that "the girls prefer to play nude because garments hinder their movements. They can bow more freely and feel closer to Bach, their favorite, when playing partially undressed."

Life ran a story on nudity which included a section about "Bach-with-breasts by the First Topless String Quartet." They printed my Fifth Avenue address, and the broom closet was soon loaded with requests for interviews and autographed photographs.

Woody Allen talked about the topless group on his television special of December 27, 1967, and in the January, 1968, issue of *Esquire* magazine the girls were voted a Dubious Achievement Award. *Esquire* published a photograph of the seminude girls with Jacques Goldetsky conducting (actually an actor named Larry Wolf); he was also topless except for a bow tie.

Hoaxing has some practical applications, too. Our upper West Side apartment in Manhattan has a warning printed on the door in English, Spanish and Hebrew:

> **THIEVES BEWARE**
> This apartment is protected by a 45-megaton cobalt bomb. If you use more than *one pound* of pressure against this door, the bomb is guaranteed by the manufacturer to explode. *Note*: If the bomb happens to go off accidentally, you must seek medical aid within 24 hours.

Since my wife and I live in a high-crime area, with our apartment on the ground floor, we are particularly vulnerable to roving bands of thieves. They read the bomb notice and leave us alone. Fear is the best weapon against crime, I'm convinced, because our apartment remains the only one in the building that hasn't been forcibly entered.

Another deception Jeanne and I use when walking in our neighborhood after dark is to dress like muggers. By dressing down—my wife wears a moth-eaten coat she bought at a rummage sale for

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$3 and I have a tattered World War II overcoat—we look pretty desperate ourselves. Even the panhandlers leave us alone.

As a "put-on" performer I have engaged in verbal combat with television personalities such as Joe Pyne, Alan Burke, Long John Nebel and Jack E. Leonard.

I debated Joe Pyne on his nationally televised program, when I was posing as the moral crusader for S.I.N.A. Pyne attacked me for being some sort of a nut, and I retaliated by making a citizens' arrest of him right on the air "for being an illegal person."

Long John Nebel lost a battle with me on his NBC radio show when we slugged it out over whether or not Santa Claus should be revealed as a hoax. Nebel was so unnerved he ordered the live show off the air and substituted music instead.

Then we sat in the studio glaring at each other until Long John told me to leave, claiming I had ruined his program. I refused to budge on the grounds that I had been invited to participate in an hour-long program and there were still 40 minutes left.

The producer stayed in the control room nervously biting his nails as soft music drifted out over the airwaves. NBC's switchboard was flooded by callers asking what had happened.

Two security policemen were summoned to toss me out. I warned them that I was a nonviolent performer who would go limp at the base of the microphone if anyone touched me. I would also break out in a horrible skin rash that could cost the network $50,000 in medical fees. They retreated to a neutral corner.

After a hurried meeting between the producer and other station officials, they decided the show should continue. Long John spent the final half hour in a very guarded discussion with me.

Nebel turned out to be one of the few broadcasters who can take it as well as dish it out. I was invited back a few months later for an all-night show with him, and Jeanne appeared on a subsequent program as Yetta Bronstein.

During several appearances with Alan Burke, he refused to engage in much repartee with me, so I ended up doing monologues. Jack E. Leonard was so upset by my blast of non sequiturs on a radio show in Chicago that he walked out while the program was still in progress, muttering, "I've never been so insulted in all my years in show business."

So far, William F. Buckley, David Susskind and Mike Wallace have all refused to face me over an open mike. I have even baited Buckley by saying in public that he was too chicken. Not a word from his camp.

As far as future "campaigns" are concerned, I'm thinking of starting a movement to deport all fat people because they exhale too much carbon dioxide and cause air pollution. Then I have plans to form A. T. & T. (Activated Toes & Training), an organization concerned about the rapid growth of the big toe, presently leaping forth at the alarming rate of a hundredth of an inch a year. There is my pending crusade to force all doctors to publish their college grade averages in the phone book after their names—so we can tell the good ones from the bad ones.

I intend to continue perpetrating hoaxes, not only because it's a profession to be proud of, but because satire is a wonderful way to protest the inanities around us. Besides, hoaxes, like other creative works of art, need no other justification than their own existence.

—Alan Abel

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NO RAMS LIKE OLD RAMS

[*Continued from page* 51]

finished better than fifth. Under Allen in 1966 they moved up to third place with an eight-six record; then, last December, they completed an 11-1-2 season and won the Coastal Division championship by beating the Green Bay Packers and the Baltimore Colts on consecutive weekends. The Rams also led the NFL in scoring and in total defense. Theirs was one of the big comebacks in pro football history. Although they didn't take their conference title, they came so close that Allen, in only his second season, was named NFL "coach of the year."

The Rams' dapper president, Dan Reeves, tells everyone, "George is a genius! Nobody ever turned a ball club around so fast." Says Vince Lombardi, of Green Bay's champions, "Genius? Well, that's saying a lot. But he's a very smart young man. Allen is something to worry about. He thinks unorthodox all the time. And he makes unorthodox work out for him."

George Allen doesn't look like someone who'd worry Vince Lombardi. He speaks softly, dresses in college-professor tweeds (he once taught at small colleges), has a bad eye-squint and a pale complexion. The usual expression on his long, narrow face is that of a person in pain. "It's my stomach," he explains. "Bang, bang, bang it goes, all night. I drink a gallon of papaya and cabbage juice each day for it."

Despite appearances, Allen is a tough disciplinarian who demands total violence from his men (his squad nickname is "Killer"). The scores Allen enjoys most read like 50-7, 44-24, 31-3, 55-14—which are among those the Rams have run up for him. Extending mercy to the guy on the other bench isn't in him. Allen's toughness is one reason the Rams are out of a rut and winning, along with Allen's ability to weld together a defense (the '67 Rams limited six opponents to not more than 10 points each) and his way of lifting his men emotionally to a high peak of effort. But even more important to the Rams' comeback has been Allen's curious theory of how to build a winning team.

When he took the Rams' coaching job, Allen promised his employers, "We can beat the other clubs with veterans—*old* veterans." At Ram headquarters the first reaction was blunt: "What the hell's he talking about? Doesn't he know that anyone past 26 in this league is living on borrowed time?"

This is football's jet age, with the emphasis on youthful speed and mobility; it's a time when everyone wants a Gale Sayers or a Johnny Roland or a Leroy Kelly, the kids who dominate the rushing statistics, and when the fast reflexes of young players are what defensive coaches look for. But Allen would rather have a Tommy Mason, who's balding and close to 30 years of age, or a Lamar Lundy, who's in his 12th year as a defensive end.

Last July, when the NFL owners and the players' association still hadn't reached agreement on a contract, the

owners opened their training camps only to rookies and free agents. Most teams had enough nonveteran personnel on hand to run full practice sessions. Dallas, for instance, had 66 rookies and free agents; San Francisco had 52, New Orleans, 38, and even veteran-oriented Green Bay had 26. But so little does Allen rely on youth that, with veterans excluded, Los Angeles could turn out only 12 players to start training.

The Rams' famed defensive line, known as the "Fearsome Foursome," is as grizzled as any in the league. It includes Lamar Lundy, 33; Roger Brown, a nine-year man at 31; Deacon Jones, 30; and the youngster of the group, Merlin Olsen, who's 27 but already in his seventh year in the league. Behind them are linebackers Jack Pardee, 33, and Maxie Baughan and Myron Pottios, crowding 30. In the deep secondary, where young sprinters are supposed to be essential, stand Eddie Meador, 31, qualified for a pension with his 10 years' experience, and a couple of players almost as long toothed as Meador—Willie Daniel and Irv Cross. Until recently, when they wore out on him, Allen also employed two of the most ancient defenders in the NFL—Bill George, with 15 years' service, and Roosevelt Grier who retired this year at the age of 36.

The offense isn't much younger. "We average 28.8 years among the starters," points out Dick Bass, a stubby fullback with almost a decade of playing time. "The coach *detests* rookies as much as we veterans do." Bass is 31. Others in that age group are flanker Pat Studstill, halfback Jim Stiger and linemen Charlie Cowan, Joe Scibelli and Ken Iman. The only "young" ball-carrier to prosper under Allen's rule is Les "The Ghost" Josephson, and Josephson has been playing since 1964.

When a visitor walks into the L.A. clubhouse, with its graying and balding heads, he's greeted with: "Welcome to the Male Menopause Club." On the wall are pasted an ad for sex hormones and an application card for Medicare.

Yet, by loading the team with old and experienced players, Allen has been able to get results impossible to achieve with younger men. Take a game with the Chicago Bears last October. The Rams had defeated the Bears in just two of their past 15 meetings. "That was shameful," says Allen, "so we prepared by going back and reviewing movies of every L.A.-Bear game played in the last 21 years."

Come again? *Twenty-one years?* All grid bosses work hard, but this immense task required Allen and his staff to put in some 200 man-hours. They viewed 7,500 plays and 11,000 feet of film, often until near dawn.

From all this Allen developed a 55-page defensive plan, involving "stunts" in the line and switchovers in the secondary. The Rams' players were able to master the new defense quickly—a less experienced group would have found the task far more difficult—and they held Chicago to eight completed passes. Gale Sayers, the great Bear runner, gained just 13 yards. The Rams intercepted three key passes and won easily, 28-17.

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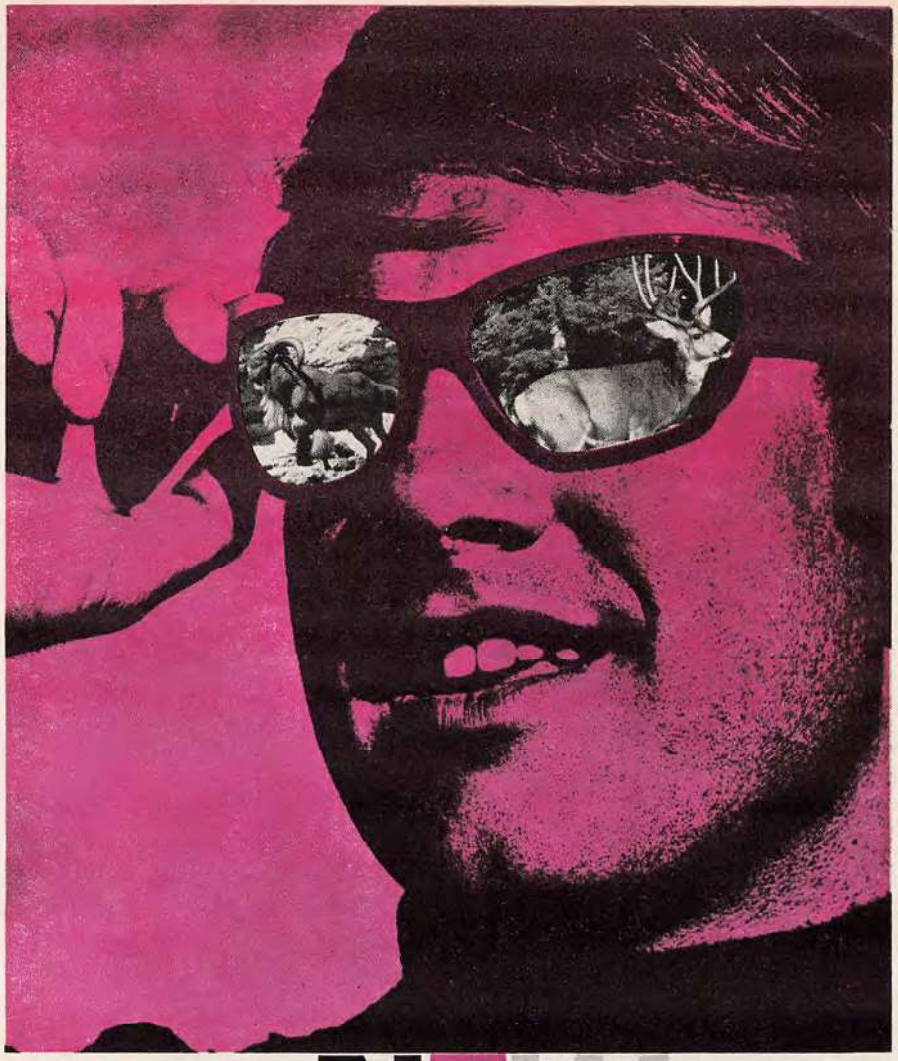

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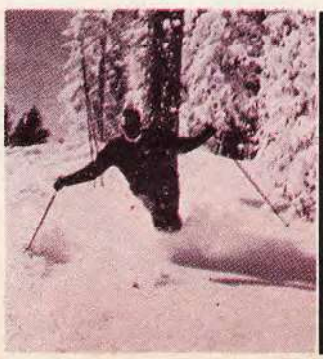

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a play Allen built around Tommy Mason, the "bad-legged" back he'd picked up months earlier. Mason had always been known as a runner and receiver, but not a passer. In the Allen play he raced wide, suddenly put on the brakes, pretended to be confused, then wheeled and threw a pass to end Bernie Casey—a shot good for a 51-yard touchdown that finished Chicago for the day.

Significantly, Casey also is a seasoned player. The lanky Bowling Green graduate had been known as "lazy" while playing for the San Francisco 49ers, who sent him to the Atlanta Falcons. At Atlanta he met both indifference and jeers. Since he happens to be a fine abstract painter with New York gallery credits, he was thinking of retiring to his easel when Allen said to Atlanta: "Well, if he's no help to you, maybe you'd like to trade." The Falcons still are sore about the deal. In 1967 a revitalized Casey caught nearly 900 yards' worth of passes, scored or set up a dozen touchdowns, and became a star player.

In his first two years Allen made 21 trades, entirely reshaping the Rams. How he guesses so correctly, nobody knows. By some mysterious means, he's always seeing something in shopworn talent that others don't see and getting results which defy the laws of geriatrics. Last year, Detroit's 300-pound Roger Brown underwent surgery, after tearing up an already trick knee in the Pro Bowl game. "My coach, Joe Schmidt, panicked," recalls Brown. "He kept saying that I was 30 and with all that weight on my knee I'd never play again. My morale went way down. Then Coach Allen phoned me. All he asked was how the knee was coming along. I said fine and in two weeks I was in L.A. playing first-string tackle.

"Mr. Allen gave me back my desire. He kept telling me 'Coaches and doctors don't know it all. You're the only real judge of yourself.'" Brown was terrific in '67, replacing veteran Rosey Grier in the "Fearsome Foursome" when an injury sidelined Grier.

Receiving a visitor in his neatly kept office, wearing a quiet sport jacket and an Ivy League tie, Allen proclaims, "It's downright disgraceful to feel old when you're still under 40." While he talks, he takes stomach pills and supervitamin pills. He is calm outside, jittery inside.

He says, "Everybody else today is going by stopwatches, building for foot speed and fast reactions. But not me. Youth has too many failings. We beat the Bears

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

because we had experienced men who could quickly understand a complicated game plan and execute it without error. The majority of our games are close in scoring—three to 13 or 14 points—and they're decided by a few plays which come up suddenly. This is where the ability of a vet to 'read' and anticipate and make exactly the right move is so important. By wasting no motion he compensates for any slowness on his part. I'll take poised old players over fuzzy-faced kids *any* day. They do the right thing automatically. A kid can ruin you 50 ways.

"There are National League clubs whose men average as little as 3.5 years of service—Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Dallas, the Vikings, for example. But a long study we've made shows that. . . ."

The professor in Allen is coming out. A former teacher of anatomy and kinesiology (which is the study of human motion), with a master's degree in education from the University of Michigan, he is a science addict who uses computers for surveys of longevity. Checking far back, his researchers have found that when teams of even abilities met, the older group won 70 percent of the time. On a season-long basis, the younger and sprightlier the squad, the lower it finished in the standings. "Others doubt our findings," says Allen, with a sniff. "But I'll take the odds."

Yet relying on old pros is only part of the reason for the rise of the Rams. There's much more. Allen is a salesman of hope, cheer and faith. Whereas most of his competitors are harsh critics, he is a praiser. No one has seen him bawl out a player. And he psychoanalyzes. "He studies you, takes your personality apart," says one Ram. "When he finds out what will motivate you the most, he starts pushing buttons. He spends more time talking to us, understanding us, than he spends coaching."

Maxie Baughan can tell you how this technique works. Early in 1966, Baughan arrived from Philadelphia low in spirit. In his collegiate and professional career, he had been linebacking for 11 years, and now he was balding, with scar tissue around the eyes, leg trouble and a thickening middle. The Eagles felt he was slipping and had been glad to trade him to L.A. at a bargain price.

"It's great to see you!" said Allen effusively. "I can tell you right now the Eagles made a mistake."

"I hope so," said Baughan, without conviction.

"There's no doubt," said Allen positively. "Your best seasons are just beginning. Now, tell me about yourself, Max." Before he was through, Baughan had recited everything, from his birth in Forkland, Alabama, to his present hopes and fears.

Baughan had expected to be dropped to second-string, but Allen eagerly corrected him. "Why, with your knowledge, you're just the steady type to be our defensive signal caller. And that means more money for you. Shall we talk about a raise?"

A long time later, Baughan left the office in a happy daze, carrying a gold pen inscribed with the words: "THINK NOW! THINK TITLE!"

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Thereafter, at every public chance, Allen praised Baughan. "He'd even phone me at night to say how great I'd done in a game," reports Baughan. "He meant it, too. So now what else can I do but break my tail for him? I really began to hit again." At the end of the season he was named on most all-pro teams.

Allen's psychology of boosting his players' belief in themselves has paid off many times. In last December's meeting with Green Bay, the Rams' defense had held the Packers to a gain of only 98 yards in rushing. However, with 54 seconds left to play, the Packers led, 24-20. They also had possession of the ball. Only a miracle could save L.A. as the Packers prepared to punt from their 28-yard line.

At the bench, Allen called up two veterans, Claude Crabb and Willie Daniel. He gave an order. "He was so sure and so cool that we believed him," says Daniel. "He figured we could block the kick with some extra effort."

Using secret-rush play ZX-32, Crabb and Daniel charged from the outside, drawing the blocking screen away from Donny Anderson, the kicker, who hadn't had a kick blocked in two years. Then up the middle burst Tony Guillory, who weighs 240 and is an ex-sprinter. Guillory ran over the defenders and slapped the ball backward. The Rams recovered it, threw a last-gasp touchdown pass and turned the Coliseum into a crazy house of 76,000 celebrants with a 27-24 victory.

Few of those 76,000 would have expected such victories to cheer when Allen took over the Rams in 1966. The team had a history of playboy behavior and dissension covering two decades. Allen was the 12th Ram coach in 29 years. He was also the quietest. Barely raising his voice, he took the intellectual approach. One of his first "requests" was that no cursing be done on the practice field. "Swearing," he said, "is a symptom of lack of control." A nondrinker and nonsmoker himself, he didn't mention the playboy problem—in the beginning.

His way was to act as a catalyst, a diplomat, a healer of anger and tension. He went at things with optimism, but in a low key. The Roman Gabriel case no doubt was his most important move.

In the spring of 1966, Gabriel, a moody giant who'd been sitting on the Rams' bench for four years while Bill Munson did the quarterbacking, jumped the team. He flew north and for a

[*Continued on page* 98]

man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

Q: When I pass a truck on a highway, the driver will often blink his lights just after I get by him. What is he trying to tell me? ***Paul W. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: That it's safe to pull back into the right-hand lane. The practice is an informal one by which truck drivers help each other, and many extend the courtesy to drivers of passenger cars as well.

Q: Where is the city called the "Bottom" which is located inside a volcano? ***Harry Kaplan, Providence, R. I.***

A: The "Bottom," officially named Leverock's Town, is on the island of Saba, part of the Dutch colony Curacao in the Dutch West Indies. The island, rising up from the sea for 2,900 feet, is the tip of a volcano; the town, with a population of about 600 whites and natives, is located within the crater. Access is gained by an 700-foot natural-stone stairway. Needless to say, the volcano is no longer active.

Q: What football team had the line known as "The Seven Blocks of Granite?" When did they play and who were they? ***George Stratmore, West Point, Neb.***

A: Fordham University actually had two sets of "Seven Blocks of Granite." One played in 1929-'30, the other in 1936 and '37. The latter was by far the better known, and its most famous member was Vince Lombardi. That line gave up only six touchdowns in 16 games through the two seasons, and was made up of John Druze and Leo Paquin at the ends, tackles Al Barbartsky and Ed Franco, and guards Lombardi and Nat Pierce, with Al Wojciechowicz at center.

Q: I've heard that the Library of Congress has a special collection devoted to comic books. Is this correct? If so, how far back does it date? ***Bill Butterfield, Napa, Cal.***

A: There is such a collection, made up of some 1,500 titles dating back to the middle 1930's. The Library of Congress notes that access to the collection is restricted to serious researchers and to copyright attorneys in connection with litigation.

Q: I always thought that bananas were cut while still green and allowed to ripen during their journey to market, but recently I heard that they're shipped under refrigeration and ripened artificially. Which is right? ***John Conwell, Rock Island, Ill.***

A: The modern method of handling bananas consists of harvesting them green, transporting them from their native tropics in refrigerated ships, and ripening them under controlled conditions of temperature and humidity.

Q: What is the peak month for births in the U.S.? What is the lowest month? Has there been any significant change in this respect in the last 25 years? ***R. A. Schmidt, Grand Rapids, Mich.***

A: There are more births in September than any other month. Since 1933, when data of this type first became available for the entire country, September has consistently held the top spot, but where earlier November and December were the lowest months, April and May now are.

Q: Were there any Negro fighter pilots in World War II? ***George Walker, Mt. Burg, Ark.***

A: There were quite a few. For example, the all-Negro 332d Fighter Group, flying from bases in Italy, amassed an excellent record during that conflict. In the period from August, 1944, to April, 1945, they flew 285 combat missions, downing 52 enemy planes and destroying another 148 on the ground. The leader of the 332d was Col. Benjamin O. Davis, who is now a Lieutenant General and Commander of the 13th Air Force headquarters at Clark Air Base in the Philippines.

Q: Other than during World War II, has the Navy ever drafted recruits the way the Army does? ***L. Biscaldi, Dumont, N. J.***

A: Yes, for brief periods in 1955, 1956 and 1965. The Department of the Navy says that at the present time it anticipates no need for using the draft.

Q. While Jacqueline Kennedy was First Lady, she began a program of returning furniture and paintings associated with the Presidency to the White House. Is this still being carried on? ***Mrs. Janice Johnston, Raymond, Wash.***

A. It is. In 1964 President Johnson signed an executive order establishing a Committee for the Preservation of the White House to carry on the work of the private Fine Arts Committee set up by Mrs. Kennedy.

Q: How did the number of home-accident deaths in 1967 compare with the total for the previous year? ***Bill Sprague, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: There were 28,500 deaths from accidents in the home last year, a drop of 1,000 from the 1966 total. The death rate for each 100,000 persons was 14.4 in 1967 —a record low.

Q: According to the Internal Revenue Service, persons with over $60,000 in gross assets are considered the "top wealthholders." How many are there in the United States, what is their average age, and who are in the majority, men or women? ***William Dark, Seattle, Wash.***

A: The latest study showed that 4.1 million Americans were in this category, and their average age was the mid-50's. Men outnumbered women by 2.5 million to 1.6 million, but the women averaged $196,000 in assets as compared to the men's $173,000.

Q: Is there an alcoholic drink called kumiss fermented from sweet milk? ***James L. Barber, Kansas City, Mo.***

A: Yes. For many centuries it has been a popular beverage among the tribes on the Asian steppes, where it is thought to have originated. In such primitive areas kumiss is the product of natural fermentation of unrefrigerated milk, but it is also produced under controlled sanitary conditions in a number of countries. Marco Polo, reporting on his travels among the nomads of northern Asia, described it best: "Their drink is mares' milk, prepared in such a way you would take it for a white wine, and a right good drink it is."

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Q: I've heard the term "apes of Gibraltar." Are there really anthropoids on the Rock of Gibraltar? If so what kind are they and how did they get there? ***Allan J. Longendyke, Kingston, N. Y.***

A: There certainly are apes on the Rock. They're the only species of wild monkeys in Europe and are called Barbary apes because they are native to that part of Africa known as the Barbary Coast. How they got to Gibraltar is not certain; one theory holds that Spain and Morocco were once linked by land, but a more likely one is that they were originally introduced there by Romans or Moors. The baboonlike apes are treated almost like sacred animals by the British soldiers on the Rock. "The British will leave when the apes do" is a saying among the Spanish, and several times apes have been imported secretly from Tangier when the colony's numbers have dwindled.

Q: Do cats ever shed their whiskers? ***Rence Franks, Portland, Ind.***

A: Yes. The average life of a cat's whisker is five to six years, so when an individual whisker is shed its loss is unlikely to be noticed.

Q: Which animal is considered the closest to man for experimental research purposes? ***William Gifford, Ames, Iowa.***

A: It depends largely on the condition being studied. Physiologically, the primates—chimpanzees and gorillas—are closest to man, of course, but high cost and uncertainty of supply prevent wide use of them. Pigs are particularly good for the study of arteries because theirs are large and easy to work with. For heart research sheep, dogs or calves are best, and for many neurological studies cats are the most satisfactory animals.

Q: An elderly relative once showed me a cane with odd-shaped markings that he said was made from a "diamond willow." Is there such a tree, and if so where does it grow? ***Ralph Prescott, Mt. Morris, Ill.***

A: The tree you're referring to is probably the species *Salix cordata,* which grows abundantly in the Missouri Valley region. In addition, at least five Alaskan species of willow also display a similar diamond pattern on the trunk.

Q: Since glass is made of materials that won't decompose when returned to the soil, is it possible that some day buildings will be constructed on foundations of "no-return" beer bottles? ***Bernard Eagan, Elizabeth, N. J.***

A: Not likely. While it's true that glass is made of silica and limestone—inorganic materials which are naturally present in soils and won't decompose when returned to it—glass bottles will certainly disintegrate. They would make a pretty shaky foundation.

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Q: Since porpoises are air-breathing mammals, how do they keep themselves from drowning while they are asleep? ***Bernard L. Meyer, Kalamazoo, Mich.***

A: Porpoises don't sleep in the sense that they lose consciousness for hours at a time. Their usual method of rest is to close their eyes and slow their swimming pace, coming up for air every three to five minutes.

Q: I've heard that if you drink strong liquor after eating clams, it will turn them into stone. Can this be true? ***Sally Fields, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: Diligent research by members of the TRUE editorial staff establishes that drinking strong liquor after eating clams produces a variety of distressing results—but so far, not so much as a pebble.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE welcomes any reasonable question, and will publish the most interesting questions and their answers in these columns. Address your inquiries to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-11, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

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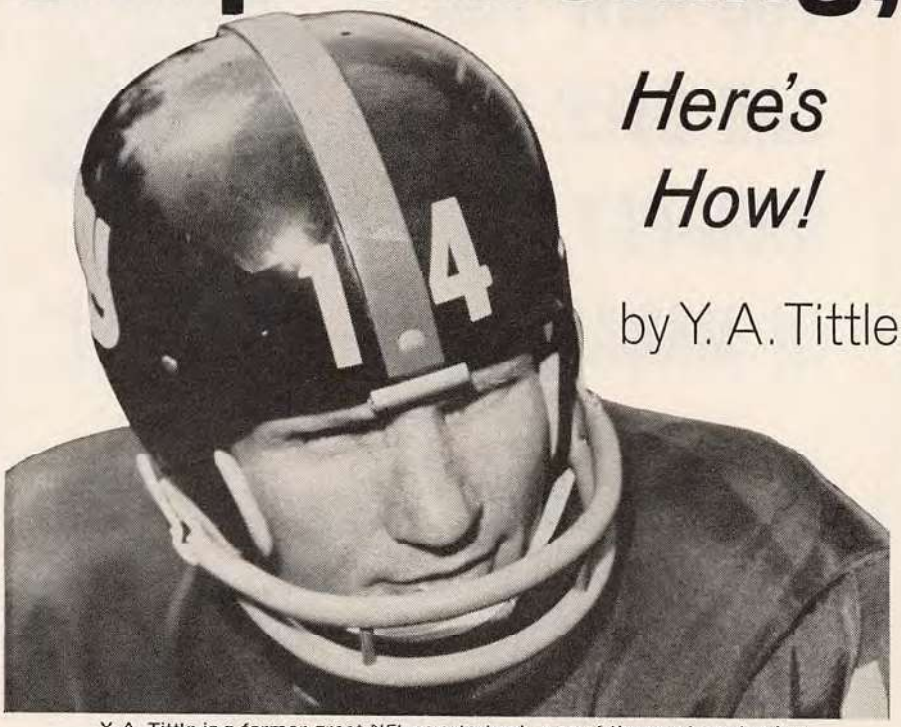
by Y. A. Tittle



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After my doctor advised me to stop smoking I made many starts—with no success. Just as I needed help on the football field, I found that desire, alone, wasn't enough to stop smoking. Then Bantron was recommended to me by a friend. Bantron did the job! I stopped smoking completely in 5 days and I'm proud to say I haven't smoked in well over a year.

It's like quarterbacking my team to a championship. It was a real accomplishment.

Maybe you have the desire to stop smoking but can't! If you want help in quitting, take Bantron.

I've learned that clinical evidence has established that Bantron is more than 80% effective in helping chronic chain smokers give up smoking completely. Extensive research work at a great American University has shown that 4 out of 5 patients who had a desire to stop smoking were able to do so within one week with the help of Bantron. Even those who didn't stop completely cut down drastically.

Bantron simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless, non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

Bantron is easy and pleasant to take; doesn't affect your taste for food or anything else. It really worked wonders for me. Even now, when I think of smoking, I just take Bantron instead. I recommend Bantron to everyone who wants to stop smoking quickly and easily. Try it. You'll be amazed with the results, just as I was. It really works!

Bantron is so safe when taken as directed that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. Government.

Bantron® BRAND Smoking Deterrent Tablets

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

[*Continued from page 93*]

$100,000 bonus check and a $75,000-per-year salary signed with the Oakland Raiders of the American Football League. The Rams' front office called him a rat fink and worse. Gabriel replied in kind.

"But then," said the six-foot four-inch Filipino-American, "Coach Allen was hired and invited me to talk with him. It was an amazing experience. Before then, I'd have bet a million I was going to Oakland."

In Allen's version of the encounter, he "merely reasoned with Gabriel," told him that he shouldn't give up hope for the field general's job so easily, that with a bit more patience he could become the superstar of a headlined team much more important than the struggling Raiders. "I've studied hours of film on you, Gabe," said Allen, "and I see unlimited ability. It only needs to be used. A quarterback becomes a team leader not because of his position behind center, but by his deeds. Once you start throwing for scores consistently, this team will follow you to hell and back. And I'll use you."

"What does that mean?" snorted Gabriel. "You mean I get to play when Munson is hurt?"

"No. From now on you're my first quarterback, the starter. And I won't be calling many plays myself. You'll be in charge." Allen extended his hand in pledge.

Gabriel mailed the hundred grand back to Oakland strictly on that promise. He went on to become one of the game's three leading passers. Munson was benched by Allen and later traded. "It was a huge gamble," says Dan Reeves, "because Gabriel is naturally shy and had the confidence of a 15-year-old. However, Allen gave him a whole new personality." The new Gabriel resembles Allen—he speaks softly to teammates, but with complete authority.

The authority is there because Gabe threw for 25 touchdowns last season, had the league's fewest interceptions and stood up under constant beatings without injury.

The swarthily handsome Gabriel says, bitterly, of his past, "I knew nothing about defenses until '66 because nobody bothered to work with me. Allen gave me a 'short list' of plays. He and his staff made sure I understood all the possible reactions to them. Then we expanded. It was a crash course, but Allen was very patient. I wound up with a football I.Q. years after I should have had one." Aside from his new-found intelligence, the 230-pound Gabriel is so big and powerful that where other passers flee from tacklers, he welcomes them. An elbow to the head or a stiff-arm, while he waits for a receiver to break loose, has become Gabriel's trademark. "Imagine," says Allen with a dreamy smile, "a quarterback who deals out punishment. I mean, he's a *mean* one."

Allen himself has never hurt anyone—at least in a big-time football game. He's the only pro coach today who didn't play major-college football. He was never the head coach of any but bush-league college teams until Reeves signed him.

Allen grew up near Detroit, where his

"She'd have a good chance to pull through—with a little encouragement from you."

father worked in an auto plant. An "A" student, he played high-school football as an end, but with a weight of 159 pounds when he reached the University of Michigan, he hadn't a chance for the varsity. Still, he hung around practice workouts, listened and learned, and became friendly with Fritz Crisler, the coach. He showed such intense enthusiasm that Crisler gave him charge of the school's 150-pound team in his senior year. The experience gained there helped him decide to make coaching his career. Its beginning, in 1948, was not sensational. "I had no credentials," Allen recalls, "so the best job I could get was at Morningside College, in Iowa. The pay was $3,900 a year." Broke, he got to Morningside by hitching a ride on a milk truck. "I had a $10 bicycle with me on the truck. When we got there, I rode the bike over to the ball park and the players thought it was some kind of a gag." After that he was known as "Bicycle George."

Eventually Allen acquired a red Ford convertible, which he continued to drive long after the top had rotted away. Married but still not moneyed, he tried a change, in 1951, with a move to Whittier College in southern California. There he was no whiz, winning 32 games, losing 22 and tieing five in six seasons, but at Whittier Allen found a use for his ability to charm people. The Rams' training camp was located near the college.

He made himself handy for Sid Gillman, then the L.A. coach, and in '57 Gillman hired him as an offensive end coach. It was a promising start to a pro career and it ended in disaster. "I lasted about a dozen games and was fired," says Allen, still shocked by the memory. "Fired! The players testified that I was competent and they protested. In fact, I'd written four books on the game—on scouting, drills, quarterbacking, and so on—which were well received. But the Rams were firing everybody those days."

Hooking on with the Chicago Bears as an assistant in 1958, he earned a reputation for all-around ability. He scouted and signed Gale Sayers when two other teams were sure they had landed Sayers, and his defensive planning was top-hole. The Bears thought so much of Allen that when they won the '63 NFL title, they gave him the game ball. Then came the day when a desperate Dan Reeves offered his Number One job to a man he'd fired from a lesser post in 1957. Bears' owner George Halas refused to release Allen from his contract. In a courtroom battle, Allen was branded a contract jumper and an ingrate, but he finally won his release. Pooped from the strain, he hurried west and went on his 16-hour-day schedule, hoping to make something of the Rams.

In the process he also made some enemies. Even today there are Los Angeles writers who don't warm up to the midwesterner. "He's a machine. He can talk of only one thing, football," some of them complain. "That's all Allen cares about in this world. He's pathetically narrow and boring." Others are put off by his dislike of interviews, the fact that he won't take a drink and the corny signs he hangs on his office walls ("One Hundred Percent Effort Isn't Enough." "An Easy Job Pays No Rewards"). Asked two years ago what he could do for the Rams, Allen got a laugh with, "Well, we'll start by giving them a soul."

In his book the alcohol the Rams drank wasn't good for the soul. Allen took care of that problem early in his regime by putting all the players in full-padded suits and scrimmaging them in 90-degree heat for three hours daily. Some of the men fainted, but none was shown mercy. To cool off, they were ordered to make 440-yard dashes—dozens of them—and to do enough calisthenics to frighten an acrobatic doctor. "If anyone wants out," Allen announced to his exhausted players, "the gate is right over there."

A locker-room musical ensemble, featuring Roosevelt Grier on the guitar, was disbanded by Allen as frivolous. Grier himself was called on the carpet. Guitarless, he weighed 307 pounds.

"Take off 10 pounds in a week, 20 pounds in two," said Allen. "From now on I want you rushing the passer much faster, from every angle."

"That's starvation!" cried Grier. "Can't make it no way."

"Then," replied Allen, mildly, "you'll pay $100 for every pound you come in over 287 on opening day." Grier, who had team influence, stared his boss in the eye challengingly and left the office a mountain of rebellion. On opening day he came in at 286. Others who didn't comply with Allen edicts paid. One lineman was fined the size of his weekly paycheck—and he didn't even have regular-squad status. Allen's discipline reached into every corner.

Since then, the barkeepers from Malibu Beach to the Sunset Strip have missed their old Ram pals. The days of whoopee are over. Curfew on the road is a strict 11 p.m., and the fine for drinking anywhere is $500 and up. "The way we look at it," offered one formerly fun-loving squadman, "is that both Dallas and Atlanta have accused Allen of using spies to watch their practice and steal secrets. He's supposed to know more about spying than anybody around. Suppose that's true? How can any of us be sure when we go into a bar that the joker pouring the drinks isn't a secret agent for the coach?"

One way or another, G. H. Allen, ex-bicycle pedaler, gets the job done. There are people, however, who believe he'll burn himself out from overwork before he's 50. He takes time off from football so seldom that his wife Etty says she sees him less often than she sees her dentist. Mrs. Allen, a linguist, speaks French, Italian, Spanish and Arabic. "But not to George," she says. "With him I use the U.S. mail or Morse telegraph."

Allen sums up his aims and hopes this way: "Working out a defense that'll stop a Unitas or Starr is to me the biggest thrill there is. It gets better when you're allowed to build a team that's peculiarly your own. When the 'old' Rams win the championship, the satisfaction I'll get can't be expressed." Just last May, Allen took some stomach pills, got on the phone and furthered his ideas for building a team peculiarly his by making a deal in which he gave up a valuable first-round draft choice and one of his better young athletes to Detroit. In return he received a lame flankerback who spent half of last year in hospitals or on the bench; an aging halfback of 30-odd years who has a similar history; and a second-string, 33-year-old quarterback who hasn't looked good since 1964 but who will have to take over if anything happens to Roman Gabriel. A sad lot, by most coaches' standards.

But when Pat Studstill, Tommy Watkins and Milt Plum reached Los Angeles, the first person they met had his hand outstretched and there wasn't a hint of doubt in his voice. "Boys," said George "Killer" Allen warmly and positively, "you are about to experience the best years of your lives." Twenty-to-one are the odds that—somehow—he's right.

—Al Stump

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KREMLIN'S STUPIDEST SPY

[*Continued from page* 49]

Should be inside or outside? Place seems right. Time wrong? Please check!"

Colonel Abel found it increasingly difficult to adjust to his meatball comrade. Although he never discussed this problem directly with his lawyer, other than to show plainly his contempt for Hayhanen, Donovan got the impression that Abel tried to ease his anxiety by rationalizing Reino's bumbling. In Donovan's words, "Abel refused at first to believe the KGB would send him such a *dummkopf*—without good reason. So he convinced himself it was all an ingenious plot. Clucky Hayhanen was meant to be discovered. Under FBI persuasion, he would then agree to become a double agent, but all the while work loyally for the Soviet Union *inside* the American operation."

Three nervous years slipped by for Colonel Abel. Then in spring of 1955, he hit upon a plan to get Hayhanen out of New York on a permanent basis. He would send him across the Hudson River into Newark, New Jersey, to open a photography shop so that the spy apparatus would have a convenient place for microdot and photocopy work.

This time, Hayhanen came up a winner. He found Newark right away. He even found a store with an apartment above, into which Hanna moved. He did not, however, open the photo shop. He was too busy with a newly acquired hobby—heavy drinking.

Perhaps Reino began drinking to relieve the frustrations of following a career he didn't like. Perhaps he began beating Hanna as a kind of stand-in for his contemptuous boss. Not infrequently, he waded into her so handily that her yells brought the cops.

"Some nights the screams coming from their place were terrible," a neighbor said to Donovan's investigator. "We were always calling the cops and like I told the boys around here, if I had something that looked like his missus I sure wouldn't slap her around. You know what I mean?"

Curiously, the 6th Precinct police blotter in Newark shows several "family disturbance" calls made to the Hayhanen address, but nothing more. Neighbors said Reino always refused to open the door to the cops. The noise would die and that would be the end of it. Of course, the Newark police had no reason to suspect a Soviet KGB agent was on the other side of the door. Still, for big-city cops they seem to have been easily discouraged.

To support his taste for vodka, Reino needed more cash than the spy business was paying him. Consequently he was standing with his hand on the doorknob when opportunity knocked. One cold winter's night Abel took him on a drive along the west shore of the Hudson up to Bear Mountain State Park. There Reino helped dig two shallow holes in which Abel buried $5,000. The colonel, not really in a position to trust banks that closed nights and weekends, was merely putting something aside for a sudden storm.

"I'm all yours, smooth talker."

Reino did not quite dare dig it up right away. But later the colonel ordered him to retrieve the buried cash and turn it over to the wife of a convicted American traitor. Moscow thought well enough of her husband's past services to keep her on the payroll.

Hayhanen had other ideas. He dug up the five grand and spent it on vodka and on a new house, a car, a refrigerator and everything that goes into comfortable capitalistic living. When Abel questioned him, he said evenly, "Yes, I gave the lady the moneys. I told her to spend them carefully."

Hayhanen also kept stalling Abel on the photo shop. "Next week," he said. "I open next week for sure." Month after month went by, and he never did open it.

The colonel took to hectoring him constantly about one thing or another. Abel complained about Reino's English, pointing out that his accent was terrible. He told Reino to spend more time mixing with Americans. He badgered him because he hadn't yet mastered the Morse code.

Finally Abel ran out of patience. He became convinced that someone in the Kremlin had made a horrible mistake. Hayhanen was a burden he no longer could endure. Ordering his assistant home to Russia for a "rest," he suggested Hayhanen leave at once.

But Reino wasn't *that* stupid. He knew that his record of bungling and discovery of the theft of the $5,000 would send him to a Siberian work camp. Still, he was a soldier and an order was an order. So, after months of heel dragging, he sailed for Le Havre aboard the French liner *Liberté*. In Paris a Soviet courier met him, and over cognac and coffee they planned how Hayhanen would make his way to West Berlin and disappear east.

Alone in his hotel room that night, Reino changed his mind. He decided to lay aside his life as a spook and come in out of the cold. In the morning he took a taxi to the American Embassy where he announced that he had a secret to tell the resident CIA man.

Two months later, on June 21, 1957, the FBI broke into room 839 of a third-rate hotel in New York to find Col. Rudolf Abel lying naked on top of his bed. His false teeth were resting in the soap dish in the bathroom. It was not one of the colonel's finer hours, and it was made even more galling for him because he learned that his co-spy Hayhanen was responsible.

In the colonel's art studio in Brooklyn, the federal agents found a shortwave radio, excellent blowups of the nearby Navy Yard, hollowed-out coins, pencils and screws, microfilm, maps of major U.S. cities and letters from Abel's family in Russia.

Hayhanen became the government's principal witness at Abel's trial. In his broken English, he testified that he and the colonel skulked around "after some military or atomic secrets."

Donovan, for the defense, attacked Hayhanen through ridicule. He told the jury: "Why, that bum wouldn't have made private first-class stripes in the American Army."

Reino Hayhanen *was* a perfectly absurd spy. He drank too much; he wasn't at all turned on by his lovely, long-legged spy wife and he stole from his own people. Then he committed the gravest of all espionage sins: he talked. With his big mouth, he double-crossed the KGB.

There is a pathetic epilogue to the Hayhanen story. On February 10, 1962, Donovan arranged a trade with the Soviets of Rudolf Abel for Francis Gary Powers, the American U-2 pilot. Colonel Abel is now reportedly heading up the KGB's American Section.

But Hayhanen is dead. Four years after his testimony convicted Abel of espionage, he was killed in an auto accident along the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Details of the accident have never been made public.

An inquirer is led to believe that Reino, still a heavy drinker, passed out at the wheel and crashed. But it seems mysterious and you can't help wondering, and that's the way it is with good spy stories. . . .

Was it suicide? Did the CIA play a role? Did the KGB catch up with their defector? Or perhaps it was, after all, simply a drunken accident.

—Bard Lindeman

[*Continued from page* 45]

The fact was, as we soon discovered, that Laura was an alcoholic. Vodka and orange juice were the usual thing for breakfast. Lunch demanded at least one cocktail. Afternoons were unendurable without something to drink—usually Irish coffee, or her own blend of tea, honey and bourbon. When Jim arrived home for dinner, the two of them would occasionally have a drink together. If not, she had one alone. Whenever Jim was out during the evening—which was almost every evening—she drank vodka and anything that happened to be in the house. For all that, Laura was seldom drunk. She kept her inebriation at the level of a simple, modulated good humor which enabled her to ignore both the housework and the children with impunity.

Jim and Laura fought more about her drinking habits than anything else. Theirs were loud, fierce, wide-ranging, all encompassing quarrels, which sometimes took them well into the small hours of the night and left them exhausted the following morning. Periodically they would escalate into near brawls with Laura throwing the kitchen crockery at Jim, and Jim responding by hurling insults back at Laura. After a particularly venomous session, Jim would break out a bottle himself "just to show her what it's like to live with a drunk," as he once told me.

It didn't help, and Jim grew more and more concerned about Laura. He urged her to see a psychologist, but she refused, saying that it was he who needed psychological help. If he could only find time for his family—spending an occasional evening at home instead of at the church—she would give up alcohol.

Jim would counter by accusing Laura of regarding his professional activities as competitive with his private life. If Laura were to stop drinking, he would say again and again, there would be some reason for coming home at night. As it was, who wanted to stay home with a woman who was too intoxicated even to make love?

The day Jim dropped by my office to talk he had just returned from lunch with an attractive parishioner. Ann was in her late 20's, filing for a divorce, and interested in teaching a Sunday-school class. Jim had taken her to a German restaurant where the two of them had discussed the eighth-grade curriculum. It was, he told me, as good a way to begin an affair as any—that is, *if* he decided to go ahead and have one.

Ann, he said, had been married for eight years to an attorney whom she had met while still in college. George was in his last year of law school at the time and she was a graduating senior. The two of them were married in June. The marriage was a low-keyed, listless affair. George spent most of his time with his law practice, or in looking up law-school cronies for a night on the town. His relationship with the children was that of a year-round Santa Claus. In his view, it was up to Ann to punish the children; he would provide the rewards.

Their sex life was terrible. George would go to Ann's bed (they slept in twins), prepare her according to the recommendations of any of half-a-dozen marriage manuals, but for no longer than four or five minutes, and then go on to have intercourse. It was rare that the whole experience lasted more than 10 minutes.

Sometime after their second year of marriage, Ann became apprehensive about the fact that she had not become pregnant. After several tearful sessions, George agreed that both of them should seek medical advice. George's sperm count, it turned out, was unusually low, and their physician recommended artificial insemination with George as the donor. Ann was disgusted with the masturbatory procedures which George insisted she join in, in order to provide the necessary semen, but she did her part. In time they were rewarded with the birth of a girl.

No other children were forthcoming, and the marriage became increasingly devoid of meaning for Ann. George stayed out later and later, pleading the pressure of work, while she stayed home with the baby. The thought that George might be having an affair crossed her mind several times, but she dismissed it until he came home late one night and drunkenly confessed all. He had become involved with a secretary at the office, he said, and wanted a divorce. Ann was first horrified, then hurt and embittered. After a series of arguments she agreed to a separation.

The separation solved nothing. George grew tired of the secretary and returned to Ann, begging her to accept him back. She agreed and the two of them made a new start. After several more attempts at artificial insemination, they succeeded and a second child was born, this one a boy.

For a while the marriage seemed to have been repaired, but then George's hours began growing later and later. This time Ann asked the appropriate question. George admitted that he was involved with another woman, but protested that he had no intention of giving up his marriage for the other girl. The relationship, he insisted, was entirely platonic, having to do with a long-standing interest he had in horse racing. Ann loathed the sport and from the first day of their marriage had refused to accompany George to the racetrack. As a result he had gone alone—or so she thought.

The idea of George having a platonic relationship with another woman made Ann far more angry than any sexual relationship could have, and she sued for divorce. George decided to contest it, but her evidence, which had been developed by a private detective, was decisive. Adultery on George's part was established. The divorce was granted, together with a large financial settlement.

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Jim learned most of this long after his first luncheon date, of course. At the time he dropped by to talk he was primarily impressed with the sort of person Ann seemed to be—a moderately tall, statuesque girl with a fashion model type of figure, high cheekbones, penetrating eyes, a girl who looked as much like a perennial graduate student or a laboratory technician as she did a housewife. She was charmingly naïve in her approach to most of life, yet knowledgeable. Moreover, one drink, she had told him, was generally her limit.

Jim and Ann began to see a good deal of each other, sometimes at Jim's office, sometimes for lunch and occasionally just to drive and talk. Periodically he would make a "ministerial call" during which they would talk philosophy and literature while he sipped Scotch and she drank crème de menthe. There were times when Ann felt like calling up George and inviting him back, no matter what the consequences, but a talk with Jim never failed to dissuade her.

Ann found that having the full responsibility for the children during the week—George took them on weekends—was wearing her down. One day Jim suggested that he take her children along with his own to a nearby amusement park, giving both Ann and Laura a rest. It was a splendid day for the children, and his thoughtfulness endeared him to Ann, if not to Laura, who was drunk when he got home.

It was at about that time that Jim suggested to Laura that the two of them have Ann over for dinner. She was, he pointed out, a rather lonely person, and it might do her good to be included in their family life. Besides, they shared the same interests in poetry and an evening together might provide an opportunity for reading some of the young American poets whom Jim found so interesting.

Laura agreed and before long Ann was a regular visitor at the Robertses'—so regular, in fact, that she and Laura became good friends.

It was at about this time that Jim told me of some of the emotional conflicts he was experiencing. He had all but decided to have an affair with Ann, and had been steadily escalating their relationship in that direction. One evening they met at a neighborhood cocktail lounge for a drink after a teachers' meeting at the church. Both of them had a Martini, and then another. Before long Ann was inebriated.

She apologized for her condition and explained that she had skipped dinner that evening in order to get to the meeting on time.

Jim offered to take her the rest of the way home. Once in the car, they sat and talked. Ann put her head on Jim's shoulder and he soon found himself stroking her breasts. He kissed her and she responded. He had had enough to drink to forget about being either a minister or married but since the hour was late, he broke it off and took Ann home. On the way to the door she became ill. It was, he said, a terrible mess.

For two weeks Jim remained angry with Ann and saw nothing of her. Spring was in full bloom by this time. One afternoon Jim called Ann and suggested that she get a baby-sitter and accompany him to a wildlife refuge where the two of them could read poetry together and he could work on a sermon. Not much poetry was read. The sermon was never touched. Instead the two of them walked through the woods and found a lonely area well removed from the marks of civilization. Kisses led to affectionate caresses and caresses led to the fondling of genitals. Before either of them knew exactly what was happening, Ann's stretch pants were hanging over the branch of a tree.

It was farther than they had intended to go with each other, and the experience frightened them so much that they dressed immediately and headed back to town. On the way home, they discussed the need to keep it all a private matter between the two of them. Ann was particularly distressed lest Laura find out what had happened. She liked Laura and found the idea that her relationship with Jim might become known to Laura horrifying. They made a pact to avoid anything so intimate in the future unless they had talked it over fully in advance and had taken precautions to avoid pregnancy.

Later Jim confided to me that the experience left him feeling better about himself than he had felt for years. "The greatest thing about it," he said, "was that I realized that this girl was turned on for the first time in her life. Really turned on. And I had done it!"

Jim soon made a dinner date with Ann, but there was no pretense of talking about Sunday-school business on this occasion. After dinner, the two of them ended up in the back seat of the Robertses' car on a deserted road. "It was superb," he told me the following day. "It was all so natural, so right, so complete somehow. She needed it, and so did I. We're in love, and it's marvelous."

I asked Jim how he thought it would affect Laura if she were to find out what had happened. "She's not going to," he told me. "I'll see to that."

"You know," he went on, "I have a feeling that this is going to improve things between Laura and myself. I mean, when I got home last night she was still up. We took a shower together and went to bed and had a great screw. Really marvelous!"

From that time on Jim and Ann began seeing a great deal of each other. Their sex life was varied and imaginative. Sometimes they found refuge with each other in the wildlife sanctuary, sometimes at Ann's home, occasionally at an apartment belonging to a girl friend of Ann's and on rare occasions, when the hour was very late, in the church office.

Over the weeks and months it became increasingly clear that Jim's relationship with Ann had indeed done wonders for his feelings about Laura. He found fewer reasons for arguing with her, made love to her more often than before, and did his best to be helpful around the house in ways which would never have occurred to him before the beginning of the affair.

Outwardly only two things troubled Jim. He disliked the duplicity necessary to the safe conduct of the affair. Neither his marriage nor his professional standing could take the gaff of its disclosure. And he was troubled by the fact that Ann had let an inference drop in an unguarded moment. He feared that she was getting too serious about him, that she might in her heart of hearts even be thinking about a more permanent relationship.

I had the feeling that underneath the surface a good deal more than this was bothering Jim, however. He spoke of the unfortunate fact that an affair of the sort he was having prevented him from being seen in public with Ann, at least anywhere near his home. But as he spoke I noted a quality in his voice which made me wonder if there weren't something far deeper than he knew to his disappointment. I noticed too that he had developed a slight body tremor, something that came and went in his hands as he spoke, or as he lifted a water tumbler to his lips.

I didn't see Jim for almost a month. All he told me at the end of that time was that he had made up his mind about a question he hadn't planned to ask—whether his marriage was worth continuing. He had decided, he said, to stick it out with Laura indefinitely, but he also intended to keep the affair going with Ann as long as she was willing. And there was, he said, no sign that she was losing interest.

When I stopped by Jim's office one day toward the middle of January, he told me that he had changed his mind about Ann. He had had a dream a few nights before, he said, and its meaning was all too clear to him. He was back in his boyhood home in the dream, but with Ann and her two children. His parents were there. They asked about Laura, but he avoided their question, feeling resentful of the fact that they were ignoring Ann, who was standing by his side. Then with a feeling of overwhelming apprehension and dread, he introduced her to them. Before they could react, he awakened.

Jim was certain that his dream meant that he had unconsciously chosen Ann over Laura as a wife and that unless he broke off the affair the dream would somehow be realized in life. That was a possibility which he still wanted desperately to avoid.

Jim avoided seeing Ann for the next two weeks. When they did get together, it was to tell her that he had told Laura about the affair. By this time, Laura was receiving psychiatric treatment.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Laura asked Jim whether he had ever had a sexual relationship with another woman.

"Why do you want to know?" Jim asked.

"I don't know why," said Laura. "I just feel that I'm ready to know now, and that I want to know. I want to know all about you and to learn to accept whatever there is between us."

Besides, she went on to explain, her psychologist had suggested that it was time that she began to trust her inquisitive feelings about other people, to open up a little.

Jim told Laura that he would answer her question, but only if she agreed not to pry into particulars. She agreed, but over the next 24 hours the particulars gradually emerged.

Laura *had* to know, and Jim, having said as much as he had, was incapable of keeping the rest to himself.

Ann was disturbed and angered by the news of what Jim had done. She and Jim talked together at lunch, and even discussed a possible future rendezvous together. But it didn't work. No matter what they said, there was the specter of Laura. From now on, she would know or would be capable of guessing what was happening.

The next Sunday in church was the roughest hour that Jim had ever spent. Ann wasn't teaching that Sunday, and sat on one side of the sanctuary. Laura was on the other. On the way out they glared at each other, but said nothing.

That evening a choir concert was held at the church, and again Ann was present on one side of the auditorium, Laura on the other. This time Jim sat with Laura, and spoke cordially to Ann on the way out. Ann's response was frosted with ice. Laura turned away and began talking with some new members in an obvious, and successful, attempt to avoid speaking to Ann.

Jim was panic-stricken. On the way home he suggested to Laura that they stop somewhere for a cup of coffee. Laura ignored the suggestion, and countered with an offer to get out of the car so that Jim could "go live with his damned mistress." Jim protested that that wasn't what he wanted, that things were over with Ann and himself. Laura didn't believe him, and declared that she would carry hatred in her heart for Ann as long as she lived.

Jim countered by saying that things were truly over between himself and Ann, but admitted that he still loved her. The thing that troubled him most, he said, was not the breaking off of his sexual relationship with Ann, but the termination of a significant friendship for Laura and himself. They argued for some time, until Jim came up with what he later told me was the wildest idea he had ever had. He suggested to Laura that they call Ann and invite her to have a cup of coffee with them at a restaurant. Laura agreed. Jim stopped the car, went to a nearby telephone booth, and made the call.

Ann was at first reluctant to have anything to do with Jim's proposal, but then agreed to the meeting. The conversation was as stiff as old leather, but gradually loosened up. Although the affair was never alluded to, the three of them managed to reestablish a modicum of rapport, and Laura and Ann parted with an air of friendliness which surprised even Jim. It was as though there had been some sort of subliminal communication going on which succeeded in establishing the fact that Jim was henceforth to be Laura's husband and Ann's friend—nothing more.

The next several months were perhaps the best of the Robertses' marriage. We saw them frequently and were more impressed each time by the unity of purpose they seemed to have achieved. They were clearly in love with each other again, and spent evening after evening catching up on the things they had neglected to do with each other for the past several years.

We heard an astonishing amount from both of the Robertses over the next several months about the "benefits" that an affair can confer on a marriage. Everything they said seemed true. There was little doubt that their household was changed, that it was a far happier place than it had been before.

The day came when Ann announced that she planned to be married to a man she had met just before she and Jim broke off their affair. I don't think that I have ever seen a more miserable-looking human being than Jim was the day he told me about it.

LINDA AND BURT

A few nights later Jim's church held its spring dinner dance at a nearby country club. Jim had been under considerable pressure on the job for the past several weeks. Pledge payments

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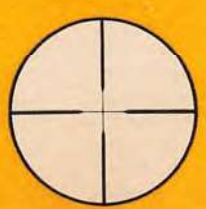

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hadn't been coming in well, the church was behind on its mortgage payments, and there were rumors that a faction in the congregation was going to ask for his resignation.

The speechmaking was over early that evening. Jim soon found himself dancing with one of his prettiest parishioners, a girl named Linda, the 26-year-old wife of a local prosecuting attorney.

Jim called me one morning soon after. "I had the most unbelievable experience the other night," he said. "You know the dinner dance we were having? Well, I found myself dancing with this unbelievably beautiful girl, and she spent the whole time talking to me about getting to know each other *much* better."

"Are you going to?" I asked.

"Sure, if she means it," he said, "and I think she does. She gave me their unlisted telephone number, and mentioned that her husband will be out of town for three days beginning next Thursday."

Jim and I talked for a long time, mostly about his feelings that it would be immoral to have a sexual relationship with a woman he hadn't really gotten to know, about his doubts about going to bed with a married woman, and about the anxieties he felt over her husband, who, he reported, was six-feet-four and well over 200 pounds.

The next day we got together for lunch and spent more than an hour discussing the moral dimension of what he was thinking of doing. By that time, he could see no possible harm in it. Linda was obviously unhappily married. She had said so. Her husband would be away and none the wiser. The affair would be episodic—one or two encounters and that would be the end of it. Why pass up such an opportunity?

Apart from a few routine professional matters, I heard no more from Jim for a month or longer. Late one afternoon he called to say that he wanted to talk to me immediately. I met him at his office and for the next two hours he poured out the details of what had happened. I broke into the narrative occasionally to get him to clarify a point, or to ask him to explain his motivations, some of which were fairly obscure.

He had managed to get fairly well acquainted with Linda by calling her from his office while her husband was at work. He had confirmed the fact that her marriage was indeed a dismal affair. Burt had little interest in anything other than his job and watching television. Linda claimed that the love they had known during the early years of their marriage had become a bitter reproach to them both. All that held them together were their two boys and Burt was only slightly interested in them—or so Linda claimed.

On the night that Burt left town Jim told Laura that he had a special meeting to attend and that he would be home late. He met Linda at a bowling alley and together they drove a considerable distance to a deserted beach. Linda was dressed in hip-hugger pants with a short top. Her figure, Jim said, was what you would expect for a beauty queen.

The two of them didn't waste time talking. Linda kissed Jim the moment she got into the car at the bowling alley, and sat cuddled up next to him on the drive to the beach. Once there, they necked and petted. Within half an hour Jim suggested that they find a motel room. Linda was reluctant but agreeable.

The bedroom scene was almost traumatic. Everything began beautifully, Jim reported, but ended in a shambles. "Linda had absolutely the most marvelous body I've even seen," he said, "but when I got into her there was nothing there."

Intercourse lasted 15 or 20 minutes at most. Linda was wildly passionate, but the more passion she showed, the less Jim felt. Finally, he admitted temporary defeat and suggested that he pick up some drinks at the bar, bringing them to the room so that they could relax and try it again. All the while he kept thinking of Laura, and of Ann.

He returned with the drinks, but Dutch courage was no match for his impotence.

He took Linda home and they made a date for the following evening. This time they chose a motel closer to home with the idea that a full evening of sex would be more relaxed, and therefore more successful. In passion, the two of them alternated. Jim would warm to the prospects of enjoying Linda's body and begin intercourse with her, only to fail when she began to show real passion. Then her feelings would ebb away. When it was clear that she was no longer aroused, Jim would be ready again.

And so it went. They tried it in bed, on the carpet, standing before the full-length closet mirrors, in the shower, and in the hallway. Neither position nor precoital technique seemed to liberate them from their spiraling loss of erotic sensation. The more they tried, the worse it was.

Jim went home to Laura in emotional tatters and proceeded to get high, as did Laura. When they made love that night, they found themselves enjoying each other with a kind of rare frenzy.

Jim told Laura about Linda the following morning—not about their sexual relationship, but about the kind of girl she was, and about his belief that she was interested in having a sexual relationship with him.

Laura was incensed, but Jim made it clear that he had something in mind for the three of them—a pot party, culminating in an evening, or a night, in bed with Linda. A three-way relationship could be arranged. He was confident of it. Was she interested?

Laura didn't care for the idea at first, but the more she thought about it the more it seemed to her to be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Why not? It was certainly better than having Jim getting involved in another affair. Ever since she had read a passage in Henry Miller's *Sexus* describing a *ménage-à-trois* she had been vaguely interested in knowing personally what such an experience would be like. Linda had seen the same account and had told Jim during one of their telephone conversations how aroused she had become by reading it.

Burt was to be out of town for three days again the following week. Linda and Jim agreed that it would be a perfect opportunity to have another try at lovemaking, with Laura included this time. Jim and Laura found a baby-sitter who was willing to spend the night and arrived at Linda's just after Burt pulled out of the driveway. It was early in the evening, so they listened to some records, smoked some marijuana and talked. Sometime around midnight the three of them went to bed together.

Linda and Burt had a king-sized bed in an elaborately furnished bedroom. Linda left a small light burning while the three of them made love. This time there were no problems with impotence. Jim reported that it was the most ecstatic night of his life, "a mystical experience which rivaled those reported by the early Christian saints."

"I never knew before that evening," said Jim, "how close the ecstasies of sex can be to those claimed for religion. It was marvelous."

The two girls showed only a passing interest in each other and Jim managed to divide his attention almost equally between them.

"I came twice with Linda," he said, "but only once with Laura. That made Laura sore at me, the one low point in the whole night of it."

Apparently, Laura was more than simply "sore." She was angry enough to have said something fierce to Linda.

Jim was upset by the incident and telephoned Linda the next afternoon—everyone had slept in during the morning—to find out what it was all about. Linda didn't want to talk about it by telephone, but was open to the possibility of their getting together that evening. Laura didn't like the idea, but Jim managed to persuade her that it was his "Christian responsibility" to talk through with Linda whatever was bothering her. They had, after all, been responsible for Linda's involvement in the happenings of the night before. He offered to take Laura along, but there was no baby-sitter available on such short notice. After promising to have nothing to do with Linda sexually, he left for her home.

When Jim arrived Linda told him that she had a baby-sitter arranged for and suggested that they return to the same beach where the affair had begun the week before. Jim never learned what was bothering Linda, but despite the chill of a late spring evening, he did find out what it was like to have intercourse on a deserted section of a lonely beach. This time it was Linda's turn to have a mystical experience.

"She just kept coming," Jim told me. "Again and again. And crying. I thought she'd never stop crying. I guess it was a really far out experience for her. And she wasn't even high on anything."

Jim failed to achieve an orgasm, but was not disheartened. "I felt as though I was making real progress," he told me. "Like maybe I was a man after all."

On the way home, Linda suggested that it might be fun to include Burt in on a foursome some evening. He wasn't, she said, such a bad guy after all, fairly flexible, and a good deal of fun once you got to know him.

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Jim was surprised by the suggestion, but agreed to talk it over with Laura. Laura didn't like the idea. She had never met Burt, and couldn't imagine having sexual relations with a man she didn't know.

Jim launched a veritable campaign of persuasion. He pointed out that the chief shortcoming of a *ménage-à-trois*—the need for the man to divide his attention between two women—would be avoided in a *ménage-à-quatre*. He played on Laura's curiosity. He spoke of the potential which the experience held for creating deep and empathic bonds of interpersonal concern.

If there is nothing wrong with sex as such, he argued, why should there be anything wrong with a sexual relationship between friends—or even potential friends? It would be a fantastic way for creating a kind of instant intimacy, of making it possible for all four of them to let down the barriers and be themselves. What was there to be afraid of in complete openness? If the quality was a valid, desirable element in human relationships, something worth cultivating, why not *begin* a friendship on that level?

They could, moreover, count on Linda's and Burt's desire to keep the matter private. Doing so was as critical to Burt's profession as to his own. So what was there to prevent it? Only the social prejudice which said that friendship should be limited to trivialities, that the meaningful things in life should be avoided. Why not drop all the barriers at once and really get to know these people? It could prove to be a deep and long-lasting relationship, something that would endure because neither couple had spared themselves, had attempted to hide their nakedness from the other. Certainly such arrangement made a lot more sense than an extramarital affair in which the spouse was always left out. And they knew from experience, didn't they, that an affair could have a salutary effect on a marriage? Here was an opportunity to have all the benefits of an affair without the hang-ups!

Laura agreed to ask Linda and Burt over for cocktails. Before the last glass had been emptied the matter had been decided. Burt and Linda would reciprocate with the understanding that the main attraction of the evening was to be sex.

Burt greeted the Robertses at the door with a pitcher of Martinis. He had already had three, he said, and invited them to catch up. Jim had three, Linda several, and Laura nursed one throughout the entire evening. The two couples split up at about 11 o'clock. Jim and Linda went to one end of the house to talk with each other. Burt and Laura headed for the bedroom.

After a little, Burt came out, dressed in a housecoat, and suggested that Jim and Linda join them. He was obviously tipsy. When Jim and Linda came into the bedroom, they were both undressed. It appeared to Jim as though Burt was having intercourse with Laura, so he and Linda took the other side of the bed.

When Linda began to perform fellatio on Jim, Burt sat up looking stunned and accused Linda of doing something with Jim which she had always told him had been reserved for him alone. She was, he roared, playing a prostitute.

Linda countered by accusing Burt of being a latent homosexual. With that, Burt got out of bed, put on his pants and shirt, and staggered angrily out of the house. In less than a minute, they heard the screeching of rubber as Burt launched himself down the street in his Corvette.

Linda, Laura, and Jim engaged in desultory lovemaking, interspersed with sleep, for the rest of the night.

At daybreak, Laura decided to go for a walk. When she returned, Jim was having intercourse with Linda, and both were near the point of orgasm. Her entrance into the room brought things to a precipitous end.

Linda and Laura had started to fix breakfast when the telephone rang. It was Burt. "If you don't have those people out of the house in half an hour, I'll come home and kill them both," he told Linda.

She communicated the message, and got Laura and Jim safely on their way.

When Burt arrived home his fury turned into an inquisitorial rage. When he insisted on knowing how much had gone on between Linda and Jim prior to their evening of spouse trading, Linda tried to conceal the facts. But Burt dragged them out one by one. Later, Linda discovered that her best girl friend—to whom she had told everything—was Burt's girl

friend too. Burt had been informed of Linda's actions as soon as she had confided them to her friend.

It was the first few days of Jim's vacation. He and Linda were on the telephone with each other whenever Burt was out of the house. When they weren't talking with each other, Jim was talking with Laura. And when Jim and Laura weren't talking, Jim was almost sure to be at the office for a secret rendezvous with Linda. The two of them were utterly caught up in the sensuality of their experiences. The memory of the recent past dominated every moment, every thought, every action.

Jim somehow managed to tell Laura what had happened with Linda prior to their *ménage-à-trois*, pouring out for the first time his agony over the impotence of his first two encounters with Linda. Laura was at first hurt, but then turned to Jim's wounded ego, attempting to mother him back into some semblance of self-respect. If only, Jim kept saying, he could have just one full, complete experience with Linda, a sexual encounter in which he achieved an orgasm without having to worry about Laura's feelings, without having to concern himself about whether or not she would be hurt, without having to concern himself about Burt, or any of a dozen other factors.

Laura didn't want Jim to see Linda alone, but she was willing to try another evening with the three of them. It might help to solve Jim's problems, she reasoned and in addition, she acknowledged that she herself had become sexually attracted to Linda. They decided to invite Linda over for dinner the next time that Burt was out of town and do what they could to seduce her.

When the evening arrived, Jim went out and bought a tube of vaginal foam, Linda's choice for a contraceptive. Laura prepared to serve a steak dinner, complete with wine and candlelight. Jim picked Linda up at her house just after Burt had left for the airport.

Dinner went well, as did the conversation afterward. When Jim proposed that the three of them retire to the bedroom, Linda declined, and continued sipping her drink. After another hour of conversation Jim again proposed a *ménage-à-trois*. Linda was far from sober, but still the answer was no.

The three of them sat together on the Robertses' couch, Linda on one side of Jim, Laura on the other. The talk waned and Jim unbuttoned Linda's blouse, unhooked her bra, and began playing with her breasts. Linda protested mildly, but made no move to stop him. Jim removed Linda's shorts and panties, throwing them to the opposite end of the couch. Linda again protested, but offered little resistance. When Jim attempted to get Linda to go to the bedroom with him she refused. For half an hour the three of them talked and argued about sex. Linda asked for her shorts, Jim and Laura refused, and Linda lost her temper. She grabbed for her shorts, but Jim beat her to them and ran to the bathroom, hiding them in the clothes hamper. Linda arrived a moment later. Jim locked the bathroom door and took Linda then and there, leaning against the door. Laura tried the doorknob. Finding it locked, she left in disgust.

Laura was feeling desperately angry and drove straight to our house with the idea of talking it all through. We weren't home, and by the time she returned to her house, she was overwhelmingly depressed. She went to the liquor cabinet, poured herself a drink, took some sleeping pills, and announced to Jim and Linda, who by then were in the living room, that she was going to bed.

Jim took Linda home, talked with her for a few minutes in the kitchen, propositioned her, and ended up on the living-room couch. Again, his erection was short-lived. Linda successfully applied oral resuscitation to his failing member. Filled with what he later described as "a boundless anger," Jim plunged ahead in coitus to a simultaneous orgasm with her.

By the time Jim got home Laura was asleep. Jim awakened her and reported with joy and tears that for the first time in weeks he felt free of what had been an unquenchable need to be with Linda. He was going to break off the relationship with her.

The next morning Jim called Linda and made a date for lunch. They said their good-byes, and on the surface that was that, except for the fact that they acknowledged to each other that they were so much in love that they found it quite impossible to think of living apart from each other for the rest of their lives.

By the time Jim got home Laura was frantic. Burt had returned from his trip early and had called to inform her that he knew that Jim and Linda had gone out to lunch together. He was going to do everything he could, he said, to see to it that Jim lost his job. Laura kept Burt on the telephone long enough to convince him that Jim and Linda had met *only* for lunch, that this was a farewell for the two of them, and that they had decided never to see each other again.

When Jim finished telling me the story, there were droplets of sweat on his forehead. The recitation had been in what was almost a drawling monotone—quite unlike Jim.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"I honestly don't know," he said, and went on to explain that he loved Linda more than anyone he had ever met, that he didn't think he could live without her, but that it all looked hopeless in the light of her marriage to Burt. Whatever happened, though, he still couldn't see taking any more chances on breaking up his own marriage.

Jim asked me what I thought he should do, and I told him. I told him that I thought he would be wise to seek psychiatric help, that his life had become too complicated for anyone other than a psychiatrist to attempt to unravel its meaning.

Jim was not impressed by my suggestion.

A few months later he telephoned to tell me that a delegation from his church had stopped by to ask his resignation. They had noted that he had ceased to give his full attention to his job, and thought that it was perhaps time that he give some consideration to the possibility of moving on. He was thinking of fighting it through, he told me, of trying to stick it out. Ultimately, he decided to resign.

Jim moved to another church in another part of the country. We received only one confused and almost unreadable letter from him. It wasn't long before I heard that he had lost that church as well, and that he and his family had taken up residence in New York City's East Village. That seemed to fit. For I will never forget the last time I saw Jim. He stopped by the house to give me a mimeographed book of his own poetry. Our conversation was far-ranging but made little sense. After a while, I asked him what he was high on.

"Acid," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's there." And he laughed as only Jim could laugh.

A PENTHOUSE PARTY

The description of the next case is short because we really never learned much about the people involved. In point of fact, we can be certain of only this much; the husband was arrested on a morals charge, and his wife then divorced him.

Neither Arden Moss nor his wife Wanda was a member of the church. Arden had heard a radio program on which I had appeared and simply dropped by to talk about his problem. Wanda stopped in for a conversation, at the suggestion of family court, several months later.

Arden was in his late 30's, slightly bald, and more than a little withdrawn in his approach to life. He had a way of starting to say something, stopping, and then wandering off onto some completely unrelated topic. He gave me the feeling that he was ready to bow himself out of the door at the slightest disturbance, apologizing copiously as he went. He wept through a major portion of the interview. As he left the office, he showed me a photograph of his two children, and one of his wife in a bathing suit. "I never go anywhere without it," he said. "It's like a St. Christopher's medal to me. Only better."

Arden's visit to the church office was precipitated by his arrest by members of the vice squad during what he claimed was his first attempt to solicit a homosexual relationship. The incident, he said, had been precipitated by a quarrel with Wanda. He had thought it best to get out of the house, but, once out, he found himself turning to the thought of what a joy it would be to find a man to have a sexual relation with. He didn't much care who the man was or what the nature of the relationship might be, just so he was the one to be picked up. He wanted someone else to make the advances.

No one attempted to pick him up, so he made the first move. The person he solicited turned out to be a police officer

in plain clothes. Charges were pending against Arden at the time we talked, and Wanda had sued for divorce. He was afraid that the charges against him would result in his losing the small carpet store he had established, and terribly fearful lest he be denied all future contact with his children.

I asked him why a homosexual relationship had suddenly become so important to him. It all began, he said, with the spouse-switching activities in which he and his wife had been engaged for the last three of their eight-year marriage. (It was a second marriage for both of them.) Sometimes there would be just one other couple in on the activities, sometimes several, but in every instance the rules were the same. Anything which any member of the group wanted to do with any other member was all right, so long as the other person agreed. The one taboo at the parties was on male homosexual practices.

Up until the time that one of the other couples invited the Mosses to a party in a nearby community, their activities had been confined to a relatively small group of friends and friends of friends. According to Arden's account, they arrived late at this particular party. It was held at an extravagantly decorated penthouse apartment which was most notable for the profusion of mirrors which decorated the walls.

At one end of the living room was a bar. The 30 or so guests moved about in various conditions of undress, talking much as people talk at any cocktail party. The living room had apparently been reserved for conversation, the bedroom for sex. If two people were interested in each other, they simply made their way to the bedroom. If friends were nearby, so much the better. An exchange of partners in the middle of intercourse was not uncommon.

Arden was delighted by the party, but Wanda, it seemed, was offended. With the exception of the couple who had invited them to the party, everyone there was a stranger, and Wanda was not the least bit interested in having sexual relations with someone she had never met before.

When Wanda retired to the kitchen to nurse her drink in what looked like an all-evening sulk, Arden suggested to a girl who happened to be standing near him that she see what she could do to get Wanda into a mood to mix with the other guests. In retrospect, Arden was convinced that the girl had willfully misunderstood his suggestion. In any case, she propositioned Wanda, suggesting that the two of them retire to a second bedroom and get better acquainted. Wanda bluntly refused, and the other girl lost her temper, denouncing Wanda loudly enough to be heard through the apartment. Blows followed words, and Wanda ended up on the kitchen floor.

In the weeks that followed, their relationship became increasingly strained. Wanda found it difficult to wait for the weekend swapping parties and began seeing one of their male friends during the day, a strict violation of the conventions that govern swapping parties. Arden contended that his attempted homosexual affair was a by-product of his resentment toward Wanda over her interest in the other man.

When Wanda came in for her interview I was surprised by the fact that she appeared to be at least a decade younger than Arden. (Her photograph had shown her as such, but I had mistakenly assumed that it was an old print.) She was less than attractive and a little overweight. Unlike Arden, she seemed self-assured, almost overconfident. She chose her words carefully, letting her feelings show for no more than a moment.

Her story of their life together and of the evening at the penthouse party agreed with Arden's account only in terms of the general outline. On nearly all the particulars they disagreed. She had no memory of any homosexual proposition at the party, although she could remember quite clearly that she had been offended by the idea of such casual sexual encounters and had left as soon as it was polite to do so.

Contrary to Arden's account, she claimed that she had been pushed into wife-swapping, but found that after the first few sessions she enjoyed it more than she could have imagined, provided that they limited their encounters to no more than one other couple at a time. Even the idea of more than that number taking part in an evening of sexual activities made her feel ill. Had she had any idea in advance of what the evening would be like, she wouldn't have gone.

Wanda claimed that she had never seen another man during the week, but that Arden had nearly driven her mad with his groundless accusations. Her husband, she claimed, had been a practicing homosexual since before they were married. The spouse-switching parties were his idea of how to satisfy his homosexual tendencies on a voyeuristic level while enjoying sexual relations with a variety of women.

The happiest day of her life, she maintained, would be the day on which their divorce was granted.

MUSICAL BEDS

We met Robert and Sally Fisher in the course of conducting research for this book. Although they were in no sense a counseling case, a summary of their first three experiences in spouse-swapping may help to illuminate the nature of the phenomenon.

Sally is something out of *The New Yorker*, a country nobility kind of girl, 35 years old, quite attractive, with a minimum of makeup, self-assured and very feminine. She speaks in a quiet, cultured way and there are few topics of general interest about which she is uninformed.

Sally's father was a college graduate. Her mother attended finishing school. She herself is the graduate of a prominent eastern girls' school and holds degrees from two different Ivy League colleges. Her family is relatively well known in the East and she will talk freely and knowledgeably about her father's successes in the publishing world. He is a wealthy man.

Sally describes her family's political sympathies as "quaintly conservative." She thinks of herself as a liberal Democrat, but has no party affiliation. Her Presbyterian parents were noted for their good works on behalf of the church. She herself hasn't been inside of a church for years except for an occasional wedding.

This is a second marriage for Sally. Her first ended with the death of her husband in an automobile accident. She has two children from her first marriage and one from her present.

Sally's sexual development prior to late adolescence was uneventful. At the age of 18 or 19 she became, as she now describes it, "moderately promiscuous," but accepted the sexual restrictions imposed by monogamous marriage without any particular difficulty. She underwent psychoanalysis, completing it about three years ago.

Robert is 42 years old, somewhat effete, as perhaps befits a rich man's son, artistically sensitive, highly verbal, slightly uncertain of himself (something which he attempts to conceal behind a façade of egoism), and yet a trifle rough and leathery in his approach to life. He dresses well and wears a Hemingway beard, which makes him look more like an artist than an attorney, his nominal profession. His educational background is the finest—a top academy, followed by an Ivy League education in the arts and a degree in law from a western university. This is a second marriage for him as well. His first was childless and ended in divorce.

Robert describes his parents as having been "ferociously Republican," and himself as an antiestablishment liberal but not a radical. His parents were Episcopalians for the sake of appearance, but inwardly both were convinced atheists. He claims that if he ever had a religion he has long since cast it aside.

The only unusual aspect of Robert's sexual development, so far as we know, involved a childhood and adolescent pre-occupation with pornography. His father had an extensive collection which he kept locked in a special closet off the master bedroom. Unknown even to the servants, Robert succeeded in gaining access to the room and managed to get to know its secret contents in an intimate way. Nothing he has seen since, he says, has had quite the same charm to it.

Robert's first marriage was marked by one abortive and highly destructive affair. At present he is in analysis.

Robert and Sally live with their three children in an expensively but thoughtfully furnished home in Boston and maintain a summer cottage on Cape Cod. They spend a month each winter in the Florida Keys. Their life in Boston is one of concerts, plays, social events, casual meetings with friends and, unknown to any but those closest to them, an ongoing round of trading spouses with couples they meet through advertisements in "swap club" publications.

Both Robert and Sally think of themselves as moral persons —indeed, to use Robert's own words, as "terribly moral."

"We're judgmental," he says, and goes on to state his meaning by saying, "We tend to be rather severe on ourselves and on other people, even more on ourselves in terms of 'Did we do the right thing? Did we behave morally? Did we do all we could have as well as we could have?' "

Their interest in sexual encounters with other couples began, in a sense, as a result of their interest in pornography. Robert was on the mailing lists of any number of U.S. and Canadian distributors, one of whom included a small pamphlet where there were a number of paid advertisements for couples interested in exchanging mates for an evening of sexual activities. Robert dismissed the idea as silly at first, but the thought grew on him and he ended up discussing it with Sally.

They had had a sexual encounter a few years ago—just before their marriage, in fact—with a former girl friend of Robert's. He and Sally had met the girl for lunch one day. Sally noted what she thought was a sexual interest in her on the girl friend's part, and discussed her intuitions with Robert. Robert followed up with another luncheon engagement and a proposition. That night the three of them slept together in the same bed.

The experience, which was gratifying to all three participants, was repeated often for a period of several months. There came a day, however, when the girl friend got tired of being the one to go home. It was, she said, no life for a bachelor girl.

With such experiences to whet their sexual appetites, Robert and Sally began to explore seriously the world of spouse swapping. They got in touch with a number of other couples by mail and in person, making their selections cautiously, with a view to their mutual satisfaction.

Their first experience would have been enough to make any other couple give up the whole idea. They arranged a meeting with another couple on neutral ground, the cocktail lounge of a Boston hotel. They weren't overly pleased by the physical appearance or the intellectual capabilities of the other couple, but neither were they terribly displeased. Hank and Sue were in their mid-20's. She was a moderately attractive blonde, quiet and somewhat overreserved, but with a pleasant smile and an interesting figure. He was muscular, angular, a trifle coarse, not really attractive, but not wholly unattractive. Robert and Sally asked for time to think it over, and telephoned the next day to arrange a rendezvous.

Hank and Sue lived in a less than fashionable part of Boston. He was a meter reader for the gas company, and she worked as a waitress. Their apartment was a fourth-floor walk-up.

A minimum of time was spent with social niceties. The two couples had a drink together, talked about the weather, the Boston Red Sox and the Boston traffic. Then went to bed, or in this instance, the floor. As Robert told us, "It was a situation in which the bed was apparently sacred, and unfortunately for us they had no rugs . . . only a sheet."

The sheet was spread on the floor, and all four undressed, draping their clothes on the furniture. Sally reported that her first sensation was that the floor was drafty. Her second was that her bottom was cold. Her third was that her sexual partner was "a scruncher, a man utterly without consideration for his partner." She bore his weight heroically, but almost expired when he whispered in her ear after his orgasm, "Have you come, sugar plum?"

She hadn't.

Robert's experience was somewhat more gratifying, but not much. He never achieved an orgasm.

"It was as though I were having intercourse with a figure in a wax museum," he told us. "She just didn't respond. I had the feeling the whole infernal time that she was having intercourse with me only because her husband wanted her to."

On the way home Sally described her partner of the evening as rivaled only by the prototypal "young man in the fraternity-house beer cellar." And yet, she told us, he had made it clear in the hotel-lounge conversation that he thought of himself as "a real swinger, a sexy type, possibly God's own gift to the women of the eastern seaboard."

The Fishers' next meeting was with a corporation executive and his wife who lived in one of Boston's better apartment houses. They arranged an evening at the other couple's place.

Harry looked like "Mr. Right" from any of a number of women's magazines, about 40 years old, strong and muscular, and extraordinarily good-looking. Rita was a trim, attractive brunette of about 35 who wore too much makeup but had maintained her figure admirably. They welcomed Robert and Sally to their apartment and brought out the liquor cart, together with a snack.

The evening began on the tense side. Harry declared that he never made love to any woman other than his wife. After some sparse conversation he urged everyone to take off their clothes. When they did so, he put his arm around Sally's waist long enough to guide her over to Rita.

Harry's only immediate interest was in watching Sally make love to Rita. All that Rita cared about was to remain the passive recipient of as much sensual pleasure as Sally and Robert, sometimes together, could provide. Rita achieved two orgasms, but Robert discovered that each time he began having intercourse with her he would lose his desire.

As the evening wore on, Harry, who functioned as a kind of film director without a camera, became more petulant and disagreeable. By the time the party broke up he was quite drunk, insisting on dictating everyone's sexual positions and complaining vociferously when his guests failed to have orgasms.

On the way home Robert and Sally asked themselves if they really wanted to try spouse swapping a third time. They did.

Their third encounter was with a couple in upstate New York. They became acquainted by correspondence, exchanging photographs of the calendar nude type with the first letter. Later some explicitly pornographic photographs were exchanged. They liked the other couple's looks, and felt that they would make reasonably congenial conversationalists for a weekend rendezvous.

Alice and Ken were in their late 20's. Both were schoolteachers, she a kindergarten teacher, he an instructor in a vocational school. They were both from impoverished backgrounds, newly arrived on the middle-class scene. Robert described them as "charmingly illiterate." Sally was less impressed by the charm, more by the illiteracy. Alice was an unusually attractive person but insecure in her manner. Ken was moderately good-looking, tactless and pushy.

The first night, the two couples decided to split up and enjoy each other's spouse in separate bedrooms. Ken went to work like an accomplished plumber, and with just about as much feeling as a plumber needs for his work. He was rough and mechanical, a chewer of ears and breasts, and, unfortunately for Sally, he hadn't bothered to shave. His primary interests were in genital sex and in his own personal satisfaction. While it was all very pleasant for him—he had two orgasms—Sally barely became aroused.

Robert and Alice enjoyed some general sex play, but both were too nervous to get much out of the experience. Alice became distressed. Robert thought that she was angry with him and suffered small agonies of dread, fearing that he would be thought inadequate by both Alice and Ken.

The two couples began their second evening together nude in the living room, holding what Robert and Sally regarded as a relatively productive conversation on the difficulties of the night before. Alice thought that she was to blame for Robert's difficulties and expressed fear over what she imagined would be Ken's reaction to her "failure." Robert and Sally were mildly shocked by what they perceived as Ken's belligerent attitude toward her, which they judged to be close to tyrannical.

The sexual activities began as scheduled. Robert and Alice watched as Ken and Sally had intercourse on the couch. Then Ken, Alice and Robert worked out a three-way arrangement for Sally's benefit. During the time that Ken was having intercourse with Sally, Alice seemed to be enjoying herself, even achieving an orgasm with Robert.

Suddenly she jumped up and ran into the bathroom, locking herself in. Ken was anything but subtle in expressing his displeasure with her, and in a few minutes she emerged saying that she wanted to talk with Sally.

The two of them went to one of the bedrooms. Sally made every attempt to be supportive, to reassure Alice that everything was, and would continue to be, all right, but before they had finished their conversation, Ken came into the room and gave Alice a thorough tongue-lashing for her "immaturity."

With that, Alice went into the other bedroom with Robert. Robert, like Sally, was supportive. No one, he told Alice, had come into the experience certain of having a good time. There were no guarantees on such things. If the whole weekend proved to be a flop, so what? He wasn't going to be angry. Whatever else happened, she had to realize that she wasn't responsible.

Robert's words seemed to reach Alice. The two of them became sexually aroused and engaged in intercourse with a real sense of intimacy. Alice achieved two or three orgasms, each of which shook her whole body convulsively.

On Sunday morning Robert and Sally made love to each other with considerable passion. Later Ken tried to force himself on Sally, but Robert came in in the middle of the episode and brought things to a halt. Ken retreated and made love to Alice in their own bedroom before saying good-bye to Robert and Sally.

The Fishers had still a fourth encounter, this one with a university professor and his wife at their suburban home. A fifth was held with a Cape Cod artist and his wife. And so on.

It would serve little purpose to continue to chronicle their search for sex and friendship. It is enough to say that the encounter with the professor and his wife was a considerably more pleasant affair than anything that had gone before, but ended in deep disappointment. Either the professor or his wife was less impressed by Robert and Sally than Robert and Sally were with them. They preferred not to repeat the experience. The Cape Cod encounter was a delight which Robert and Sally sought to repeat, but without success. Subsequent encounters were less than satisfactory.

And so it went. We were never able to determine just what it was that Robert and Sally were looking for, what could possibly have justified the enormous investment of emotional energy that went into spouse swapping for them. To hear them tell it, they were simply curious, involved in a search for sexual adventure, for friendship that would go beyond the usual conversation and social games. They were looking for people with whom, as Sally put it, "we can have a friendly relationship with, be just as pleased to have dinner with as sex, spend the evening talking, drinking or playing Scrabble with. The other things should be as important as sex."

Two and one-half years after the beginning of their search, the results were still negative. There had been many exchanges with other couples; yet no friendship had emerged.

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

Having stated our cases—three of them in all—we find that we owe the reader an explanation. Why the presentation of three histories of persons involved in unusual, even bizarre, sexual practices? What do they have to do with the sexual revolution and the new morality? Do we mean to suggest that such cases are typical of what is happening in America today?

Let us answer the last question first. Such cases are by no means typical of the behavior brought about by the sexual revolution. At the same time, they are representative of the cases which a professional person involved in the field of mental health—minister, priest, rabbi, pyschologist or psychiatrist—is likely to encounter provided that he is attuned to the human expression of the massive upheaval in morals which Americans now seem to be undergoing. Such cases convey something of the problems and the triumphs which plague and fulfill those who march at the vanguard of the advance armies of the sexual revolution.

Not every revolution is successful, and this one may yet end in outrageous impotence. But whether it succeeds or fails, the first fact worth noting is that individuals are involved. Persons who hurt, suffer and endure are meeting those who frolic, delight and rejoice in what is going on. We must never lose sight of the fact that it is persons, not concepts, who are changing the mores of modern America.

That does not conclude the matter, however, for, having said that it is persons who are changing the moral climate, we must ask what it is that is changing the moral perspectives of persons. The answers are complex and involve a great many variables, some of them historical, others social and economic. Changes in the law play a part, as does a growing awareness of the unconscious forces at work in us all. Then finally, there is the impact of conscious moral decision-making itself which must be taken into account.

As my wife and I began doing our research for this book, we encountered more couples involved in spouse swapping. As we looked for material on mate switching, we became increasingly perplexed by the way in which the topic was either ignored or shunted aside as unworthy of attention. There was a small body of literature proclaiming the virtues of spouse swapping, but it was inconsistent, self-contradictory, and filled with what were obviously inflated claims about the values to be gained by engaging in such activities. No solid piece of research had been done at the time, a statement which is still true today.

Some more or less adequate journalistic accounts had appeared, one of the better ones running in three consecutive issues in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, but even that was gently nudged aside as unworthy of serious attention when it was later published as a part of an anthology on *Sex in America*, edited by Henry Anatole Grunwald. Said Mr. Grunwald:

The phenomenon reported . . . is probably extremely limited and not typical of anything except its own pathology. As a sexual aberration it has existed in far more flamboyant forms elsewhere. . . . Two factors seem to justify the inclusion of the report here. One is the almost overwhelming ordinariness—at least outwardly—of the people concerned. The other, related fact is the misery which seems to motivate some of them. However insignificant the phenomenon may be in the general scheme of things, it is rather stunning to read that these couples resort to "wife swapping" in order to "save" their marriages.

We too were puzzled by the apparent ordinariness of the people involved in such goings-on, and had more than a little professional interest in the human misery of which Mr. Grunwald spoke. More than that, we were very much interested in knowing what place the phenomenon of wife switching might have in America's sexual revolution and its relationship to the new morality.

The paucity of research on the topic meant just one thing; we had to do our own. We had already discovered that the journalists who had investigated the phenomenon approached it with classic political-front-organization techniques. They located persons who were engaged in spouse swapping, pretended to be swappers themselves, and then wrote down whatever they were able to find out. Both of us felt that this raised a number of ethical questions, not the least of which was the duplicity involved in claiming to be someone you weren't. Our approach, therefore, was to locate a representative periodical in which spouse switchers advertised. We then responded to 10 of the ads as a first sample, saying in our letter that we were writing a book on the sexual revolution and the new morality, and that we would be grateful for an interview. Three of the first 10 couples responded immediately. Later, a fourth couple, who had received our letter through a friend, responded. All were willing—indeed eager—to talk.

Before we completed our research we had interviewed in depth nine persons or couples. (Not every couple would agree to be interviewed *as* a couple.) We attempted to gain as much insight as possible into each individual's life situation, and to gain some sense of what caused each couple to search out this particular form of sexual expression. Several extended interviews were conducted, and in one instance we followed a couple's activities over a two-and-one-half-year period. Whenever possible, we cross-checked a couple's accounts of what happened at their spouse-switching parties by interviewing separately the other couple (s) involved. While our sample was too small to have any statistical significance, we found that it included representatives from several social echelons as well as a wide range of occupational classes, and, remarkably enough, persons with at least nominal membership in the three major faiths.

Through what we regard as an extraordinary stroke of good fortune, one of the first couples we interviewed proved to be highly literate, well educated, and already engaged in what came close to being a private "research project" of their own on spouse swapping. They contacted a prodigious number of other couples, had what seemed to us to be an incredible number of experiences, and were good enough to make all of their "data" (*sans* names unless the couple agreed) available to us. In several instances we checked their observations by interviewing couples subsequent to their meetings with them and found their reports to be quite accurate in all respects. Thus, while our statistical data may be limited, the observations that follow from it are based on more than is at first apparent.

From what we have been able to discover, spouse switchers are to be found throughout the United States. They may live in large cities, in small towns or in the country, but they are most likely to be found in one of the major metropolitan areas such as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New York or Washington, D.C. Their activities range from quiet, secretive

meetings between two couples to groups of 15 or 20, or more. They may be as young as the Berkeley students who *Time* magazine said had attended "at least six orgies" during a one-month period in 1966, with no fewer than 20 young people present at each and as many as 45 present at one or more. We have heard one firsthand account involving a couple old enough to have grandchildren.

Most of the figures on spouse switching seem to be greatly inflated, and are offered by writers whose accounts are openly partisan. Generally speaking, they estimate that between three and 12 million persons are involved today in what the participants like to call co-marital sex. (The phrase "wife swapping" is somewhat out of vogue in a time when equality of the sexes is held to be important.)

Most capable researchers offer no numerical estimates of the extent of the phenomenon on the American scene. More than one propagandistically oriented study of spouse switching has made a good deal of Kinsey's allusion in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* to "a not inconsiderable group of cases . . . in which the husbands had encouraged their wives to engage in extramarital activities." In so doing, however, they have assigned arbitrary numerical values to his phrase "a not inconsiderable group of cases" and have ignored the fact that the extramarital activity of which Kinsey speaks is not necessarily of the co-marital sort. According to Kinsey, it is sometimes the result of a planned attempt on the part of the husband to extend his wife's opportunities for finding sexual relations. In other instances, it follows from the husband's desire to justify his own extramarital activities, and may simply involve one-sided extramarital relationships . . . i.e., old-fashioned adultery, but with the husband's approval.

Whatever the facts concerning the prevalence of the phenomenon, most experts on the topic question whether there is a significant number of persons engaged in it. Thus the psychotherapist and author Albert Ellis observes that he does not think that "overt wife switching is a terribly common practice among Americans or Europeans."

A SEXUAL SUBCULTURE

Most switchers, we found, are not very merry people. That is one of the built-in ironies of this brand of sex. Those who have become a part of the co-marital sex movement like to call themselves "swingers," and picture themselves as part of a very happy, private universe of the "in" people. Like minority "in" groups everywhere, their private vocabulary (which is as extensive among swingers as it is among homosexuals) reminds the outsider that this is a small world, indeed, but one that has voluntarily contracted out of some of the major social agreements in our culture. To be in, one must first get out of the larger society. Like the psychedelic drug subculture, which we found overlapped the world of the swingers in one of our nine cases, the subculture of co-marital sex is isolated and alienated from society as a whole.

Seemingly a great many co-marital enthusiasts begin their activities quite independently of any subculture, however, often as the consequence of a spontaneous happening with friends. A high degree of intimacy may have been built up with another couple over the years, and one night, for no easily discernible reason, the two couples find themselves engaged in petting with each other's spouse. Later, perhaps on another evening, they trade spouses for the purpose of further sex play and intercourse. In time, they may come to carry on their activities in the same room, and with other couples as well.

In other instances a vacation or extended holiday may provide the right combination of relaxation and adventure to precipate a co-marital incident. The psychotherapists Dr. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen tell of a young Los Angeles couple who were confirmed practitioners of co-marital sex. They began with a single vacation experience, according to the Kronhausens, and went on to fill nearly every Saturday night with cocktails and co-marital sex.

There are as many as 15 or 20 publications now printed in the United States which are devoted almost entirely to the co-marital sex movement. Most are printed with wretchedly poor layouts on bad paper and come close to meeting the criteria for true obscenity advanced by even the most convinced civil libertarians. The format may be as simple as several mimeographed sheets stapled together, or as complicated as a newspaper which specializes in sex and sadism with a section for classifieds at the end. As might be expected, most are short-lived.

One of the tidier publications is published just off Times Square in New York City. Its publisher, editor and secretary (two people at last count) work in a tiny office which includes all the equipment they need for keeping their part of the co-marital sex movement going—a typewriter, desk, drawing board and the files of subscribers' names and addresses, each listed by a code number. The publication, which is run off by photo-offset process, is usually about 20 pages long and consists almost entirely of advertisements placed by individuals and couples who are interested in swinging. A few ads are run by commercial companies concerned with selling anything from paperback reprints of classics to creams for delaying the male orgasm.

The ads themselves, as often as not, are innocuous, and the reader must have a fair idea of what he is looking for in order to follow the copy. A typical example from a New York couple reads:

Young, attractive, fun-loving, uninhibited twosome. Wish to enlarge circle of friends, swing alone or together. Invite modern singles, couples and groups. Photo appreciated, phone expected. First ad ever, all answered. Prefer fun-loving ladies and gentlemen. Interests include all arts and cultures. No discipline or bondage. Discretion assured. Will travel.

By way of translation, the reference to "all arts and cultures" means that the advertising couple enjoys any form of sex play, including both male and female homosexual relationships. The phrase "no discipline or bondage" refers to the couple's unwillingness to take part in sadomasochistic relationships.

Anyone wishing to get in touch with this couple may do so by writing to them with the number of their ad penciled in the upper-right-hand corner of the envelope. The envelope is then sent, together with a forwarding fee, to the publication's office, where it will be forwarded to the couple who may or may not decide to reply. According to the publisher, as many as 500 such letters may be forwarded in a single week.

Publications such as this one wage a continuing battle with the U.S. Post Office Department, but since, as a general rule, their copy is more suggestive than explicit, they retain their mailing privileges. When they do violate postal regulations to the extent that the publication is barred from the mails, they simply reincorporate and go into business with a new masthead.

Subscribers are also likely to have their legal problems. Many are subject to investigation by police and postal inspectors. When mailed material violates postal obscenity regulations, the person involved may find that he is out of a job and facing court action. (Ironically, U.S. obscenity statutes are such that material which can be published in a book or magazine form cannot be included in personal letters.)

The couple who confine their co-marital activities to themselves and a few close friends, leaving all communication to meetings in person, are not likely to be bothered by the law, however. Even in those instances when spouse-exchanges are conducted on a major scale, the participants may not be prosecuted. Joseph Fletcher, professor of social ethics at Episcopal Theological School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, tells of a situation in California in his book *Situation Ethics* which involved the discovery of a wife-swapping club by the police. Subsequent to their discovery the police learned, to their surprise, that there were no laws against the activity. According to Fletcher, the district attorney calmly asserted that "wife swapping just doesn't violate any section of the penal code."

The legality of spouse swapping aside, there are some serious moral questions that must be raised. Before exploring them, however, it may be important to know some of the reasons, conscious and unconscious, for the activity, and to understand the ethical rationale which many spouse swappers put forward as justification for their activities. As often as not, we found that the first reason given was simply "boredom." A couple might be happily married, cheerfully raising their children in a typical suburban development, but after five, six, or more years of marriage, their early passion for each other fades. They blunder or plan their way into a co-marital relationship in an attempt to bring passion to life again. Co-marital sex, they will

say, enlivens their relationship with each other. Not only do they find themselves becoming aroused with new sexual partners, their newfound feelings seem to carry over to their marriage bed. They have discovered—or think that they have—one way of banishing the psychological fatigue which Kinsey identifies as "a prime source of the difficulty in keeping married human mates strictly monogamous." One couple we interviewed told us that social sex had enlivened their marriage "both sexually and socially," and then quipped, "We found that we were arguing less and enjoying *It* more."

Another couple acknowledged that they tried social sex "just to see what it would be like." The husband, a college professor in New York City, regards himself as very sophisticated, the sort of person for whom the usual moral standards don't apply. (Despite his self-proclaimed sophistication, only his wife was willing to grant us an interview.) "Nothing is wrong all the time," his wife explained. "It depends on the circumstances at the time." Both husband and wife believe that anything which happens between consenting adults in private is all right from a moral as well as from a legal standpoint. All the same, this particular couple soon found that, for them, co-marital relations were nothing but a "big bore." As the wife told us, "It's so disappointing that we've retired after a short experiment with it."

A sizable number of couples justify their switching activities with arguments which are unabashedly hedonistic. They are looking for pleasure, pure and simple, for a bigger thrill than they believe their marital relationship can provide. One male, who preferred to be interviewed without his spouse present, expressed what is apparently true for a good many couples when he told us that "anything that happens between adults is perfectly all right. I don't have any regrets. It's not hurting someone else. It's not hurting me, but I won't attempt to sway anyone else in it. The whole thing is *personal satisfaction.*"

Others told us that they had simply become tired of being dishonest with their spouses. Clandestine or secret affairs had driven great wedges between husband and wife in the past, and both were determined to be honest with each other in the future. The co-marital experience, they said, is a shared experience, a new version of togetherness which puts the couple past the marital intrigues which often accompany affairs.

Most couples agreed that co-marital experiences had made them feel closer to each other, more intimate, more nearly of one flesh. "We always feel very tender toward each other after our co-marital episodes," one husband said. His wife joined him by remarking that "one of the nicest things about switching is that you always come out of the experience feeling lucky to be married to each other."

A couple with this view of spouse trading is likely to see co-marital sex as a means for saving their marriage. It is as though the concern they feel for each other can be kept alive only by periodic high-powered transfusions from the outside. One wife claimed that her marriage had profited in many ways, but that a heightened sense of interpersonal communication was most important. "Communication must never be severed," she said, "if a couple is to live harmoniously in love and understanding." Even so, she acknowledged that the other couple with whom they had had most of their co-marital experiences "never communicate on the same level any more," and commented, "We can see through them why marriages fail and are determined not to make their mistakes."

Within a few months of making those remarks her own marriage had been dissolved. We talked with her again, and got another story. "I do not believe that any marriage is stronger for a co-marital affair," she said. "I think that there is something basically wrong with any marriage which must look outside of itself in that manner for sexual companionship or anything else." Co-marital relationships, she said, are only a way of postponing—sometimes indefinitely—the recognition that marital counseling is needed. She concluded that, although co-marital affairs may not be wrong in and of themselves, they do little to enhance a good marriage, and provide an escape for those who are unwilling to admit that they have problems.

Apart from such consciously evaluated reasons which spouse switchers give for their activities, there are a host of underlying, unconscious motivations. A more or less obvious characteristic of almost all couple exchanges is voyeurism. Those who take part in group sexual activities, whether with one couple or more, are likely to derive a good deal of sensual satisfaction from watching others.

There may seem to be little that is comparable in the activities of a wife swapper and those of a Peeping Tom. There may appear to be little in common between the spouse switcher and the man who drops a quarter into the coin slot of one of the automatic movie projectors that may be found showing the bumps and grinds of nude women in the downtown areas of most major U.S. cities. And there may seem to be no common ground whatever between the wife swapper and the businessman who watches topless waitresses serve him cocktails before lunch. But all have this much in common: they are sexually aroused by viewing erotic scenes of persons.

Such is the perspective of the voyeur, a bit of which, psychologists tell us, is present in every normal human being. We found that spouse switchers are candid in acknowledging this element in their own personality makeup. As one husband-swapping wife told us, "I have some of the voyeur in me. I enjoy watching my husband make love to another woman and I know that he enjoys seeing me with another man."

The mirror image of voyeurism is exhibitionism. Just as there is something of the voyeur in most people, there is also something of the exhibitionist. Most persons simply channel their exhibitionistic tendencies into more or less socially acceptable activities, such as acting, speechmaking or, for that matter, preaching. The switcher is, among other things, a person who has chosen a more direct means for expressing his exhibitionistic tendencies than his neighbors.

A desire for homosexual relationships is also relatively common among switchers. While several of the men we interviewed were candid in acknowledging that they enjoyed watching other men in the act of intercourse, none acknowledged the existence of any overt homosexual contact between males in their swapping sessions. (Some claimed to have knowledge of other couples who included male homosexual contact in their behavioral repertoire, however.) With the wives it was another matter. All but one were quite aware of a homosexual component in their own psychic makeup, and readily acknowledged that they enjoyed the periodic opportunity to act on it.

Without exception, all of the couples we talked to preferred the word bisexual to homosexual in describing such relationships. One husband summarized the place of homosexuality in the co-marital relationship this way:

It's interesting that very, very few of the husbands are bisexual or at least bill themselves as such. However, it seems to be almost a convention among swingers that it is virtually normal and certainly not frowned upon for the wife to be bisexual —or wives, perhaps one should say.

The narcissistic component in homosexuality is often highlighted in the switching situation. As one wife put it, "Bisexual all too often means that the wife is simply passively narcissistic, is perfectly willing to relax and let anyone of any sex make love to her. She is not interested, capable of, or concerned about reacting, responding or making love *with* the other person." As often as not, we found that the wives expressed feelings of disgust when we asked how they would feel if their husbands were to have homosexual relationships as part of their co-marital arrangements.

Kinsey remarks in his study of the female that there were a few instances in his sample in which husbands had encouraged other men to have intercourse with their wives because of the sadistic satisfaction which they derived from forcing their wives into an essentially degrading relationship. We found that Kinsey's observation was borne out by our interviews. To the extent that the wife felt humiliated or degraded, the husband's ego was artifically enhanced.

PATHOLOGY AND MORALS

Given such a catalogue of unconscious reasons for wife swapping, it might appear as though all or nearly all persons who engage in the activity are emotionally disturbed. Many physicians, psychologists, and psychiatrists would argue as much. Dr. Frank Caprio goes so far as to declare that "indulgence in pluralism exacts a price from its participants as it inevitably creates neurotic conflicts between the id and the superego resulting in psychosomatic symptoms." Such a viewpoint prob-

ably reflects the majority opinion among professionals, but there are dissenters.

One internationally known psychiatrist, who prefers not to be quoted by name, told us that any contention that sexual pluralism must inevitably produce neurotic conflict is so much nonsense. Nor, in his view, is the practice necessarily pathological. "I have often observed," he said, "that after such episodes couples make a better marital adjustment than before." He added that such relationships are "generally very transient and without any untoward effects." He did concede that he would not recommend them as a "steady diet. As with so many things," he said, "it depends on who does it. Fortunately, usually only those who are psychologically prepared do so. Others tend to be self-eliminating."

Albert Ellis observes, however, that "spouse swappers tend to be a distinctly nutty lot." Even so, he contends that there is good reason to believe that "fairly healthy, stable switchers, who themselves have a good sex-love-marital relationship, are increasing in greater proportion than are the sick, sick, sick spouse changers."

Clergymen are more hostile in their opinion of spouse switching. Without exception, they condemn the activity. Double adultery, they feel, is certainly as sinful as the kind that the Seventh Commandment prohibits. The behavior of the double-your-pleasure-double-your-fun crowd clearly violates both the Biblical commandment and the moral traditions which follow from it. There is nevertheless a considerable gap between the moral views held by representatives of the three major Western faiths and their attitudes toward the persons involved in spouse trading. The Protestant theologian Tom Driver maintains, for instance, that spouse exchanges are "flatly contradictory to Christian ethical teaching." That teaching, he contends, "comes to us with the force of religious law." All the same, this does not mean, in Driver's view, that everyone who has taken part in a swapping episode is to be condemned. "We're all familiar," he says, "with the Gospel stories in which Jesus . . . makes the distinction between the way he treats the person and what he has to say about the person. I would like to draw that distinction equally sharp. This kind of act will have no countenance from me or from any person I think is himself responsible to the law." Thus is the action condemned, while the actor is treated with forbearance.

The Rev. Howard Moody, minister of Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village, expresses a slightly different point of view when he contends that sex is a private matter and that those who take part in the more or less public act of co-marital sex have "a health problem." "I don't want to condemn anybody," says Moody. "If they want to go off and do it, it's all right, but I think . . . there is really a health, a pathological problem here."

Even apart from moral and psychological grounds, most religious authorities would question the value of co-marital sex. Samuel Miller, former dean of the Harvard Divinity School, points out that it is difficult enough to keep a marriage relationship going when only two persons are involved, and calls any attempt to strengthen such a relationship with co-marital sex "very dubious indeed. This looks to me," he says, "like a lot of very speculative geometry which has no existential base in human experience."

In an article in the evangelical Christian periodical *Eternity*, Billy Graham quotes a letter about spouse switching which was written to him by a 17-year-old boy. According to the letter the young man was supposed to spend a night at a friend's house, but was in his room instead when his parents came home with some friends. "Until 2 o'clock in the morning," wrote the boy, "I saw an orgy the likes of which I had never dreamed of. And I have now found that my parents have been doing this for years."

Graham makes no direct comment about this incident. But in his book *The Secret of Happiness* he says: "Let me warn you that the Scripture teaches that God hates immorality as much as, or more than, any other sin!"

Whatever the moral judgments of the religious leaders of America, there seem to be swingers affiliated with nearly every denomination. We have talked with or learned through credible sources about their existence as Baptists in Virginia, Lutherans and Congregationalists in Iowa, Presbyterians in California, Episcopalians, Jews and Catholics in New York and Unitarians in Massachusetts.

One minister in a small United Church of Christ parish in the Midwest wrote us about a couple he had seen in a counseling capacity who had begun their switching activities as teen-agers.

A young couple in a Southern Baptist church told us that the couples they meet through ads are sometimes surprised by the extent of their activity in the local church. He teaches a Sunday-school class and she is a member of the religious educational committee. Both are teachers in the public schools during the week. More than once, they reported, there had been a strained silence on Sunday morning when they suggested to their overnight visitors that they accompany them to church services.

We must acknowledge that we still do not know what the significance of co-marital sex is so far as the sexual revolution is concerned. No estimate of numerical importance can be given; it is impossible even to say whether the practice is growing in America. It may be that the phenomenon we have described is the harbinger of things to come, or, as with other dimensions of the sexual revolution, it may simply be that people are now somewhat more willing to talk about their sex lives than before. Those organizations such as the Sexual Freedom League which promote the practice openly are small and apparently without much impact. But spouse swapping, by its very nature, is still an underground activity and cannot be judged by its public manifestations. Even those publications which enabled us to gain interviews with persons who actively engage in spouse switching probably provide a poor index to the incidence of the practice. Judging by our conversations, couples who advertise in such media do so only because they have failed to find potential swapping partners within their own circle of friends.

Such qualifications notwithstanding, several generalizations are possible. For one thing, we found that the apparent ordinariness of the couples involved was confirmed by everything that we were able to observe about them. Without exception these were persons who were very much concerned with keeping up their homes or apartments, paying the rent or the mortgage on time, getting the children through school successfully, and looking like just about everyone else in their particular social and occupational group. All but one couple were concerned about keeping their co-marital activities secret, especially from their own children. In general, apart from sex, they endorsed the more conservative values of American culture. We failed to meet a single person on either political extreme, nor did we hear of any. One couple was active in Democratic party politics and another had worked for the Goldwater Presidential campaign. Otherwise, the machinery of politics was of little interest to these people.

One couple acknowledged that despite a conventionally Protestant upbringing, they thought of themselves as agnostics, while another claimed nominal affiliation with a Protestant denomination but professed agnostic beliefs. Only one couple claimed to have neither any religious affiliation or any religious beliefs. Although the other couples claimed nominal affiliations with churches or synagogues, we sensed that, with only one exception, such affiliation was of little importance to them. They neither talked nor thought much about religion.

None of the couples interviewed had developed anything approaching an ethical philosophy on which to base their behavior, and most seemed genuinely perplexed when we asked them to elaborate on their rationale for co-marital sex. None cared to talk at any length about the moral implications of spouse switching, although most made it clear that they thought of themselves as belonging to a kind of sexual elite for whom the mores of the larger society were irrelevant. In direct contradiction to their professed rejection of social mores, these same couples tended to rationalize their behavior as in some measure the product of liberalized social standards produced by the sexual revolution. (The one couple whose religious affiliation was more than nominal were relatively defensive in citing liberalized social mores as a justification for their activities.)

Perhaps more significant than the indifference of most of these couples toward religion, however, is the indifference of religious leaders toward them. Apart from the use of spouse swapping as a kind of moral whipping boy, there are few members of the clergy who appear to have given the matter any serious thought. At the risk of belaboring the self-evident, it seems to us that no one who is seriously concerned with moral counseling and marriage in a time of ethical uncertainty can afford to do so.

—Rev. Brooks Walker

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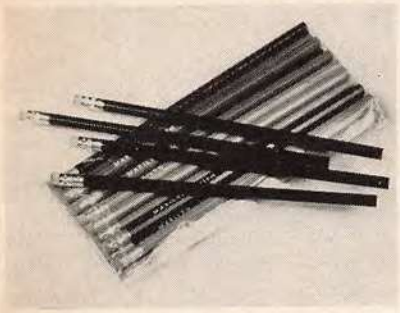

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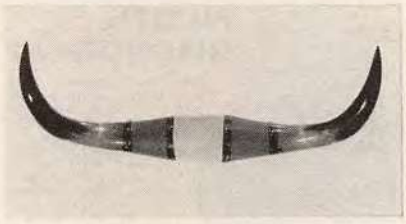

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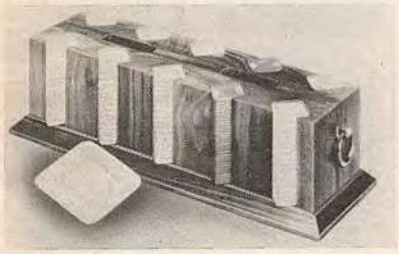

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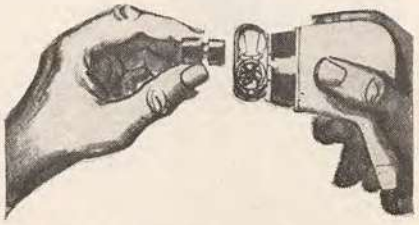

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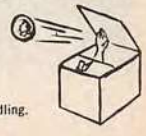

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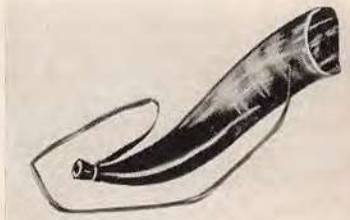

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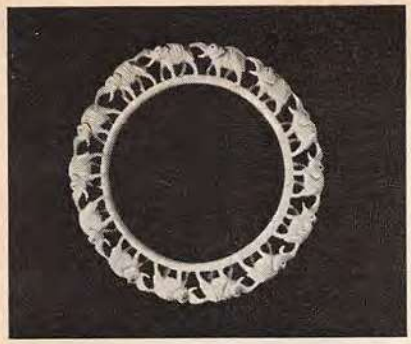

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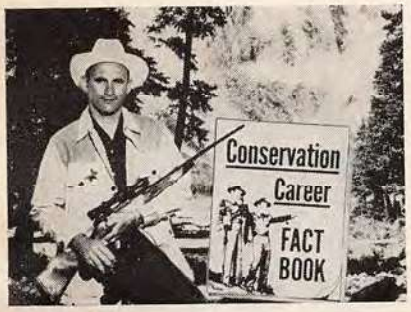

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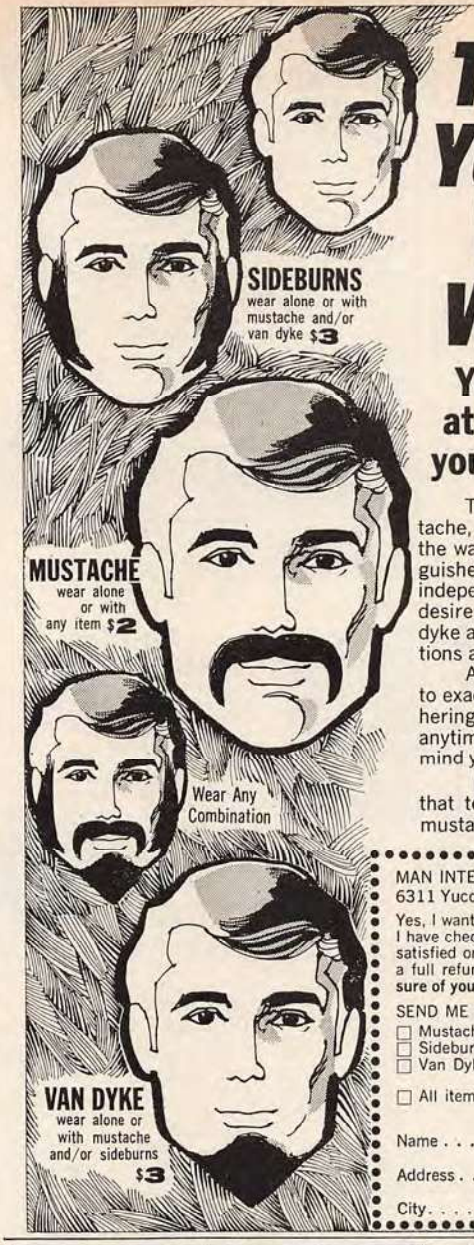
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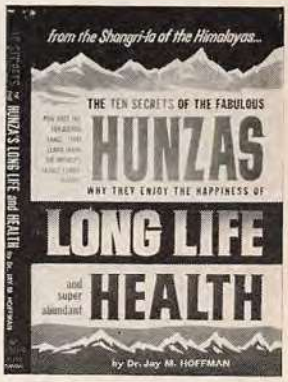

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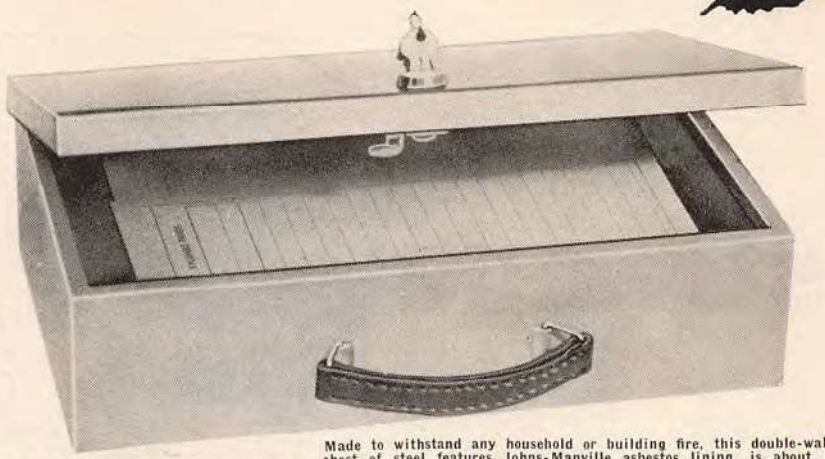

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strange but true

The whistle language of dolphins, known to consist of at least 32 different sound patterns, has surprised biologists, who are trying to find out what dolphins talk about. Less impressed are the phoneticians—speech scientists—who point out that men long ago developed a much better whistle language. *Silbo*, a whistled speech, has been used for hundreds of years on Gomera, appropriately one of the Canary Islands. Gomera is so hilly and ravine gashed that inhabitants find it easier to communicate by whistling than by trying to get within shouting range. No code or signals are necessary. The Gomeran *silbador* simply lodges the tip of his tongue against the lower teeth —in the normal way of loud whistling— and trills the rear of the tongue while he articulates his native Spanish. The whistle emerges in up-and-down tones that convey Spanish-language meanings recognizable to *silbo* adepts. Whole sentences are clearly transmitted. The sound travels far; on a clear day, whistlers have been understood three miles away. A phonetician doing research discovered that lonely goatherders calling to each other had had an astonishing effect on local bird life. From hillside bushes, blackbirds of a species given to mimicry were whistling not birdcalls but, in *silbo*, men's names such as "Alfonso" and "Felipe." Dolphins also sound off with quacks and buzzes; experimenters have trained them to utter a few words of English. Apparently nobody has yet thought of hiring a Gomeran *silbador* to whistle with them and get them really talking—in Spanish.

One of the more deadly insults is to accuse a man of having canine ancestry. Yet a number of human groups today feel no dishonor in believing themselves to be descended from dogs. The Dog-rib Indians of Canada think that their earliest forebears were a magical man-dog and a woman who bore six pups, three of which became human children. Descended from the latter, Dog-ribs treat their own dogs with the respect reserved for relatives. People of the Nicobar Islands, off Malaya, who have prominent canine teeth, believe the feature derives from their dog blood. Until the present century, Chinese natives of Hainan Island wore varicolored clothes with an attached tail to honor Pan-hu, a heroic spotted dog that long ago married a king's daughter and founded their race. In Alaska the Aleut considers himself to be the remote great-grandson of a bitch mated with a Great Dog that fell from heaven and swam to Kodiak Island.

Gun control may be the coming thing everywhere, but in one place on the globe it's spoiling some old-fashioned fun. South Arabia, a nation now independent and engaged in suppressing arms, has been a last stronghold of formal welcoming-by-rifle-fire. Any distinguished visitor—native sheik or European traveler —passing through the countryside was enthusiastically shot at. Lined-up villagers or Bedouin herdsmen aimed rifle volleys low over the approaching visitor's head. It was a compliment, and Europeans learned to keep their cool while bullets zipped past. A century and a half ago, otherwise peaceable American Indians along the Mississippi gave paleface emissaries the same greeting, occasionally with wavering aim from too much firewater. The idea of shooting as a friendly gesture came from military and naval gun salutes. Those ceremonial fusillades, in turn, originated in the early days of gunpowder. Firing off a salute then gave proof of good will because guns couldn't be reloaded quickly, and an empty gun left the saluter disarmed before the salutee. Today's military and naval salutes, of course, using blank charges, provide no more than an honorific noise. But South Arabians, deprived of their guns, now live in silence, and are—according to one observer—glum.

If any warm-blooded creature could float over Niagara's brink and survive, it would probably have to take off into the air like a bird . . . and some birds, in fact, do just that. Ducks that alight upriver during their spring migration sometimes swim ahead of drifting ice floes until caught in the swift current. Swept to the brink, they take wing suddenly, and from being waterborne they become airborne in one of nature's luckiest last-second rescues. But swans, much heavier and slower birds, can't make it; they get carried over and down, to become sodden bodies swallowed by Niagara's whirlpools.

Anything for a friend is a noble principle that was probably never subjected to a more fantastic test than among the Eskimolike Kamchadals. Their country, the Kamchatka Peninsula in Siberia, is a cold and hungry land, and hospitality aimed to correct that. A man who wanted to make a new friend entered into an agreement with the candidate. He invited him to a feast of the choicest foods, in great quantity. While the guest ate, the host built up the fire to stifling heat. The test went on for hours. The host ate nothing and could step out for a breath of air, but the guest had to stuff himself and suffocate until he begged free by giving anything—house, dogs, sled—that the host demanded. Some days later, after he had staggered off and recuperated, the roles were reversed; he played host and the other man suffered. The exchange of roles cemented the friendship; forever after, they were pals.

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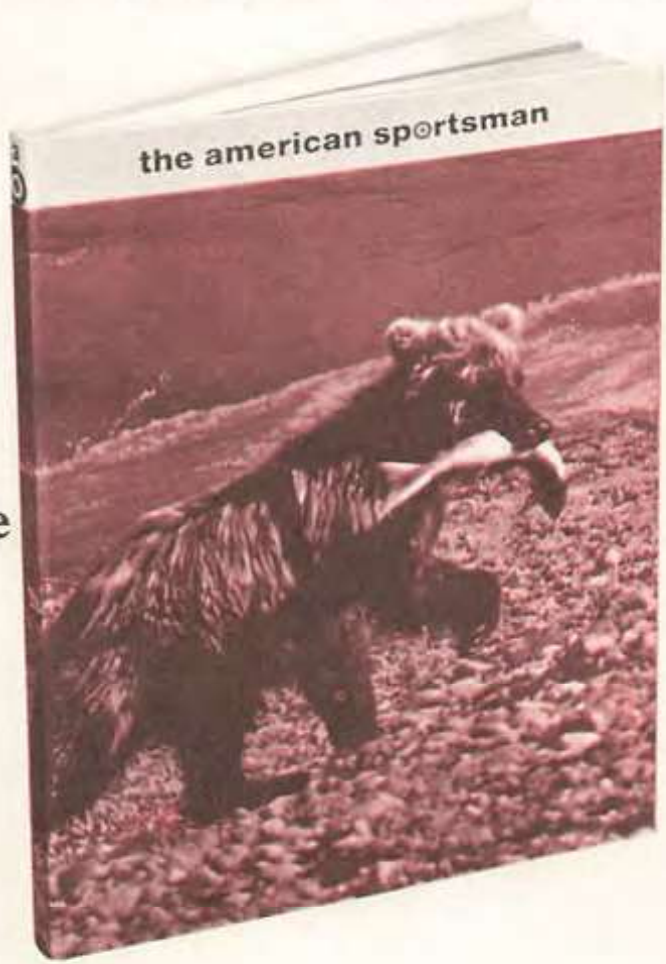

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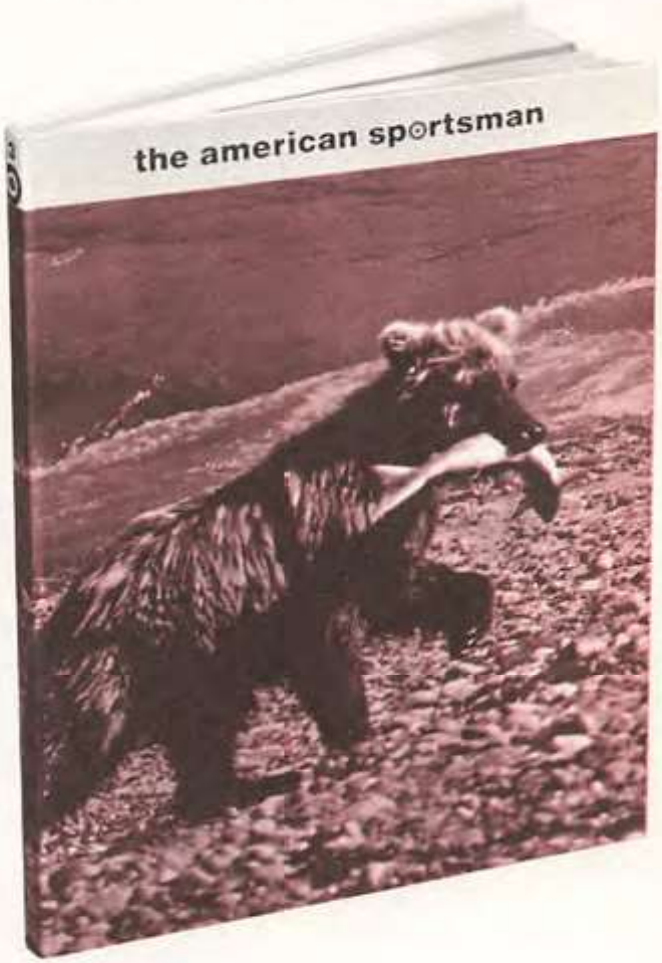

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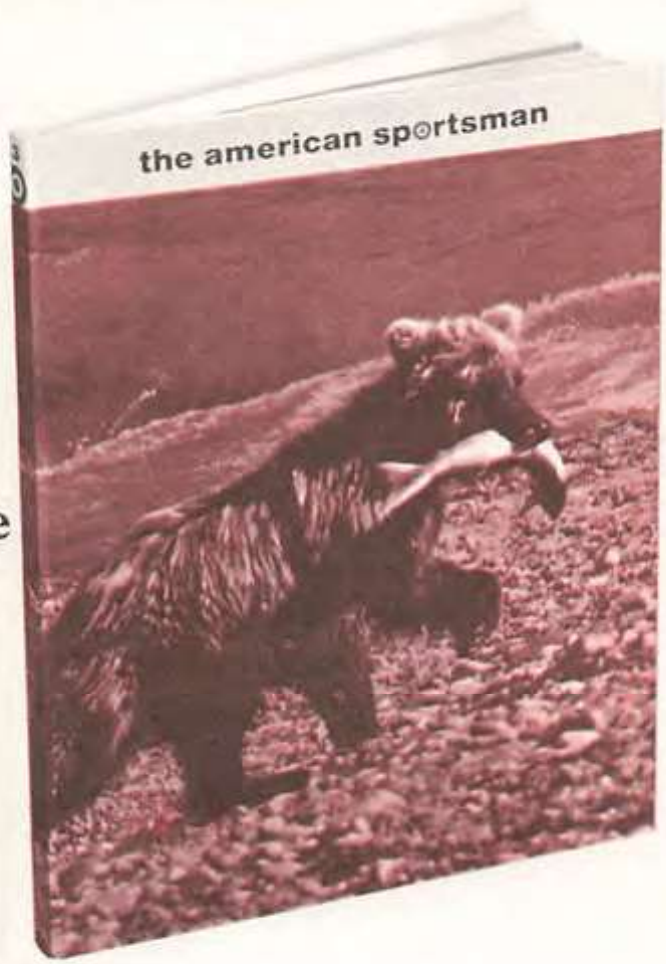

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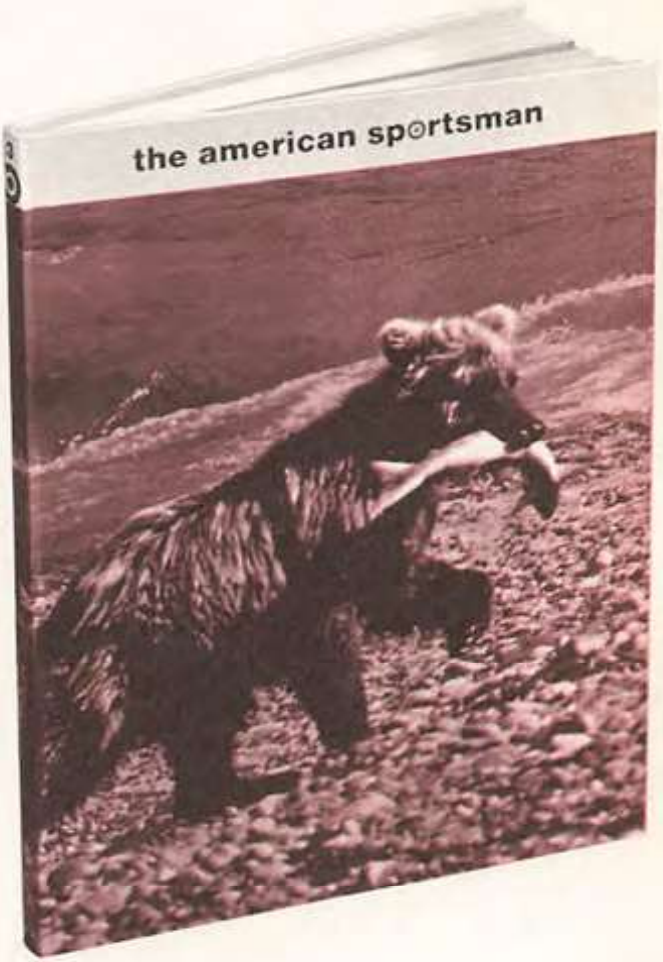

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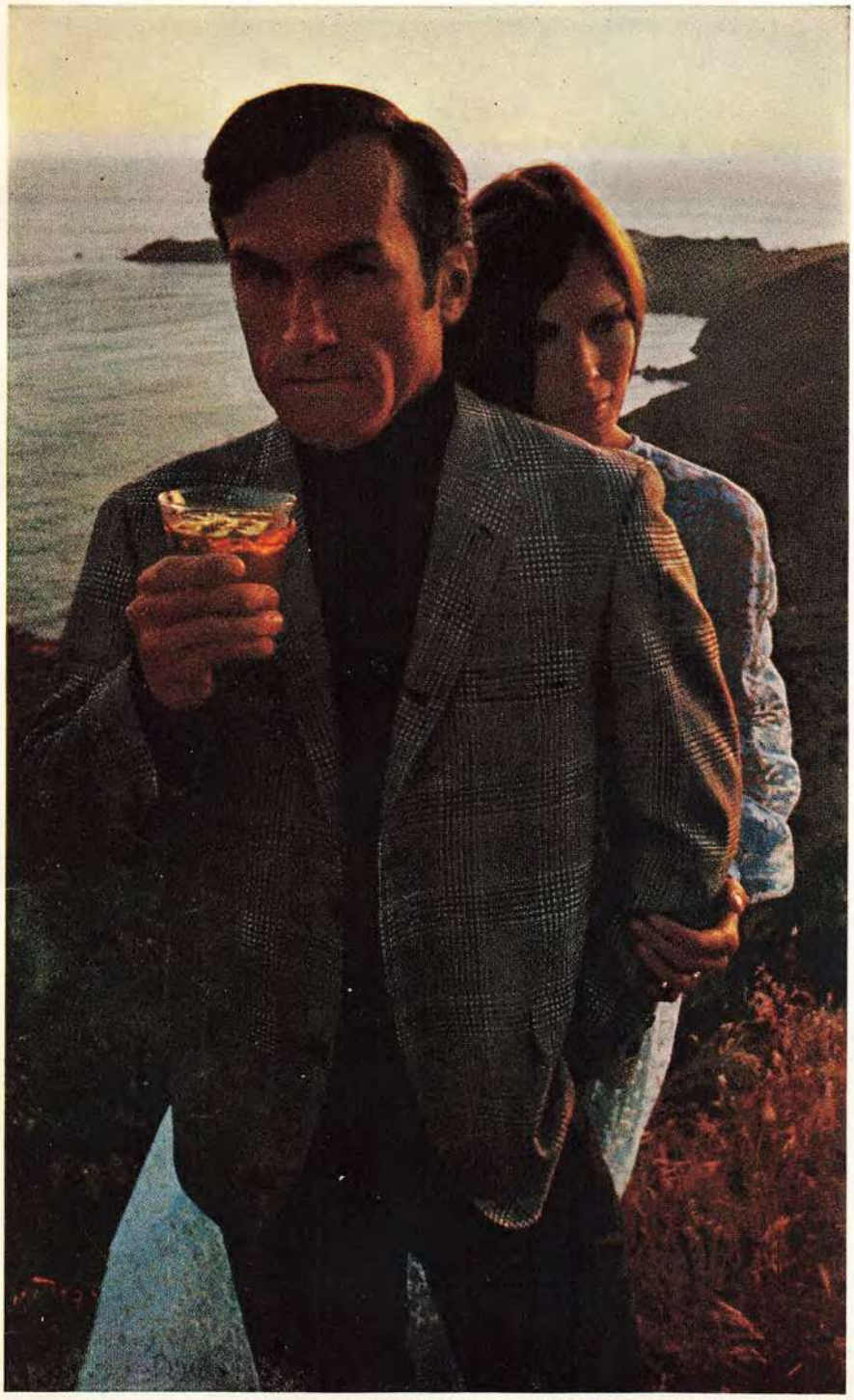

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